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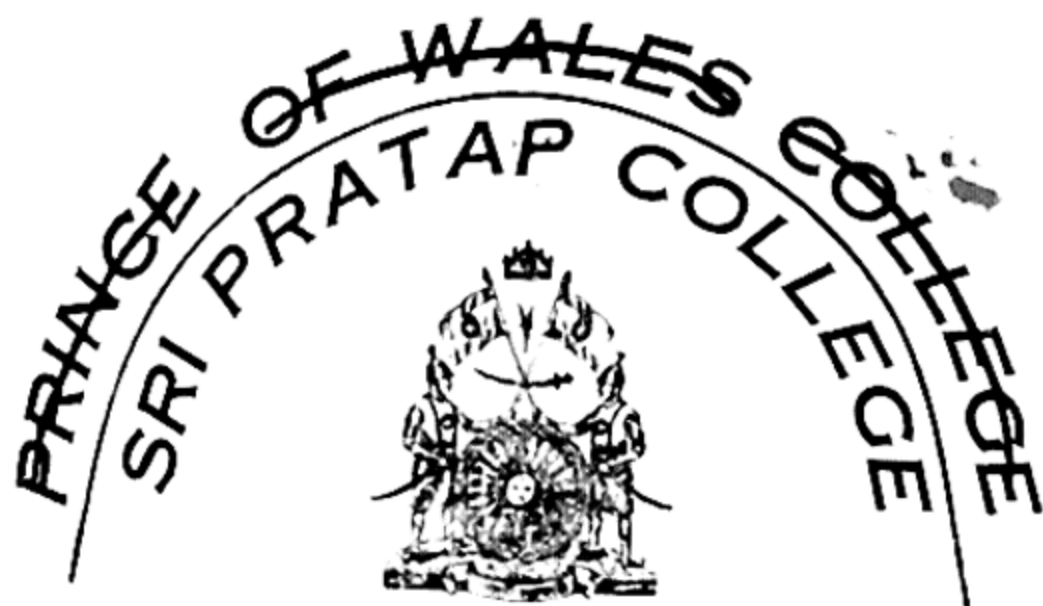
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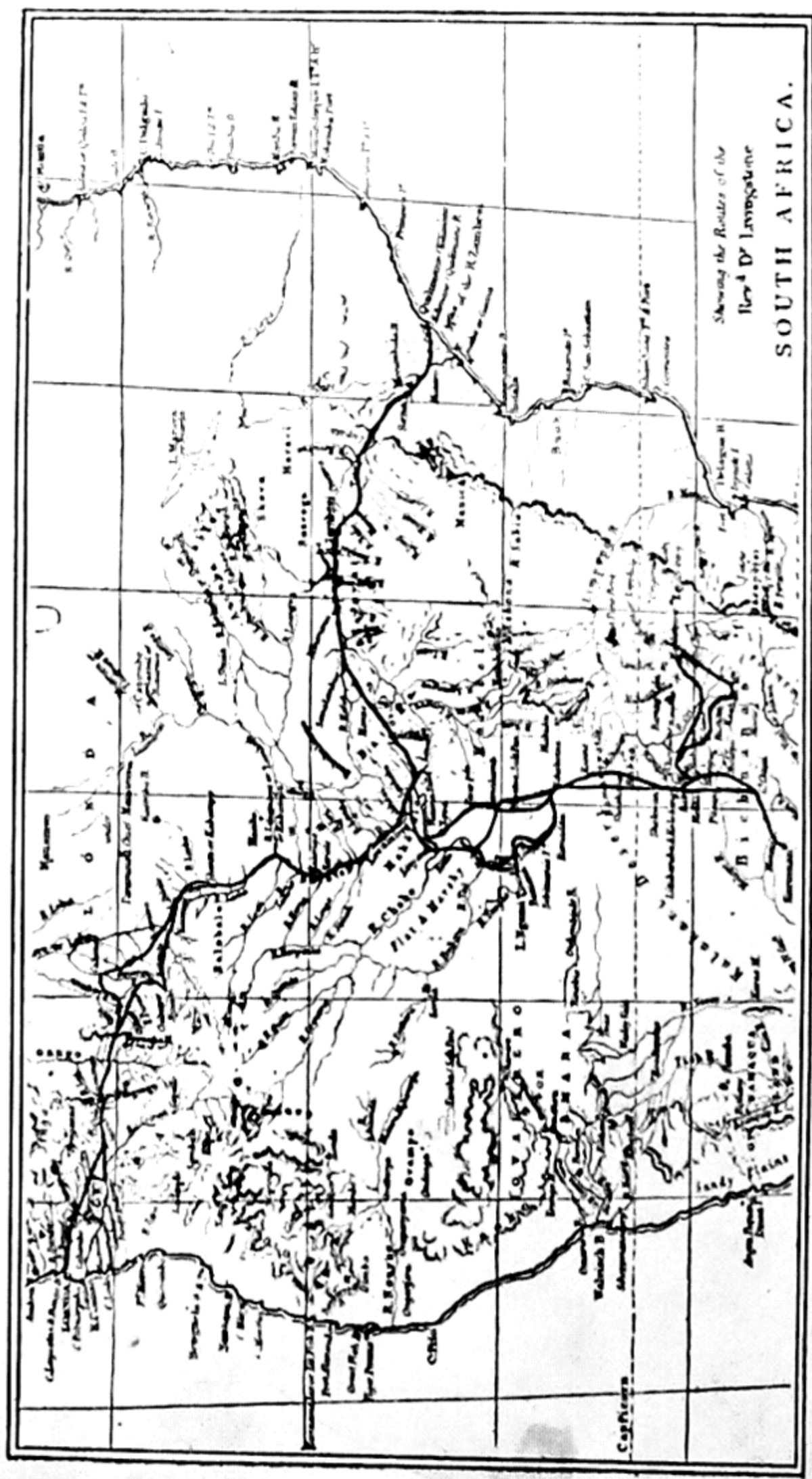
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TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES
IN STH. AFRICA



GREAT EXPLORATIONS
Edited by Hugh J. Schonfield

TRAVELS AND
RESEARCHES
IN STH. AFRICA

By Dr. David Livingstone ✓

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EDITORIAL NOTE

THERE is a well-known psychological test in which a series of names of persons or objects is proposed to the subject, who is required to reply with the first idea suggested by each name. It is probable that given the name "Livingstone" most people would answer immediately "Africa." A few might answer "missionary" or "explorer," or even "Stanley," giving the name of the journalist sent out in quest of Livingstone when he was believed to be lost in the hinterland of the Dark Continent. It would be a very small percentage of informed persons to whom the name would suggest either of his great discoveries, the Zambesi or the Victoria Falls.

The latter discovery is recorded in the present volume, which gives Dr. David Livingstone's own account of the greatest of his journeys through the heart of Africa, occupying two years and six months. He was forty years of age when he set out from Linyanti in November, 1853. His object as an agent of the London Missionary Society was to open up the country for the establishment of mission stations; and though he remained in heart and action an evangelist to the end of his days, there can be no doubt that his remarkable success in visiting and describing regions previously unknown to geographers determined that his future career should be primarily devoted to exploration. He finished his course in harness as he would have wished.

On the morning of May 1, 1873, his native boys found him kneeling at his tent bedside—dead. His remains were borne to England and interred amidst general mourning in the sacred precincts of Westminster Abbey.

Livingstone's "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa" was published on his return to England in 1857, and was deservedly popular. For his observations on the journey he had already been awarded the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society.

There is nothing vivid or spectacular about the manner in which the record is presented. As the author himself said: "My life has not been favourable to literary pursuits. This has made composition irksome to me, and I think I would rather cross the African continent again than compose another book." This statement was not made out of modesty. It was the sober truth. It is left to each reader out of his own sense of marvel to embellish a narrative in which its author's only concern was to say what had to be said without elaboration or high colouring, and to finish. We are aware of his wide knowledge of the natural sciences, though he will not stress his learning. We are amazed at the great hardships and suffering which he endured, though he dismisses them as unworthy of emphasis. We are attracted by his courageous and commonsense dealing with the native races, though he will tell us only that he tried to act as a Christian. We are left with an abiding admiration for a very brave, noble and humble gentleman.

H. J. S.

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TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES IN STH. AFRICA

CHAPTER I

HAVING sent my family home to England, I again started on my travels in the beginning of June, 1852. This journey extended from the southern extremity of the continent to St. Paul de Loando, the capital of Angola, on the west coast, and thence across South Central Africa in an oblique direction to Kili-mané (Quilimane) in Eastern Africa. I proceeded in the usual conveyance of the country, the heavy lumbering Cape waggon drawn by ten oxen, and was accompanied by two Christian Bechuanas from Kuruman—than whom I never saw better servants—by two Bakwain men, and two young girls, who, having come as nurses with our children to the Cape, were returning to their home at Kolobeng. Waggon-travelling in Africa has been so often described, that I need say no more than that it is a prolonged system of picnicking, excellent for the health, and agreeable to those who are not over fastidious about trifles, and who delight in the open air.

Our route to the north lay near the centre of the cone-shaped mass of land which constitutes the promontory of the Cape. If we suppose this cone to be divided into three zones or longitudinal bands, we find each presenting distinct peculiarities of climate, physical appearance, and population. The eastern zone is often

furnished with mountains, well wooded with evergreen succulent trees, on which neither fire nor droughts can have the smallest effect. Its seaboard gorges are clad with gigantic timber, and it is comparatively well watered with streams and rivers. The supply of rain is considerable, and the inhabitants (Kaffirs or Zulus) are tall, muscular, and well made; shrewd, energetic, and brave; and altogether merit the character given them by military authorities, of being "magnificent savages." Their splendid physical development and form of skull show that, but for the black skin and woolly hair, they would take rank among the foremost Europeans.

The next division, which embraces the centre of the continent, consists for the most part of extensive, slightly undulating plains. There are few springs, and still fewer streams. Rain is far from abundant, and droughts may be expected every few years. Without artificial irrigation no European grain can be raised, and the inhabitants (Bechuanas), are inferior to the Kaffirs in physical development.

The western division is still more level than the middle, being only rugged near the coast. It includes the great plain of the Kalahari Desert.

The probable reason why so little rain falls on this extensive tract is that the prevailing winds of most of the interior are easterly, and the water taken up by the atmosphere from the Indian Ocean is deposited on the eastern hilly slope. It is a familiar law of science that the greater the temperature of the air the more moisture it will hold in an invisible form. When the drifting atmosphere arrives at the Kalahari, and comes in contact with the hot currents from the Desert, its capacity for retaining what remains of humidity is increased. Thus

the vapour can never be condensed into raindrops. That the Kalahari should nevertheless be clothed with vegetation may be explained by the geological formation of the country. A rim of ancient rocks surrounds a great central valley. Though vast areas have been so distorted that but little trace of this formation appears externally, it is highly probable that the basin-shape prevails over large districts; and as the strata on the slopes, where most of the rain falls, dip in towards the centre, the water trickles along beneath the surface till it reaches the Kalahari plains.

The route we followed at this time ran along the middle, or skirted the western zone, until we reached the latitude of Lake Ngami, where a totally different country begins. We passed through districts inhabited by the descendants of Dutch and French refugees who had fled from religious persecution. Those living near the capital differ but little from the middle classes in English counties, and are distinguished by public spirit and general intelligence; while those situated far from the centres of civilization are less informed, but are a body of frugal, industrious, and hospitable peasantry.

The parts of the colony through which we passed were of sterile aspect; and as the present winter had been preceded by a severe drought, many farmers had lost two-thirds of their stock. The landscape was uninviting; the hills, destitute of trees, were of a dark-brown colour, and the scanty vegetation on the plains made me feel that they were more deserving of the name of Desert than the Kalahari. The soil is said to have been originally covered with a coating of grass, which has disappeared with the antelopes which fed upon it, and a crop of mesembryanthemums and crassulas occupies its place. It is curious to observe how organizations the

most dissimilar depend on each other for their perpetuation. Here the first grasses owed their dissemination to the animals, which scattered the seeds. When, by the death of the antelopes, no fresh sowing was made, the African droughts proved too much for the crop. But another family of plants stood ready to prevent the sterility which must otherwise have ensued. The mesembryanthemums possess seed-vessels which remain firmly shut while the soil is dry, and thus the vegetative power is preserved during the highest heat of the torrid sun. When rain falls the seed-vessel opens and sheds its contents just when there is the greatest probability of their growth. In other plants it is *heat* and *drought* which cause the seed-vessels to burst and scatter their progeny over the soil.

The slow pace at which we wound our way through the colony made almost any subject interesting. The attention is attracted to the names of different places, because they indicate the former existence of buffaloes, elands, and elephants, now to be found only hundreds of miles beyond. A few blesbucks, gnus, bluebucks, steinbucks, and the ostrich, continue, like the Bushmen, to maintain a precarious existence. The elephant, the most sagacious of animals, flees from the sound of fire-arms first; the gnu and ostrich, the most wary and the most stupid, vanish last. The earliest emigrants found the Hottentots in possession of prodigious herds of fine cattle, but no horses, asses, or camels. The natives universally believe that they travelled hitherward from the north-north-east. They brought cattle, sheep, goats, and dogs: why not the horse, the delight of savage hordes?

The tsetse would not prove a barrier after its well-defined habitat was known, but the disease passing under the term of horse-sickness exists in such viru-

lence over nearly seven degrees of latitude that it would be certainly fatal. It is only by great care in stabling that the horse can be kept anywhere between 20° and 27° S. from December to April. One attack seems to secure immunity from a second. Cattle are also subject to the disorder at intervals of a few, or sometimes many, years; but it never makes a clean sweep of a herd, as it would do of a troop of fifty horses. This appears to be the reason why the Hottentots did not succeed in bringing the horse to the south with their cattle, sheep, and goats.

The disease attacks wild animals. During our residence at Chonuane numerous tolos, or koodoos, were attracted to the gardens of the Bakwains, which were abandoned at the period of harvest because there was no prospect of the corn bearing that year. The koodoo is fond of the green stalks of this kind of millet, and free feeding produced the fatness favourable for the development of the disease. No fewer than twenty-five died on the hill opposite our house. Great numbers of gnus and zebras perished from the same cause, but the mortality produced no sensible diminution in the quantity of the game.

When the flesh of animals that have died of peripneumonia is eaten, it causes a malignant carbuncle; and when this appears over any important organ, it proves rapidly fatal. It is more especially dangerous over the pit of the stomach. The effects of the poison have been experienced by missionaries who had partaken of food not visibly affected by the disease. Many of the Bakwains who persisted in devouring the flesh of animals which had perished from the distemper died in consequence. The virus is destroyed neither by boiling nor roasting. This fact, of which we have had

innumerable examples, shows the superiority of experiments on a large scale to those of physiologists in the laboratory, for a well-known physician of Paris, after careful investigation, considered that the virus was completely neutralized by boiling.

Before we reached the Orange river we saw the last portion of a migration of springbucks. They come from the great Kalahari Desert, and, when first they cross the colonial boundary, are said to exceed forty thousand in number. I cannot venture on an estimate, for they spread over a vast expanse of country, and make a quivering motion as they graze, and toss their graceful horns. They live chiefly on grass; and as they come from the north about the time when grass most abounds, it cannot be want of food that prompts the movement. Nor is it want of water, for this antelope is one of the most abstemious in that respect. The cause of the migration would seem to be their preference for places where they can watch the approach of a foe. When oxen are taken into a country of high grass, their sense of danger is increased by the power of concealment which the cover affords, and they will often start off in terror at the ill-defined outlines of each other. The springbuck possesses this feeling in an intense degree, and, being eminently gregarious, gets uneasy as the grass of the Kalahari grows tall. The vegetation being scantier in the more arid south, the herds turn in that direction. As they advance and increase in numbers, the pasturage gets so scarce, that in order to subsist they are at last obliged to cross the Orange river, and become the pest of the sheep-farmer in a country which contains little of their favourite food. If they light on a field of wheat in their way, an army of locusts could not make a cleaner sweep of the whole. They have never

been seen returning. Many perish from want, and the rest become scattered over the colony. Notwithstanding their constant destruction by firearms, they will probably continue long to hold their place. The Bakalahari take advantage of the love of the springbuck for an uninterrupted view and burn off large patches of grass, both to attract the game by the fresh herbage which springs up, and to form bare spots for them to range over.

On crossing the Orange river we come into the independent territory inhabited by Griquas and Bechuanas. By Griquas is meant any mixed race sprung from natives and Europeans. These were of Dutch extraction, through association with Hottentots and Bushwomen. Half-castes of the first generation consider themselves superior to those of the second, and all possess in some degree the characteristics of both parents.

The Griquas and Bechuanas were in former times clad much like the Kaffirs, if the expression may be used when there was scarcely any clothing at all. A bunch of leather strings about eighteen inches long hung from the lady's waist in front, and a prepared skin of a sheep or antelope covered the shoulders. The breast and abdomen were left bare. The men wore a patch of apron about as big as the crown of a hat, and a mantle exactly like that of the women. To protect the skin from the sun by day and from the cold by night, they smeared themselves with a compound of fat and ochre: the head was anointed with pounded blue mica schist mixed with grease. The particles of shining mica, as they fell on the body and on strings of beads and brass rings, were considered highly ornamental. They now come to church in decent clothing. Sunday is well observed, and, even in localities where no missionary lives, religious meetings are regularly held, and children and adults

taught to read, by the more advanced of their fellow-countrymen.

It is a proof of the success of the Bechuana Mission that when we came back from the interior we always felt on reaching Kuruman that we had returned to civilized life. The people are more stingy and covetous than our poor at home; but in many respects the two are exactly alike. On asking an intelligent chief what he thought of the converts, he replied: "You white men have no idea how wicked we are; we know each other better than you; some feign belief to ingratiate themselves with the missionaries; some profess Christianity because they like the new system, which gives so much more importance to the poor, and desire that the old system may pass away; and the rest—a pretty large number—profess, because they are really true believers." This account is very nearly correct.

There is little prospect of their country ever producing much material for commerce with the exception of wool. At present the chief article of trade is karosses or mantles. Ivory is next in importance, but the quantity cannot be great now that the powder for shooting elephants is debarred entrance into the country. A few skins and horns, and some cattle, make up the remainder of the exports. English goods, sugar, tea, and coffee are the commodities received in exchange. The natives soon became extremely fond of coffee. The acmé of respectability among the Bechuanas is the possession of cattle and a waggon; and though the waggon requires frequent repairs, not a man among them has ever learnt to mend it. Forges, tools, and teachers have been at their service, but, beyond putting together a camp-stool they have made no effort to acquire a knowledge of the trades. They will watch a missionary at work until they

understand whether a tyre is well welded, and, having pronounced upon its merits with great emphasis, their ambition is satisfied. It was in vain I tried to indoctrinate them with the idea that criticism did not imply any superiority over the workman, or even an equality with him.

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CHAPTER II

THE permanence of the Kuruman station depends entirely on the fine ever-flowing fountain of that name. The water usually issues at a temperature of 72° Fahr., and probably comes from the old silurian schists, which formed the bottom of the great primæval valley of the continent. I could not detect any diminution in the supply during my residence in the country; but when Mr. Moffat first attempted a settlement here, thirty-five years ago, he made a dam six or seven miles off, which is now never reached by a single drop of the fountain water. There are places fourteen miles below the Kuruman gardens, which are pointed out as being frequented by hippopotami within the memory of living people, and having pools sufficient to drown both men and cattle. This diminution of the water must be ascribed to the general desiccation of the country, though much of what formerly passed onwards is consumed by the irrigation carried on at the mission station along both banks of the stream.

During the period of my visit at Kuruman, Mr. Moffat, who has been a missionary in Africa upwards of forty years, was engaged in carrying the Bible, in the language of the Bechuanas, through the press at his station. As he was the first to reduce their speech—which is called Sichuana—to a written form, and has had his attention directed to the study for thirty years, he may be supposed to be better adapted for the task than any man living. The comprehensive meaning of the terms in this tongue may be inferred from the fact

that there are fewer words in the Pentateuch in Mr. Moffat's translation than in the Greek Septuagint, and far less than in our English version. It is fortunate that the task has been completed before the language became adulterated with half-uttered foreign words, and while those who have heard the eloquence of the native assemblies are still living. The young who are brought up in our schools know less of the tongue than the missionaries. The Sichuana vocabulary is extraordinarily copious. Mr. Moffat never spends a week at his work without discovering new words. Yet a person who acted as interpreter to Sir George Cathcart told him that the language of the Basutos was not capable of expressing the substance of a chief's diplomatic paper, though the chief who sent it could have worded it again off-hand in three or four different ways. The interpreter could scarcely have done as much in English. The Sichuana is, however, so simple in its construction, that its copiousness by no means requires the explanation that the people have fallen from a former state of civilization. Language seems to be an attribute of the human mind. Since the vocabulary is so extensive, the phenomenon of any man who, after a few months or years' study of a native tongue, cackles forth a torrent of words, may well be wondered at. Though I have had as much intercourse with the purest idiom as most Englishmen, I am always obliged to utter an important statement very slowly, and repeat it afterwards, lest the foreign accent, distinctly perceptible in all Europeans, should render the same unintelligible. In this I follow the example of the Bechuana orators, who, on matters of moment, always speak deliberately, and with reiteration. Both rich and poor talk their language correctly; there is no vulgar style. Children have a *patois* of their own,

and use many words in their play which men would scorn to employ. The Bamapela have adopted a click into their dialect, and a large infusion of the ringing ñ, which seems to have been introduced for the purpose of preventing others from misunderstanding them.

It would be no cause for congratulation if the Bechuana Bible was likely to meet the fate of Elliot's Choctaw version, in which we have God's word in a language which no tongue can articulate, and no mortal can understand. A better destiny seems in store for Mr. Moffat's labours, for the Sichuana has been introduced into the new country beyond Lake Ngami, where it is the court language, and will carry a stranger through a district larger than France. The Bechuanas in addition probably possess that imperishable property which forms so remarkable a feature in the entire African race.

When converts are made from heathenism it becomes an interesting question whether their faith has the elements of permanence, or is only an exotic too tender for self-propagation when the fostering care of the foreign cultivators is withdrawn. If habits of self-reliance are not encouraged the most promising converts are apt to become like spoiled children. In Madagascar a few Christians were left with no other aid than their Bibles; and though exposed to persecution, and even death itself, they increased tenfold in numbers, and are, if possible, more decided believers than when, by an edict of the queen of that island, the missionaries ceased their teaching. In South Africa such an experiment could not be made, for a variety of Christian sects have followed the successful footsteps of the London Missionary Society, and if any converts are thrown on their own resources they are eagerly adopted by one of these denominations. The people are in this way more likely

to be injured than trained to the manly Christian virtues. Another misfortune is that the Missionary Societies consider the Cape Colony itself as the proper sphere for their operations, although, in addition to a well-organised Dutch Established Church, and schools for secular instruction, maintained by Government, in every village of any extent, there are a number of other sects—Wesleyans, Episcopalians, Moravians—all labouring at the same good work. It is deeply to be regretted that so much zeal should be expended in a district where there is so little scope for success, to the neglect of the millions of unenlightened beings in the regions beyond. I would earnestly recommend all young missionaries to go at once to the real heathen.

When Sechele understood that we could no longer remain with him at Kolobeng, he sent his five children for instruction in all the knowledge of the white men to Mr. Moffat, at Kuruman, who liberally received the young folks and their attendants into his family.

Having been detained at Kuruman about a fortnight by the breaking of a waggon-wheel, I was providentially prevented from being present at the attack of the Boers on the Bakwains. The news was brought by Masebele, the wife of Sechele, who had herself been hidden in a cleft of a rock, over which a number of their assailants were firing. She brought Mr. Moffat a letter, which tells its own tale :

“Friend of my heart’s love, and of all the confidence of my heart, I am Sechele ; I am undone by the Boers, who attacked me, though I had no guilt with them. They demanded that I should be in their kingdom, and I refused ; they demanded that I should prevent the English and Griquas from passing (northwards). I replied, These are my friends, and I can prevent no one

(of them). They came on Saturday, and I besought them not to fight on Sunday, and they assented. They began on Monday morning at twilight, and fired with all their might, and burned the town with fire, and scattered us. They killed sixty of my people, and captured women, and children, and men. And the mother of Baleriling (a former wife of Sechele) they also took prisoner. They took all the cattle and all the goods of the Bakwains; and the house of Livingstone they plundered, taking away all his goods. The number of waggons they had was eighty-five, and a cannon; and after they had stolen my own waggon and that of Macabe, then the number of their waggons (counting the cannon as one) was eighty-eight. All the goods of the hunters (certain English gentlemen hunting and exploring in the north) were burned in the town; and of the Boers were killed twenty-eight. Yes, my beloved friend, now my wife goes to see the children, and Kobus Hae will convey her to you.

“ I am, SECHELE,
“ The Son of Mochoasele.”

This statement is in exact accordance with the account given by some of the Boers themselves to the public colonial papers. The only cause they alleged was that “ Sechele was getting too saucy.” Their demand that he should be subject to them and prevent the English traders passing northwards was kept out of view. Soon after Pretorius had despatched this marauding party against Kolobeng he was called away to the Great Tribunal. His policy is justified by the Boers from the instructions given to the Jewish warriors in Deuteronomy xx. 10-14. Hence the obituary notice of him ended with the words, “ Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.”

The report of this outrage on the Bakwains, coupled with the denunciations against myself for having, as it

was asserted, taught them to kill Boers, produced such a panic in the country, that I could not prevail upon a single servant to accompany me to the north. Loud vows of vengeance were uttered against me by the Boers, and threats of instant pursuit by a large party on horseback, should I dare to go into or beyond their country. After I had been detained for months at Kuruman from inability to procure waggon-drivers, I at last found three servants who, in spite of imprecations, were willing to risk the journey. A man of colour, named George Fleming, who wished to establish a trade with the Makolo, had managed to get a similar number. To be sure they were all the worst possible specimens of those who imbibe the vices without the virtues of Europeans, but we had no choice, and were glad to get away on any terms.

We left Kuruman on the 20th of November. When we reached Motito, forty miles off, we met Sechele, on his way, as he said, "to the Queen of England." Two of his children, and their mother, a former wife, were among the captives seized by the Boers; and as he had a strong belief in English justice, he was convinced that he should obtain redress from our sovereign. He employed all his eloquence to induce me to accompany him, and I in turn endeavoured to dissuade him from his project. "Will the Queen not listen to me," he inquired, "supposing I should reach her?" I replied, "I believe she would listen, but the difficulty is to get to her." "Well," said he, "I shall reach her." When he got to Bloemfontein he found the English army just returning from a battle with the Basutos, in which both parties claimed the victory, and both were glad that a second engagement was not tried. Our officers invited Sechele to dine with them, heard his story, and collected a handsome

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sum of money to enable him to pursue his journey to England. He proceeded as far as the Cape, when, his resources being expended, he was obliged to go back to his own country, one thousand miles distant, without accomplishing his intention. On his return he adopted the punishment he had witnessed in the colony, of making criminals work on the public roads. He has since, I am informed, become himself the missionary to his own people. He is very dark; and his subject swear by "Black Sechele." He has great intelligence, reads well, and is a fluent speaker. Such is his influence that numbers of the tribes, formerly living under the Boers, have taken refuge under his sway, and he is now greater in power than before the attack on Kolobeng.

Having parted with Sechele, we skirted along the Kalahari Desert, and sometimes went within its borders, giving the Boers a wide berth. A larger fall of rain than usual had occurred in 1852, which completed a cycle of eleven or twelve years, when the same phenomenon is reported to have happened on three occasions. An unusually large crop of melons had appeared in consequence. We had the pleasure of meeting with Mr. J. Macabe returning from Lake Ngami, which he had reached by going right across the Desert from a point a little to the south of Kolobeng. His cattle had subsisted on the water-melons for twenty-one days; and when they reached water did not seem to care much about it.

During the dry seasons which succeed our winter and precede our rains, a hot wind occasionally blows over the Desert from north to south. It feels as if it came from an oven, and seldom lasts longer than three days at a time. It resembles in its effects the harmattan of the north of Africa, and at the time the missionaries first

settled in the country, thirty-five years ago, it came loaded with fine reddish-coloured sand. It is so devoid of moisture as to cause the wood of the best seasoned English boxes and furniture to shrink. The air is full of electricity, and a bunch of ostrich-feathers held for a few seconds against the wind becomes as strongly charged as if attached to a powerful electrical machine. Even at other times the movement of a native in his kaross will often produce a stream of small sparks. The first time I noticed this appearance was while a chief was travelling with me, when the fur of his mantle, being slightly chafed by the movement of the waggon, assumed a luminous appearance. I rubbed it smartly with my hand, and it gave out bright sparks, which were accompanied with a sharp crackling sound. "Don't you see this?" said I. "The white men did not show us this," he replied; "we had it long before white men came into the country, we and our forefathers of old." Otto von Guerrike is said to have been the first that ever observed the phenomenon in Europe. It had been familiar to the Bechuanas for ages, but nothing came of it. The human mind has here remained stagnant in reference to the physical operations of the universe. No science has been developed, and few questions are discussed except those which have connexion with the wants of the stomach.

On the 31st December, 1852, we reached the town of Sechele, which is called Litubaruba from the part of the range on which it is situated. Near the village there exists a cave named Lepelole, which no one dared to enter, for it was the common belief that it was the habitation of the Deity. I proposed to explore it. The old men said that every one who went in remained there for ever, and added, "If the teacher is so mad as to kill

himself, let him do so alone, we shall not be to blame." The declaration of Sechele, that he would follow where I led, produced the greatest consternation. There was little enough to reward curiosity. An entrance about ten feet square became narrowed into two water-worn branches, ending in round orifices through which the water once flowed. The only inhabitants it seems ever to have had were baboons.

I never saw the Bakwains looking so haggard and lean as at this time. Most of their cattle had been swept away by the Boers, and all their corn, clothing, and furniture had been consumed in the flames. They were now literally starving. Some young men having ventured to go to meet a party of Boers returning from hunting, the latter were terrified and ran off. The young men brought their waggons to Litubaruba, and the affrighted colonists conceived an idea that the Bakwains had commenced a guerilla war. The Boers sent four of their number to ask for peace! I was present and heard the condition: "Sechele's children must be restored to him." Strong bodies of armed Bakwains occupied every pass in the hills; and had not the four ambassadors promised much more than they performed, that day would have been their last. The commandant Scholz had taken the children of Sechele to be his own domestic slaves. I saw one of them returned to his mother. He had been allowed to roll into the fire, and there were three large unbound sores on his body. His mother and the women received him with floods of tears. I took down the names of some scores of boys and girls, many of whom I knew to be our scholars; but I could not comfort the weeping mothers with any hope of their return from captivity. The Boers know from experience that adults may as well be left alone, for

escape is so easy in a wild country that no fugitive slave-law can come into operation. They therefore seize only the young, that they may forget their parents and remain in perpetual bondage.

The Bechuanas are universally much attached to children. A little child who toddles near a party of men while they are eating is sure to get a handful of the food. The parents take the name of the offspring, and often address them as Ma (mother), or Ra (father). Mrs. Livingstone, after the birth of our eldest boy Robert, was always addressed as Ma-Robert.

CHAPTER III

HAVING remained five days with the wretched Bakwains, we prepared to depart on the 15th January, 1853. Several dogs had taken up their residence at the water. No one would own them; it was plain they had

“Held o’er the dead their carnival”

after the slaughter committed by the Boers, and hence the disgust with which they were viewed.

On the 21st January we reached the wells of Boatlanama, and found them for the first time empty. Lopepe, where I had formerly seen a stream running from a large reedy pool, was also dry. We pushed on for the delicious waters of Mashüe. In travelling through this region the olfactory nerves are frequently excited by a strong disagreeable odour, which is caused by a large jet-black ant named “Leshónya.” It is nearly an inch in length, and emits a pungent smell when alarmed, in the same manner as the skunk.

Occasionally we lighted upon land tortoises, which, with their unlaidd eggs, make a very agreeable dish. It is wonderful how this reptile holds its place in the country, for it possesses neither speed nor cunning; even its bony covering, from which the teeth of the hyæna glance off foiled, does not protect it from man. Its yellow and brown colour, by its similarity to the surrounding grass and brushwood, helps to render it indistinguishable. The young are taken for the sake of their shells. These are made into boxes, which the women fill with sweet-smelling roots and hang them round their persons. When older the animal is eaten, and its armour

converted into a rude basin to hold food or water. When about to deposit its eggs, it lets itself into the ground by throwing the earth up round the shell, until the top only is visible; the eggs laid, it covers them up and leaves them. When the rains begin to fall and the fresh herbage appears, the young ones come out, and, unattended by their dam, begin the world for themselves. Their food is tender grass and a plant named thotona. They frequently devour wood-ashes, and travel great distances to places where they can get health-giving salt.

In the country adjacent to Mashüe numbers of different kinds of mice exist. The ground is often so undermined with their burrows that the foot sinks in at every step.

When we reached the Bamangwato the chief Sekomi was particularly friendly, brought all his people to our religious services, and explained his reasons for obliging some Englishmen to surrender up to him a horse. "They would not sell him any powder, though they had plenty; so he compelled them to give it and the horse for nothing. He would not deny the extortion to me; that would be swindling." He thus thought extortion better than swindling; but his ideas of honesty are the lowest I have ever met with in any Bechuana chief. Englishmen have always refused to countenance the idea, which would hereafter prove troublesome, that payment ought to be made for passage through a country.

All the Bechuana and Kaffir tribes south of the Zambezi practise circumcision (*boguera*), but the rites observed are carefully concealed. At Bamangwato I was once a spectator of the second part of the ceremony, called "sechu." Just at the dawn of day, a row of boys, nearly fourteen years of age, stood naked in the kotla. Each had a pair of sandals as a shield on his hands.

The men, equally naked, were ranged opposite to them, and were armed with long wands, of a tough, supple bush called moretloa. They started off into a dance named "koha," in the course of which they put questions to the boys, as "Will you guard the chief well?" "Will you herd the cattle well?" As the lads give an affirmative response, the men rush forward, and each aims a full blow at his vis-à-vis. The boy shields his head with the sandals, and causes the supple wand to descend upon his back. Every stroke makes the blood squirt out from a wound a foot or eighteen inches long. By the end of the dance the whole back is seamed with wheals, of which the scars remain through life. The beating is intended to harden the young soldiers. After this initiation has been gone through, and they have killed a rhinoceros, they may marry a wife.

In the "koha" dance the same respect is shown to age as in many other of their customs. A younger man, who exercises his wand on the boys, may himself be chastised by an older person. On the occasion on which I was present, Sekomi received a severe cut on the leg from a grey-haired disciplinarian. I joked with some of the young fellows on their want of courage, notwithstanding the scourgings of which they bore marks, and hinted that our soldiers did not need so much suffering to make them brave. A man rose up and said, "Ask him if, when he and I were compelled by a lion to stop and make a fire, I did not lie down and sleep as well as himself." In other parts a challenge would have been given to run a race: grown men frequently adopt this mode of testing superiority, like so many children.

The sechu is practised by three tribes only. Boguera, which is a civil rather than a religious rite, is observed by all the Bechuanas and Kaffirs, but not by the negro

tribes beyond 20° south. All the boys between ten and fourteen or fifteen are selected to be the companions for life of one of the sons of the chief. They are taken to some retired spot in the forest, and huts are erected for their accommodation. There the old men teach them to dance and initiate them into all the mysteries of African government. Each is expected to compose an oration in praise of himself, called a "leina" or name, and must repeat it with fluency.

When at Sekomi's we generally heard his praises sounded by a man who rose at break of day and uttered at the top of his voice the panegyric which that ruler is said to have pronounced at his boguera. This repetition of his "leina" is so pleasing to a chief that he generally sends a handsome present to the person who performs the office.

A good deal of beating is required to bring the young scholars up to the mark, and when they return they have generally a number of scars on their backs. On their return from the ceremonies of initiation a prize is given to the lad who can run fastest. They are then considered men, and can sit among the elders in the kotla.

These bands or regiments, which are named mepato in the plural and mopato in the singular, receive particular appellations; as, the Matsatsi, or "the suns"; the Mabusa, or "the rulers." Though living in different parts of a town, they turn out at the call, and act under the chief's son. They recognise a sort of equality, and address one another by the title of molekane or comrade. If a member commits any offence against the rules, such as cowardice or eating alone when his mates are within call, the rest may strike him. A person who belongs to an older mopato may chastise a culprit in a younger, but no one in a junior band may meddle with his seniors.

When three or four companies have been formed the oldest no longer takes the field in time of war, but remains as a guard over the women and children. When a fugitive comes to a tribe he is incorporated into the mopato analogous to that to which he belonged in his own tribe. No native knows his own age. If asked how old he is, he answers, "Does a man remember when he was born?" They reckon solely by the number of mopato which have been formed since their own. When they have witnessed four or five they are no longer obliged to bear arms. The oldest man I ever met boasted that he had seen eleven sets of boys submit to the boguera. If he was fifteen at his own initiation, and fresh bands were added every six or seven years, he may have been about seventy-five or eighty, which is no great age; but it seemed so to people who are considered superannuated at forty.

The Mopato system is an ingenious plan for attaching the tribe to the chief's family, and for imparting a discipline which renders the people easy of command. The first missionaries set their faces against the boguera, both on account of its connection with heathenism, and because the youths learned much evil and became disobedient to their parents. From the general success of the pioneers of Christianity, it is perhaps better that younger missionaries should tread in their footsteps. So much mischief may result from breaking down the authority on which our whole influence with those who cannot read appears to rest, that innovators ought to be made to propose their new measures as the Locrians did new laws—with ropes around their necks.

A somewhat analogous ceremony (*boyale*) takes place for young women. Clad in a dress composed of ropes made of alternate pumpkin-seeds and bits of reed strung

together, and wound round the body in a figure-of-eight fashion, they are drilled under the superintendence of an old woman, and are inured to bear fatigue and carry large pots of water. They have often scars from bits of burning charcoal having been applied to the forearm, which must have been done to test their power of bearing pain.

January 28th. Passing on to Letloche, about twenty miles beyond the Bamangwato, we found a fine supply of water. This is a point of so much interest that the first question we ask of passers-by is, "Have you had water?" The first inquiry a native puts to a fellow-countryman is, "Where is the rain?" Though by no means an untruthful nation, the usual answer is, "I don't know—there is none—we are killed with hunger and by the sun." If asked for news, they reply, "There is none, I heard some lies only," and then they tell everything.

Advancing to some wells beyond Letloche, at a spot named Kanne, we found them carefully hedged round by the people of a Bakalahari village. There was one sucking-place, around which were congregated great numbers of Bushwomen with their egg-shells and reeds. We had sixty miles in front without water, for the most part through a tract of deep soft sand, very distressing for the oxen. We therefore sent them across the country to the deep well Nkauane, and half wandered on the way. When found at last they had been five days without water. Large numbers of elands were met with as usual, though they seldom can get a sip of drink. Many of the plains here have large expanses of grass without trees, but it is rare to find a treeless horizon.

CHAPTER IV

THE Bakalahari, who live at Motlatsa wells, have always been very friendly to us, and listen attentively to instruction in their own tongue. It is, however, difficult to give an idea to an European of the little effect the instruction produces, because no one can realize the degradation to which the people have been sunk by centuries of barbarism and the hard struggle for the necessities of life. When we kneel and address an unseen Being, the act often appears to them so ridiculous that they burst into laughter. After a few services they get over this tendency. I was once present when a missionary attempted to sing among a wild tribe of Bechuanas, and the effect on the risible faculties of the audience was such that the tears ran down their cheeks. Nearly all their thoughts are directed to the supply of their bodily wants. If I am asked what effect the preaching of the Gospel has upon them, I can only say that some have confessed long afterwards that they then first begin to pray in secret. When kindly treated in sickness they often utter imploring words to Jesus, and we may hope that they find mercy through His blood, though so little able to appreciate His sacrifice. The existence of a God, and of a future state, has always been admitted by all the Bechuanas. Everything that cannot be accounted for by common causes is ascribed to the Deity, as creation, sudden death, &c. "How curiously God made these things!" "He was not killed by disease, he was killed by God," are common expressions. And, when speaking of the departed, they

say, "He has gone to the gods." The Bakwains profess that nothing which appears sin to us ever appeared otherwise to them, except that they did not think wrong to have more than one wife. They declare that they ascribed the rain which was given in answer to prayers of the rain-makers, and the deliverance granted in times of danger, to the power of the Deity, but they show so little consciousness of any religious sentiment that it is not wonderful that they should have been supposed to be totally destitute of it. The want, indeed, of any outward form of worship, makes the Bechuanas appear among the most godless races of mortals. The same may be said of the Kaffirs, but with Kaffirs and Bushmen I have had no intercourse in their own tongue. How much depends upon this for the right comprehension of their ideas may be judged from a trifling incident. At Lotlakani we met an old Bushman who sat by our fire relating his early adventures. Among these was the killing of five other Bushmen. "Two," said he, counting on his fingers, "were females, one a male, and the other two calves." "What a villain," I exclaimed, "you are, to boast of killing women and children of your own nation! what will God say when you appear before Him?"—"He will say," replied he, "that I was a very clever fellow." I at last discovered that, though the word he used was the same which the Bakwains employ when speaking of the Deity, he had only the idea of a chief. He was referring to Sekomi, and his victims were a party of rebels against whom he had been sent.

Leaving Motlatsa on the 8th February, 1853, we passed down the Mokoko, which, in the memory of persons now living, was a flowing stream. Between Lotlakani and Nchokotsa we passed the small well named Orapa; and ten miles to the north-east of Orapa is the

saltpan Chuantsa, having a cake of salt one inch and a half in thickness. The deposit contains some bitter in addition—probably the nitrate of lime—and the natives, to render it palatable, mix it with the juice of a gummy plant, place it in the sand, and bake it by making a fire over it. This renders the lime insoluble and tasteless.

The Bamangwato keep large flocks of sheep and goats at various spots on this side of the Desert. They thrive wonderfully well wherever salt and bushes are to be found. The milk of goats on account of its richness does not curdle with facility; but the natives have discovered that the infusion of the fruit of a solanaceous plant, Toluane, quickly produces the effect. The Bechuanas put their milk into sacks made of untanned hide with the hair taken off. These they hang in the sun. Their contents soon coagulate. The whey is drawn off by a plug at the bottom, and fresh milk is added until the sack is full of a thick sour curd: this when the palate gets accustomed to it is delicious. The rich mix it in their meal porridge, and, as the latter is thus rendered more nutritious, the poor are sometimes called in scorn “mere water-porridge men.”

We dug out several wells; and on each occasion we had to wait a day or two till sufficient water flowed in to allow our cattle to slake their thirst. Our progress was therefore slow. At Koobe there was such a mass of mud in the pond, worked up by the wallowing rhinoceros to the consistency of mortar, that it was only by great exertion we could get a space cleared at one side for the water to ooze through. If the rhinoceros had come back, a single roll would have rendered all our labour vain, and we were consequently obliged to guard the spot by night. Herds of zebras, gnus, and occasionally buffaloes, stood for days on the wide-spread flats

around us, looking wistfully towards the wells for a share of the nasty water. It is wanton cruelty to take advantage of the needs of these poor creatures to destroy them, without intending to make the smallest use of flesh, skins, or horns. Those who commit such havoc for the mere love of destruction must be far gone in the hunting form of insanity. In shooting by night, animals are more frequently wounded than killed; the flowing life-stream increases the craving for water, and they seek it in desperation regardless of danger—"I must drink, though I die." The ostrich, even when not hurt, cannot with all his wariness resist the excessive desire to slake his burning thirst. The Bushmen may be excused for profiting by its piteous necessities; for they eat the flesh and wear or sell the feathers.

We passed over the immense saltpan Ntwetwe, and about two miles beyond its northern bank we unyoked under a fine specimen of the baobab, here called, in the language of Bechuanas, Mowana. It consisted of six branches united into one trunk, and at three feet from the ground it was eighty-five feet in circumference. It is the same species as those which Adanson and others believed, from specimens seen in Western Africa, to have been alive before the Flood. These savans came to the conclusion that "therefore there never was any Flood at all." I would back a true mowana to survive a dozen floods. I do not however believe that any of the specimens now existing reach back to the Deluge. I counted the concentric rings in one of these trees in three different parts, and found that upon an average there were eighty-one and a half to a foot. Supposing each ring to be the growth of one year, a mowana one hundred feet in circumference, or with a semi-diameter of about seventeen feet, would be only fourteen centuries old,

which is some centuries less ancient than the Christian era.

1st March. The thermometer in the shade generally stood at 98° from 1 to 3 p.m., but as it sank as low as 65° by night the heat was by no means exhausting. At the surface of the ground, in the sun, the thermometer marked 125° . The hand cannot be held on the earth, and even the horny feet of the natives must be protected by sandals of hide. The ants, nevertheless, were busy working on the fiery soil. The water in the ponds was as high as 100° ; but as it does not readily conduct heat downwards, drink deliciously cool might be obtained by walking into the middle and lifting up the water from the bottom.

Proceeding to the north, from Kama-kama, we entered into dense mohonono-bush, which required the constant application of the axe by three of our party for two days before we emerged into the plains beyond. This bush has fine silvery leaves, and the bark has a sweet taste. The elephant, with his usual delicacy of taste, feeds much on it.

The rains had been copious, but the water in the ponds was rapidly disappearing. The lotus abounded in them, and a low sweet-scented plant covered their banks. Breezes came occasionally to us from the drying-up pools; but the pleasant odour they carried caused sneezing both to myself and my people; and on the 10th of March we were brought to a stand by four of the party being seized with African fever. I at first imagined it was only a bilious attack, arising from full feeding on flesh, for the large game had been abundant. Every man was in a few days laid low, except a Bakwain lad and myself. He managed the cattle, while I looked after the patients. The tall grass made the oxen uneasy,

and the appearance one night of a hyæna set them galloping away into the forest to the east of us. The Bakwain lad went after them, as is common with the members of his tribe in such cases. They dash through bush and brake for miles, till they think the panic is a little subsided. They then whistle to the cattle in the same manner as when milking cows. Having calmed them, they remain as a guard till the morning, and generally return with their shins well pealed by the thorns. The lad lost sight of our oxen in their rush through the flat trackless forest. He remained on their trail the whole of the next day, found them late in the afternoon, had been obliged to stand by them all night, and brought them back on Sunday morning. It was wonderful how he managed without a compass, and in such a country, to find his way home, and to keep forty oxen together.

The Bechuanas will remain on the sick-list as long as they feel weak, and I began to be anxious that they should try to get forward. By making beds in the waggons for our worst cases, we managed to move slowly on. The want of power in the man who guided the front oxen, or, as he was called, the "leader," caused us to be entangled with trees, both standing and fallen, and the labour of cutting them down was more severe than ordinary; but notwithstanding an immense amount of work, my health continued good. We wished to avoid the tsetse of our former route, and the necessity of making a new path much increased our toil. In lat. 18° we were rewarded by a luxury we had not enjoyed the year before. Our eyes were greeted by large patches of vines, a sight so unexpected that I stood some time gazing at the clusters of grapes, with no more thought of plucking them than if I had beheld them in a dream.

C. J. G.

The elephants are fond of plant, root, and fruit alike; but the fruit is not well flavoured, on account of the great astringency of the seeds, which in shape and size are like split peas.

The forest daily became more dense, and we were kept almost constantly at work with the axe. There was much more foliage on the trees than farther south. The leaves are chiefly of the pinnate and bi-pinnate forms, and are exceedingly beautiful when seen against the sky. Fleming, who had hitherto assisted to conduct his own waggon, knocked up at the end of March. As I could not drive two waggons, I shared the remaining water with him, about half a caskful, and went in search of a fresh supply. A heavy rain commenced; I was employed the whole day in cutting down trees, and every stroke of the axe brought down a thick shower on my back and into my shoes, which in the hard work was very refreshing. In the evening we met some Bushmen, who volunteered to show us a pool. I unyoked and walked some miles in search of it. On returning to our waggon we found that the loss of our companionship had brought out some of Fleming's energy, for he had managed to come up.

As the water in this pond dried up, we were soon obliged to move again. One of the Bushmen took out his dice, and, after throwing them, said that God told him to go home. He threw again in order to show me the command, but the opposite result followed. He remained and was useful, for a lion drove off the oxen to a great distance. The lions here are not often heard. They seem to have a dread of the Bushmen, who, when they observe evidence that one of these beasts has made a full meal, follow up his spoor so quietly that his slumbers are not disturbed. One discharges a poisoned

arrow from a distance of a few feet, while another throws his skin cloak over the animal's head. The surprise causes the lion to lose his presence of mind, and he bounds away in terror. The poison used by our present friends was the entrails of a caterpillar called N'gwa, half an inch long. They squeeze the virulent matter upon the barb, and leave it to dry in the sun. They are very careful in cleaning their nails after the operation, for if a small portion gets into a scratch the agony is excessive. The sufferer cuts himself, calls for his mother's breast, as if in imagination he had returned to the days of his infancy, and often flies from human habitations, a raging maniac. The effects on the lion are equally terrible. He is heard moaning in distress, and bites the trees and ground in his fury.

The Bushmen have the reputation of being able to neutralise the poison. This they said they effected by administering the caterpillar itself in combination with fat, at the same time rubbing fat into the wound. "The N'gwa," they explained, "wants fat, and, when it does not find it in the body, kills the man; we give it what it wants, and it is content." Father Pedro, a Jesuit, who lived at Zunbo, made a balsam, from a number of plants and *castor oil*, which is asserted to be a remedy for poisoned arrow-wounds. It is probable he derived the essential part of his prescription from the natives, and that the reputed efficacy of the balsam is owing to its fatty constituent. In the case of a bite from a serpent, a small key ought to be pressed down firmly on the puncture to force out the poison until a cupping-glass can be got from one of the natives, when the exhaustion of the air over the wound will produce a still freer flow. If stung by a scorpion, a watch-key will serve to squeeze

out the virus, and a mixture of fat or oil and ipecacuanha relieves the pain.

Believing that frequent change of place was conducive to the recovery of the sick, we moved as much as we could, and came to the hill N'gwa. It is three or four hundred feet high, and covered with trees; and as it was the only hill we had seen since leaving the Bamangwato, we felt inclined to take off our hats to it. The valley Kandehái, on its northern side, an open glade surrounded by forest trees of various hues, with a little stream meandering in the centre, is as picturesque a spot as is to be seen in this part of Africa.

The game hereabouts is very tame. A herd of reddish-coloured antelopes (pallahs) remained looking at us; while gnus, tsessebes, and zebras gazed in astonishment at the intruders. Some fed carelessly, and others put on the peculiar air of displeasure which they sometimes assume before they resolve on flight. Several buffaloes, with their dark visages, stood under the trees, and a large white rhinoceros passed along the valley with his slow sauntering gait without regarding us. It was Sunday, and all was peace.


On one occasion a lion came at daybreak, went round and round the oxen, and then began to roar at the top of his voice. As he could not succeed in scaring them, he went off in disgust, and continued to vociferate his displeasure for a long time in the distance. I could not see that he had a mane, and, if he had none, even the maneless variety can use their tongues. Others tried in vain to frighten the oxen, and, when they failed, became equally angry, as we knew from their tones.

The Bushmen of these districts are generally fine men. They are fond of a root somewhat like a kidney potato, and the kernal of a nut which Fleming thought was a

kind of betel. It came from a large spreading tree with palmate leaves. From the quantities of berries and the abundance of game in these parts, the Bushmen can scarcely ever be badly off for food. As I could keep them well supplied with meat, and was anxious for them to remain, I proposed that they should bring their wives to get a share, but they remarked that the women could always take care of themselves. They soon afterwards wished to leave us, and, as there was no use in trying to thwart them, I allowed them to go. The payment I made them acted as a charm on some strangers who happened to be present, and induced them to volunteer their aid.

As we went north the country became lovely. The grass was green and often higher than the waggon, and the vines festooned the trees. Among these were the real banian, with its drop-shoots, the wild date and palmyra, and several which were altogether new to me. The hollows contained large patches of water. Next came watercourses, which now resembled small rivers, and were twenty yards broad and four feet deep. The further we went, the broader and deeper they grew. The elephants wading in them had made numbers of holes, in which the oxen floundered desperately. Our waggon-pole was broken, and we were compelled to work up to the breast in water for three hours and a half.

The great quantity of water we had passed through was part of the annual inundation of the Chobe. We at last came to the Sanshurch, which is only one of the branches by which it sends its overflowings to the south-east. Yet it was a large deep river, filled in many places with reeds, and having hippopotami in it. As it presented an insuperable barrier, we drew up under a



magnificent baobab-tree, and resolved to search for a passage. In company with the Bushmen I explored the banks, waded a long way among the reeds in water breast high, and always found a broad deep space free from vegetation, and unfordable. A peculiar kind of lichen, which grows on the surface of the soil, becomes detached and floats on the water, giving out, in particular spots, a disagreeable odour, like sulphuretted hydrogen.

We made so many attempts to get over the Sanshurch, in the hope of reaching some of the Makololo on the Chobe, that my Bushmen friends became tired of the work. By means of presents I got them to remain some days. At last they slipped away by night, and I was compelled to take one of the strongest of my still weak companions and cross the river in a pontoon, the gift of Captains Codrington and Webb. We penetrated about twenty miles to the westward, in the hope of striking the Chobe, which was much nearer to us in a northerly direction, though we did not then know it. The plain, over which we splashed the whole of the first day, was covered with thick grass which reached above the knees, and with water ankle-deep. In the evening we came to an immense wall of reeds, six or eight feet high. When we tried to enter, the water became so deep that we were fain to desist. We directed our course to some trees which appeared in the south, in order to get a bed and a view of the adjacent locality. Having shot a leche, and made a glorious fire, we had a good cup of tea and a comfortable night. While collecting wood I found a bird's nest consisting of live leaves sewn together with films of the spider's web. The threads had been pushed through small punctures and thickened to resemble a knot. Nothing could exceed the airiness of this pretty

contrivance. I unfortunately lost it. This was the second nest I had seen resembling that of the tailor-bird of India.

On climbing the highest trees next morning we beheld a large sheet of water, surrounded on all sides by the same impenetrable belt of reeds. This is the broad part of the river Chobe, and is called Zabesa. Our first effort was to get to two tree-covered islands which seemed much nearer to the water than the point where we stood. The reeds were not the only obstacle to our progress. Mingled with them was a peculiar serrated grass, which at certain angles cut the hands like a razor, and the entire mass was bound together by the climbing convolvulus, with its stalks as strong as whipcord. We felt like pigmies in this tall dense thicket of vegetation, and often the only way we could get on was for both of us to lean against the barrier, and bend it down till we could stand upon it. There was no ventilation among the reeds, and as the sun rose high the heat was stifling. The perspiration streamed from our bodies, and the water, which was up to our knees, felt agreeably refreshing. After several hours of toil we reached one of the islands. Here we met an old friend, the bramble-bush. The legs of my companion were bleeding, and his leather trowsers were torn. My own, which were of strong moleskin, were worn through at the knees, and, tearing my handkerchief in two, I tied the pieces around the holes. We were still forty or fifty yards from the clear water, and now encountered another difficulty. We were opposed by great masses of papyrus, eight or ten feet high, and an inch and a half in diameter, and so strongly laced together by twining convolvulus, that the weight of both of us had no effect upon them. At last we found a passage prepared by a hippopotamus.

Eager to look along the vista to clear water, I stepped in and found it took me at once up to the neck.

Returning nearly worn out, we proceeded up the bank of the Chobe, till we came to the point of departure of the branch Sanshureh. Then we turned and went in the opposite direction. Still we could see nothing from the highest trees except one vast expanse of reed. After a hard day's work we came to a deserted Bayciye hut on an anthill. Not a bit of fuel could be got for a fire, except the grass and sticks of the dwelling itself. I dreaded the "*tampans*," so common in all old huts; but as we were tormented outside by thousands of mosquitoes, and the cold dew began to fall, we were fain to crawl beneath its shelter.

We were close to the reeds, and listened to the strange sounds which issued from them. By day I had seen water-snakes putting up their heads and swimming about. There were great numbers of otters, which have made a multitude of little spoors, as they go in search of the fishes, among the tall grass of these flooded prairies. Curious birds jerked and wriggled among the reedy mass, and we heard human-like voices and unearthly sounds, with splash and guggle, as if rare fun were going on in these uncouth haunts. Once a sound greeted our ears like that of an advancing canoe. Thinking it to be the Makololo, we got up, listened, and shouted; receiving no reply, we discharged a gun several times without effect, for the noise continued for an hour. After a damp cold night we early in the morning recommenced our work of exploring. Some of the anthills here are thirty feet high, and of a base so broad that trees grow on them; while the lands annually flooded bear nothing but grass. Where the water remains long no forest will survive. From one

of the great mounds we discovered an inlet to the Chobe; and we forthwith launched in our pontoon upon a deep river, which at this point was from eighty to one hundred yards wide. A hippopotamus came up at one side and went off with a desperate plunge. We had passed over him. The wave he made caused the pontoon to glide quickly away from him.

We paddled on from midday till sunset. There was nothing but a wall of reed on each bank, and we saw every prospect of spending a supperless night in our float, till, just as the short twilight of these parts was commencing, we perceived on the north bank the village of Moremi, one of the Makololo, whose acquaintance I had made in our former visit. He was now located on the island Mahonta. The inhabitants looked like people who had seen a ghost, and in their figurative way of speaking exclaimed, "He has dropped among us from the clouds, yet came riding on the back of a hippopotamus! We Makololo thought no one could cross the Chobe without our knowledge, but here he drops among us like a bird."

Next day we returned across the flooded lands in canoes to our waggons, and found that in our absence the men had allowed the cattle to wander into a small patch of wood to the west infested by tsetse. This carelessness cost me ten fine oxen. After we had remained a few days some of the head-men of the Makololo came down from Linyanti, with a large party of Barotse, to conduct us over the river. This they did in fine style. They took the waggons to pieces and carried them across on a number of canoes lashed together, while they themselves swum and dived among the oxen more like alligators than men. We were now among friends. After advancing about thirty miles to

the north, in order to avoid the still flooded lands on the north of the Chobe, we turned westwards towards Linyanti, where we arrived on the 23rd of May, 1853. This is the capital town of the Makololo, and only a short distance from our waggon-stand of 1851.

CHAPTER V

THE whole population of Linyanti, numbering between six and seven thousand, turned out to see the waggons in motion. They had never witnessed the phenomenon before, for on the former occasion we departed by night. Sekeletu, now in power, received us in royal style, and sent us pots of boyaloa, the beer of the country. These were brought by women, and each bearer took a good draught of the beer to show that it was not poisoned.

The court herald greeted us. This official utters all the proclamations, calls assemblies, keeps the kotla clean and the fire burning, and when a person is executed in public he drags away the body. The present herald was an old man who occupied the post in Sebituane's time. He stood up, and after leaping, and shouting at the top of his voice, roared out some adulatory sentences, as, "Don't I see the white man? Don't I see the comrade of Sebituane? Don't I see the father of Sekeletu? We want sleep. Give your son sleep, my lord." The meaning of this request for sleep was that Sebituane had learnt that the white men had "a pot (a cannon) in their towns which would burn up any attacking party;" and the old warrior thought if he could get possession of this weapon he would be able to "sleep" the rest of his days in peace.

Sekeletu was a young man eighteen years of age, and of that dark yellow or coffee-and-milk colour, of which the Makololo are so proud, because it distinguishes them from the black tribes on the rivers. The women long

for children of light colour so much that they sometimes chew the bark of a certain tree in the hope that it will have this effect. To my eye the dark skin is much more agreeable than the tawny hue of the half-caste, which that of the Makololo closely resembles.

In height Sekeletu was about five feet seven, not so good-looking nor so able as his father, but equally friendly to the English. Sebituane installed his daughter Mamochisáne into the chieftainship long before his death, and to prevent her having a superior in a husband he told her all the men were hers, that she might take any one, but ought to keep none. According to a saying in the country, "the tongues of women cannot be governed;" and as she lived this free independent life, they made her miserable by their remarks. One paramour she selected was even called her wife, and her son the child of Mamochisáne's wife. The arrangement was so distasteful to her, that when Sebituane was dead she declared she never would consent to govern the Makololo while she had a brother alive. Sekeletu wished her to retain the authority, for fear that the pretensions of another member of the family to the chieftainship should prevail. Three days were spent in public discussion on the point. At the Mamochisáne stood up in the assembly and addressed her brother with a womanly gush of tears: "I have been a chief only because my father wished it. I always would have preferred to be married and have a family like other women. You, Sekeletu, must be chief and build up your father's house."

Mpepe, the rival candidate for the chieftainship, favoured these slave-traders. A large party of Mambari had come to Linyanti while I was floundering on the prairies south of the Chobe. They fled precipitately by

night when some Makololo, who had assisted us to cross the river, returned with hats which I had given them. The natives inquired the cause of their haste, and were told that, if I found them there, I should take all their slaves and goods from them. It afterwards appeared that they derived their impression from their knowledge of what was done by the English cruisers on the coast. They went to the north, where they erected a stockade of considerable size, and, under the leadership of a native Portuguese, carried on the abominable traffic in human beings. Mpepe fed them with the cattle of Sekeletu, and formed a plan of raising himself, by means of their fire-arms, to be the head of the Makololo. The usual policy of slave-traders is to side with the strongest party in a tribe, and get well paid by captures made from the weaker faction. Long secret conferences were held by these dealers in men and their rebel ally, and it was agreed that Mpepe should cut down Sekeletu the first time they met.

My object being to examine the country for a healthy locality before attempting to make a path to the east or west coast, I proposed to Sekeletu to ascend the great river we had discovered in 1851. We had advanced about sixty miles on the road to Sesheke when we encountered Mpepe. The Makololo had never attempted to ride oxen until I advised it in 1851. Sekeletu and his companions were now mounted, though, having neither saddle nor bridle, they were perpetually falling off, and when Mpepe ran towards the chief he galloped off to an adjacent village. On our party coming up an interview took place between the rivals in a hut, and the intention of Mpepe was to execute here the murderous design which had been frustrated on the road. Being tired with riding, I asked Sekeletu where


I should sleep. He replied, "Come, I will show you." As we rose together I unconsciously covered his body with mine, and saved him from the blow of the assassin. Some of the attendants had divulged the plot; and when Sekeletu showed me the hut in which I was to pass the night, he said, "That man wishes to kill me." The chief resolved to be beforehand with him. He immediately sent some persons to seize him, and he was led out a mile and speared. This is the common mode of executing criminals. Mpepe's men fled to the Barotse, and, it being unadvisable for us to go thither during the commotion which followed his death, we returned to Linyanti. The Mambari in their stockade, now their protector had fallen, were placed in an awkward position. It was proposed to attack them and drive them out of the country, but, dreading a commencement of hostilities, I urged that their fortification, defended by perhaps forty muskets, would not be easy to take. "Hunger is strong enough for that," said an under-chief; "a very great fellow is he." As the chief sufferers from a blockade would have been the poor slaves chained in gangs, I interceded for them, and they were allowed to depart in peace.

This execution of Mpepe is a characteristic specimen of the Makololo mode of dealing with grave political offences. In common cases there is a greater show of deliberation. The accuser asks the accused to go with him to the head of the tribe. The complainant stands up in the kotla and states the charge before the chief and the people assembled there. The witnesses to whom he has referred then tell all they have seen or heard, but not anything they have heard from others. The case for the prosecution concluded, the defendant after a pause of a few minutes slowly rises, folds his

cloak around him, and, in the most careless manner he can assume—yawning, blowing his nose, &c.—makes his reply. Sometimes, when the complainant utters a sentence of dissent, the accused turns to him quietly, and says, “Be silent: I sat still while you were speaking; can’t you do the same? Do you want to have it all to yourself?” When he has concluded, his witnesses, if he has any, give their evidence. No oath is administered; but occasionally, when a statement is questioned, a man will protest, “By my father,” or “By the chief, it is so.” Their truthfulness among each other is remarkable.

If the case is one of no importance, the chief decides it at once; if frivolous, he may put a stop to it in the middle, or allow it to go on without heeding what is said. Family quarrels are often treated in this way, and a man may be seen arguing his case with great fluency, and not a soul listening to him. But if it is a dispute between influential men, or brought on by under-chiefs, the greatest decorum prevails. When the chief does not see his way to a verdict, he remains silent, and the elders give their opinions one by one. If there is a unanimity of sentiment, he delivers his judgment in accordance with it. He alone speaks sitting. No one refuses to acquiesce in his decision, for he has the power of life and death in his hands; but grumbling is allowed, and, when he shows marked favouritism to a relative, the people are not so astonished at the partiality as we should be in England.

Soon after our arrival at Linyanti, Sekeletu pressed me to mention the things I hoped to get from him. Anything, either in or out of his town, should be freely given if I would only mention it. I explained that my object was to elevate him and his people to be Christians.



He replied that he did not wish to learn to read the Book, for he was afraid "it might change his heart, and make him content with only one wife, like Sechele." It was of little use to urge that the change of heart implied to contentment with a single consort equal to his present complacency in polygamy. "No, no; he wanted always to have five wives at least." According to the system of the Bechuanas he became possessor of his father's wives, and adopted two of them. The rest were given to influential under-chiefs. When an elder brother dies his wives are taken by the next brother. A chieftain has always a head wife, or queen. Her hut is called the great house, and her children inherit the chieftainship. If she dies, a new wife is selected for the same position.

The women complain that the proportion between the sexes is so changed that they are not valued as they deserve. The majority of the real Makololo have been cut off by fever. Those who remain are a mere fragment of the people who came to the north with Sebituane. Migrating from a healthy climate in the south, they were more subject to the febrile diseases of the valley than the black tribes they conquered. The women generally escaped the attack, but they are less fruitful than formerly, and mourn the want of children, of whom they are all excessively fond.

Each village does not contain above one or two families of true Makololo, who are themselves a compound of many tribes. The members of that miscellaneous nation are distributed as lords among the people they conquered, who are forced to render certain services, and to aid in tilling the soil. They are proud to be called Makololo, but their distinguishing title is Makalaka, which is often used in reproach, as betoken-

ing inferiority. The servitude which has resulted from their subjection by force of arms is very mild. Each has his own land under cultivation, and lives nearly independent. It is so easy to escape to other tribes, that the Makololo are compelled to treat them rather as children than as slaves. Some masters, who fail to secure their affections, frequently find themselves without a single servant.

The Makololo ladies are liberal in their presents of milk and other food. They seldom labour, except to adorn their own huts and court-yards. They drink large quantities of boyáloa, or o-álo, the búza of the Arabs, which, being made of the grain called *Holcus sorghum*, or "durasafi," in a minute state of subdivision, is very nutritious, and gives that plumpness of form which is considered beautiful. They dislike being seen at their potations by persons of the opposite sex. They cut their woolly hair short, and delight in having the whole person shining with butter. Their dress is a kilt reaching to the knees; its material is soft ox-hide, and is not ungraceful. A soft skin mantle is thrown across the shoulders when the lady is unemployed, but when engaged in any labour she lays this aside and works in the kilt alone. The ornaments most coveted are large brass anklets as thick as the little finger, and armlets of brass or ivory. The rings are so heavy that the ankles are often blistered by the weight; but "pride feels no pain," and the infliction is borne as magnanimously as tight lacing and tight shoes among ourselves. Strings of beads are hung around the neck. The fashionable colours are light green and pink, and a trader could get almost anything he chose to ask for beads of these colours.

The women have somewhat the same ideas with our-

selves of what constitutes comeliness. They frequently asked for the looking-glass; and the remarks they made while I was engaged in reading, and apparently not attending to them, were amusingly ridiculous. "Is that me?" "What a big mouth I have!" "My ears are as big as pumpkin-leaves." "I have no chin at all." Or, "I should have been pretty, but I am spoiled by these high cheek-bones." "See how my head shoots up in the middle!" As they spoke they laughed vociferously at their own jokes. One man came when he thought I was asleep, and, after twisting his mouth about in various directions, remarked to himself, "People say I am ugly, and how very ugly I am indeed!"

At our religious services in the kotla a small portion of the Bible was read, followed by a short explanatory address. The congregation which attended at the summons of the herald, who acted as beadle, was often not less than from five to seven hundred. The associations of the place were unfavourable to solemnity. Half an hour after our devotions were ended a dance would be got up on the very same spot. These habits could not be opposed at first, without appearing to assume too much over the people. Far greater influence is gained by gently leading them to act rightly as of their own free will. Yet the Makololo women behaved from the outset with decorum, except at the conclusion of the prayer. In kneeling down, many of them bent over their little ones; and the children, in terror of being crushed, set up a simultaneous yell. At this there was often a subdued titter, which was turned into a hearty laugh as soon as I pronounced Amen. Such incongruities were easier corrected than similar peccadilloes farther south. Long after we had settled at Mabotsa, when preaching on the most solemn subject, a woman

would give a nudge with her elbow to a neighbour seated on her dress, to make her move off. The offender would return it with interest, and perhaps the remark, "Take the nasty thing away, will you?" Three or four more would begin to hustle the disputants, and the men would swear at them all to enforce silence.

I refrained from attending the sick, unless their own doctors wished it, or had given up the case. This prevented all offence to the native practitioners, and limited my services, as I desired, to the severer attacks.

Some weeks after Sekeletu declined to learn to read, Motibe his father-in-law, and several others, determined to approach the mysterious book. A number of men acquired the alphabet in a short time and were set to teach others, but before much progress could be made I was on my way to Loanda. On Motibe reporting that the proceeding was safe, Sekeletu and his young companions came forward to try for themselves. To all natives who have not acquired the art, the mode in which knowledge is conveyed through letters is unfathomable. It seems supernatural to them that we should distinguish things taking place in a book. Machinery is equally inexplicable, and money nearly as much so until they see it in use. They are familiar with barter alone; and in the centre of the country, where gold is unknown, if a button and sovereign were left to their choice, they would prefer the former on account of its having an eye.

As I had declined to specify any article to Sekeletu which I wished to possess, except a canoe to take me up the river, he brought ten fine elephants' tusks. He would take no denial, and I afterwards gave them to some of his subjects to sell on their own account. During the eleven years I had been in the country,

though we always made presents to the chiefs whom we visited, I invariably refused to take donations of ivory in return, from an idea that a religious instructor degraded himself by accepting gifts from those whose spiritual welfare he professed to seek. Though I received some tusks from Sebituane in 1851, it was only to purchase by the proceeds a variety of useful articles which I carried to his son. I had often handsome offers, but I always advised that the ivory should be sold to dealers, who would be sure to follow in my footsteps; and when my friends among the natives had become rich by barter, they might remember me or my children. At the time Lake Ngami was discovered I gave permission to a trader to form part of our company. The return I got for preferring his interest to my own was an assertion in one of the Cape papers that he "was the true discoverer of the lake!"

I had brought with me as presents an improved description of goats, fowls, and a pair of cats. As the Makololo are fond of improving the breed of their domestic animals, they were much pleased with my selection. A superior bull, which was designed as a gift to Sekeletu, I was compelled to leave behind on account of its becoming footsore. I had brought it, in performance of a promise made to Sebituane before he died, and Sekeletu was much gratified by my attempt to keep my word to his father.

They are all remarkably fond of their cattle. They have two breeds. One called the Batoka, because captured from that tribe, is of diminutive size, but very beautiful, and closely resembles the short-horns of our own country. They are very tame, and remarkably playful. They may be seen lying on their sides by the fires in the evening; and when they go forth to their

pasture, the herdsman often precedes them, and has only to commence capering to set them all gambolling. The meat is superior to that of the much larger Barotse breed, which comes from the fertile Barotse valley. These oxen stand high on their legs, and are often nearly six feet at the withers. They have big horns, and a pair which we brought from the lake measured eight and a half feet from tip to tip.

The Makololo are in the habit of shaving a little bit from one side of the horns while they are growing, in order to make them curve in that direction and assume fantastic shapes. The stranger the curvature, the more handsome the ox is considered to be, and the longer he is spared to be an ornament to the herd. This is an ancient custom in Africa, for the tributary tribes of Ethiopia are pictured on some of the oldest Egyptian monuments bringing contorted-horned cattle into Egypt. This is not the only mode of adorning their oxen. Some are branded in lines with a hot knife, which causes a permanent discolouration of the hair, like the bands on the hide of a zebra. Another mode of decoration is to detach pieces of skin round the head, two or three inches long and broad, and these are allowed to heal in a dependent position.

The Makololo use the ox-hide for making either mantles or shields. For the former purpose it is stretched out by means of pegs, and dried. Ten or a dozen men collect round it, and with small adzes shave off the substance on the fleshy side until the skin is left quite thin. A quantity of brain and some thick milk are then smeared over it. It is next combed with an instrument made of a number of iron spikes tied round a piece of wood, so that the points only project beyond it. This loosens the fibres. Milk or butter is applied to

it again, and it forms a garment nearly as soft as cloth.

The shields are made of hides partially dried in the sun, and beaten with hammers until they are stiff and dry. Two broad belts of a differently-coloured skin are sewed into them longitudinally, and sticks are inserted to make them rigid. In their battles they trust largely to their agility in springing aside from the flying javelins, but the shield is a great protection when so many are thrown that it is impossible not to receive some of them. From what I have seen them do in elephant-hunting, I believe, when they have room to make a run and discharge a spear, with the aid of the impulse imparted by the motion, they can throw it between forty and fifty yards. I saw a man who had received one of these weapons in his shin. The blade split the bone, and became so impacted in the cleft that no amount of pulling would extract it. It was necessary to take an axe and force open the cleft before the javelin could be taken out.

CHAPTER VI

ON the 30th of May I was seized with fever for the first time. Cold east winds prevail at this time; and as they come over the extensive flats inundated by the Chobe, as well as many other districts where the contents of the pools are vanishing into the air, they may be supposed to be loaded with malaria and watery vapour. An epidemic is the result. The usual symptoms of stopped secretion are manifested—shivering and feeling of coldness, although the skin is hot to the touch. The temperature in the axilla, over the heart and region of the stomach, was in my case 100° ; but 103° at the nape of the neck and throughout the course of the spine. There were pains along the latter, and frontal headache. The liver, in its efforts to free the blood of noxious particles, often secretes enormous quantities of bile. Anxious to ascertain whether the natives possessed any remedy of which we were ignorant, I requested the assistance of one of Sekeletu's doctors. He put some roots into a pot with water, and, when it was boiling, placed it near me and threw a blanket round it and me, that I might be shut in with the steam. This being attended by no immediate effect, he got a small bundle of medicinal woods, and, burned them nearly to ashes in a potsherd, that the smoke and hot air might assist to produce perspiration. After being stewed in their vapour-baths, and smoked like a red herring over green twigs, I concluded that I could cure the fever more quickly than they can. The native treatment is, however, of service, if employed in conjunction with a

wet sheet and a mild aperient in combination with quinine. Purgatives, general bleedings, or indeed any violent remedies, are injurious. The appearance of a herpetic eruption near the mouth is regarded as an evidence that no internal organ is in danger. There is a good deal in not "giving in" to this disease. He who is low-spirited will die sooner than the man who is not of a melancholic nature.

On my visit in 1851 the Makololo made a garden and planted maize for me, that, as they remarked when I parted with them, I might have food to eat when I returned, as well as other people. The grain was now pounded by the women into fine meal. This they perform in large wooden mortars, the exact counterpart of those which are depicted on the Egyptian monuments. To this good supply of maize Sekeletu added ten or twelve jars of honey, each of which contained about two gallons. A quantity of ground-nuts were also furnished every time the tributary tribes brought their dues to Linyanti. An ox was given us for slaughter every week or two, and Sekeletu appropriated two cows to our use. This was in accordance with the acknowledged rule throughout the country, that the chief should feed all strangers who come to him on special business, and take up their abode in his kotla. A present is usually given in return for the hospitality, but, except in cases where their original customs have been modified, nothing would be asked. Europeans spoil the feeling that hospitality is the sacred duty of the chiefs. No sooner do they arrive than they offer to purchase food, and, instead of waiting till a meal is prepared, cook for themselves, and often decline to partake of the dishes which have been got ready for them. Before long the natives come to expect a gift without having furnished any equivalent.

Strangers who have acquaintances among the under-chiefs are treated at their establishments on the same principle. So generally is the duty admitted, that one of the most cogent arguments for polygamy is, that a respectable man with only one wife could not entertain visitors as he ought. This reason has especial weight where the women are the chief cultivators of the soil, and have the control over the corn, as at Kolobeng. The poor, who have no friends, often suffer much hunger, and the kind attention lavished on them by Sebituane was one of the reasons of his great popularity in the country.

The Makololo cultivate a large extent of land around their villages. The nucleus of this miscellaneous nation were Basuto who came with Sebituane from a comparatively cold and hilly region in the south; and those who truly belong to that tribe retain its former habits, and may be seen going out with their wives, hoe in hand; a state of things never witnessed among the other Bechuanas. The younger Makololo lord it over the conquered Makalaka, and have unfortunately no desire to imitate the agricultural tastes of their fathers. They are the aristocracy of the country, and expect their subjects to perform all the manual labour. They once possessed almost unlimited power over their vassals, but their privileges were much abridged by Sebituane himself. When he conquered the Bakwains, Bangwaketze, Bamangwato, Batauana, &c., he incorporated the young of these tribes into his own. Great mortality by fever reduced the original stock, and he wisely supplied the vacancies by extending the privilege to a large number of the subject Makalaka. Thus we found him with even the sons of the chiefs of the Barotse closely attached to his person; and they say to this day that one and

all they would have laid down their lives in his defence. The motto upon which he acted was, "All are children of the chief."

Skeletu receives tribute from a great number of tribes in corn or dura, ground-nuts, hoes, spears, honey, canoes, paddles, wooden vessels, tobacco, mutokuane, various wild fruits (dried), prepared skins, and ivory. When these articles are brought into the kotla, the chief divides them among the loungers who usually congregate there. The ivory is sold with the approbation of his counsellors, and the proceeds are distributed in open day among the people. He retains a small portion only for his own share, and, if he is not more liberal to others than to himself, he loses in popularity. I have known instances in which individuals who had been overlooked fled to other chiefs.

An example of this will illustrate the mode in which contests are generated in Africa. A discontented person fled to Lechulatebe in the lake Ngami district, and was encouraged to go to a village of the Bapálleng, where he abstracted the tribute of ivory which ought to have come to Skeletu. This theft enraged the whole of the Makololo, who had part in the loss. To show their intention of resenting such usage, about five hundred of them went through a mimic fight, in the presence of some of Lechulatebe's people who came on a visit to Linyanti. The principal warriors pointed their spears toward the lake where the chief who had wronged them lived, and every thrust was answered by all with the shout, "Hoo!" while every stab on the ground drew forth a simultaneous "Huzz!" On these occasions everybody capable of bearing arms must turn out. In the time of the warlike Sebituane any one who remained in his house was killed.

The Makololo performance had no effect. Lechulatebe aggravated his offence by repeating it, and by a song which was sung in his town, expressive of joy at the death of Sebituane. That famous conqueror had carried off many cattle from Lechulatebe's father. The son had now got possession of fire-arms, and, considering himself more than a match for the Makololo, was bent on retaliation. I despatched a message to him, advising him to cease his provocation, and especially the song; because, though Sebituane was dead, the arms with which he had fought were still alive and strong. Sekeletu, remembering his father's injunctions to promote peace, sent ten cows to be exchanged for sheep. Lechulatebe took the cows and returned an equal number of sheep, though, according to the relative value of sheep and cows, he ought to have given sixty or seventy. One of the men who conducted the cattle was trying to purchase goats in a village without formal leave from the chief; Lechulatebe punished him by making him sit some hours on the broiling sand, which was 130° at least. This put a stop to amicable relations. I prevailed upon the Makololo to keep the peace during my stay, but it was easy to perceive that public opinion was against sparing a tribe of Bechuanas for whom they entertained the most sovereign contempt. The young men exclaimed, "Lechulatebe is herding our cows for us; let us only go, we shall 'lift' the price of them in sheep."

Such are the usual causes which produce an African war. The diffusion of fire-arms among them will render their contests less frequent and less bloody. As nearly all the feuds in the south have been about cattle, the risk which must be incurred from long shots generally proves a preventive to the foray. It is rare, indeed, to hear of

two tribes who have guns going out against each other. These weapons are only mischievous when they are an exclusive possession, and especially when they fall into the hands of a small tribe, commanded by a weak chief like Lechulatebe, who is thus tempted to try his strength with a numerous and warlike race.

CHAPTER VII

HAVING waited a month at Linyanti, we again departed, for the purpose of ascending the river from Sesheke. Not only Sekletu, but many of the under-chiefs, accompanied us. The country between Linyanti and Sesheke is perfectly flat, except where patches are elevated a few feet above the surrounding level, or where the termites have thrown up their enormous mounds. No one who has not seen their gigantic structures can imagine the industry of these little labourers. They seem to impart fertility to the soil which has once passed through their mouths, for the Makololo find the sides of anthills the choice spots for rearing early maize, tobacco, or anything else which requires more than ordinary care. The mounds were generally covered with wild date-trees. The fruit is small, and as soon as it is ripe the Makololo cut down the tree rather than be at the trouble of climbing it. The other portions of the more elevated land have the camel-thorn, white-thorned mimosa and baobabs. In sandy spots there are palmyras somewhat similar to the Indian, but with a smaller seed. The soil on the plain is a rich, dark, tenacious loam, known as the "cotton-ground" in India, and is covered with a dense matting of coarse grass, common on all damp spots in this country. The Chobe was on our right, and its scores of miles of reed formed the horizon. It was pleasant to look back on the long-extended line of our attendants, as it twisted and bent according to the curves of the footpath, or in and out behind the mounds. Some had

caps made of lions' manes; others, the white ends of ox-tails on their heads, or great bunches of black ostrich-feathers, which waved in the wind. Many wore red tunics, or various-coloured prints, which the chief had bought from Fleming. The common men acted as porters; the gentlemen walked with a small club of rhinoceros horn in their hands, and had servants to bear their shields. The "Machaka" or battle-axe men, carried their own, and were liable at any time to be sent off a hundred miles on an errand, and were expected to run all the way.

Sekeletu is always accompanied by his own Mopato, a number of young men of his own age. Those who are nearest eat out of the same dish, for the Makololo chiefs pride themselves on eating with their people. He takes a little, and then beckons to his neighbours to do the same. When they have had their turn, he perhaps makes a sign to some one at a distance, who starts forward, seizes the pot, and removes it to his own companions. The associates of Sekeletu, wishing to imitate him as he rode on my old horse, leaped on the backs of some half-broken oxen, but, having neither saddle nor bridle, the number of tumbles which ensued was a source of much amusement to the rest.

Troops of leches, or, as they are here called, "lechwés," were feeding heedlessly all over the flats. There are prodigious herds of them, although the numbers that are killed annually, as well as of the "nakong," another water antelope, must be enormous. When the lands we were treading are flooded, the leches betake themselves to the mounds. The Makalaka, who are most expert in the management of their small, light canoes, come gently towards them. When they perceive the antelopes beginning to move they increase their

speed, making the water dash away from the gunwale; and though the animals fly in a succession of prodigious bounds, their feet appearing to touch the bottom at each spring, their pursuers manage to spear great numbers of them.

The nakong is rather smaller than the leche, and, in shape, has more of paunchiness than any antelope I ever saw. It is of a greyish-brown colour, and, as the hair is long and rather sparse, it never looks sleek. The horns are twisted, like those of a koodoo, but are much smaller, and have a double ridge winding round them. The habitat of the nakong is the marsh and muddy bogs, where it is borne up by the great surface over which its weight is distributed—its foot, between the point of the toe and supplemental hoofs, leaving a print which is full twelve inches long. Its gait closely resembles the gallop of a dog when tired. It feeds by night, and lies hid among the reeds and rushes by day. When pursued, it dashes into sedgy places, and immerses the whole body, except the point of the nose and the ends of the horns. The hunters burn large patches of reed to drive it from its lair; but when it sees itself surrounded by enemies in canoes, it will rather allow the projecting tips of the horns to be scorched by the flames than come forth from its hiding-place.

When we arrived at any village, the whole of the women turned out to lulliloo their chief. Their shrill voices, to which they give a tremulous sound by a quick motion of the tongue, peal forth "Great lion!" "Great chief!" "Sleep, my lord!" &c. The men utter similar salutations; all of which are received by Sekeletu with lordly indifference. After the news has been told, the head-man of the village, who is almost always a Makololo, brings forth a number of large pots

of beer, each of which is given to some principal personage, who divides it with whom he pleases. As many as can partake of the beverage, and grasp the calabashes, which are used as drinking-cups, so eagerly that they are in danger of being broken. Bowls of thick milk, some of which contain six or eight gallons, are likewise produced, and distributed in the same manner as the beer. The milk is conveyed to the mouth in the hand. I often presented my friends with iron spoons, which delighted them exceedingly. But the old habit of hand-eating prevailed. They simply used the novel implement to ladle out the milk into their hands.

The chief is expected to feed all who accompany him, and he either selects an ox or two of his own from his numerous cattle stations in every part of the country, or he is presented by the head-men of the villages he visits with as many as he needs. The animals are killed by a thrust from a small javelin in the region of the heart. The wound is made purposely small to avoid the loss of the blood, which, with the internal parts, are the perquisites of the slaughterman. Hence all are eager to perform that office. Each tribe has its own way of distributing an animal. Among the Makololo the hump and ribs belong to the chief; among the Bakwains the breast is his perquisite. After the oxen are cut up, the joints are placed before Sekeletu, who apportions them among the gentlemen of the party. The attendants rapidly prepare the meat for cooking by cutting it into long strips, so many of which are thrown into the fires at once that they are nearly put out. These strips are handed round when half broiled and burning hot. Every one gets a mouthful, but no one except the chief has time to masticate. The prolonged enjoyment of taste is not their aim, but to get as much food as possible

during the short time their neighbours are cramming. They are eminently gregarious in their meals; and, as they despise any one who eats alone, I always when breaking my fast poured out two cups of coffee, that the chief, or some one of the principal men, might share it with me. Of this beverage they all become very fond; and some of the tribes attribute greater fecundity to its use. The raw material of one ingredient of the mixture is already a home-growth. They cultivate the sugar-cane in the Barotse country, but only use it for chewing. They knew nothing of the method of extracting the sugar from it. Sekeletu relished my sweet coffee and biscuits, and said, "he knew my heart loved him by finding his own heart warming to my food." He had been visited during my absence at the Cape by some traders and Griquas, and "their coffee did not taste half so nice as mine, because they loved his ivory and not himself."

Sekeletu and I had each a little gipsy-tent in which to sleep. The Makalaka huts are infested with vermin. Those of the Makololo are generally clean, owing to the habit of frequently smearing the floors with a plaster composed of cowdung and earth. The best class of dwellings consist of three circular walls, with small holes for doors, as in a dog-house. Even when on all-fours it is necessary to bend down the body to get in. The roof is formed of reeds or straight sticks, in shape like a Chinaman's hat, bound firmly together with circular bands, which are lashed with the strong inner bark of the mimosa-tree. The whole is thatched with fine grass. As the roof projects far beyond the walls, and reaches within four feet of the ground, the shade is the best to be found in the country. These habitations are cool in the hottest day, but are close and deficient in ventilation by

night. The bed is a mat made of rushes sewn together with twine. The hip-bone pressing on the hard flat surface soon becomes sore, and it is not allowable to make a hole in the floor to receive the prominent part called trochanter by anatomists, as we do when sleeping on grass or sand. In some villages we were driven to desert our tent for a hut, because the mice ran over our faces or hungry dogs ate our shoes and left only the soles.

Our course at this time led us to a part above Sesheke, called Katonga, where there is a village belonging to a Bashubia man named Sekhosi. The river here is certainly not less than six hundred yards wide. When the canoes came from Sekhosi to take us across, one of the comrades of Sebituane rose, and, looking at Sekletu, called out, "The elders of a host always take the lead in an attack." Sekletu, and his young men, were accordingly obliged to give them precedence. It took a considerable time to ferry over our large party, as, even with quick paddling, from six to eight minutes were spent in the passage from bank to bank.

Several days were spent in collecting canoes from different villages for the purpose of ascending the river. This we now learned is called by the whole of the Barotse the Liambai, or Lecambye, which means "the large river," or the river *par excellence*. Luambéji, Luambési, Ambézi, Ojimbési, and Zambési, &c., are names applied to it at different parts of its course, according to the dialect spoken. They have all the same signification, and express the native idea that this magnificent stream is the main drain of the country.

In order to assist in the support of our large party, and get a sight of the adjacent district, I went several times to the north of the village for game. The country is covered with clumps of beautiful trees, and between

them fine open glades stretch away in every direction. When the river is in flood these glades are inundated. The soil is dark loam, as it is in all the parts which are washed by the overflow, while among the trees it is sandy, and not so densely covered with grass as elsewhere. A ridge, running parallel to, and about eight miles from the river, is the limit of the inundation on the north. The people enjoy rain in sufficient quantity to raise large supplies of grain and ground-nuts.

This district contains great numbers of a small antelope named Tianyáne, unknown in the south. It stands about eighteen inches high, and is of a brownish-red colour on the sides and back, with the belly and lower part of the tail white. It is very graceful in its movements, and utters a cry of alarm not unlike that of the domestic fowl. Though extremely timid, the maternal affection it bears its young will often induce it to offer battle to a man. When her fawn is too tender to run about with her, she puts one foot on the prominence about the seventh cervical vertebra, or withers, to make it lie down in the place she selects, and there it remains till she summons it by her bleating. If a gregarious she-antelope is seen separated from the herd, she is sure to have laid her little one to sleep in some cozy spot. The colour of the hair in the young assimilates better with the ground than that of the older animals, which do not need to be screened from the observation of birds of prey. I remarked that the Arabs at Aden made their camels kneel by pressing the thumb on the withers. They have probably derived the custom from the gazelle of the Desert.

Such great numbers of buffaloes, zebras, tsessebes, tahaetsi, and eland or pohu, grazed undisturbed on these plains, that little difficulty was experienced in securing

a fair supply of meat for our party during the inevitable delay. Hunting on foot, in this country, is very hard work. Winter though it was, the heat of the sun is so great, that, had there been any one on whom I could have devolved the office, he would have been welcome to all the sport. But the Makololo shot so badly, that I was obliged to go myself in order to save my powder.

We shot a beautiful cow-eland, standing in the shade of a fine tree. It was a new variety of this splendid antelope, marked with narrow white bands across the body, exactly like those of the koodoo, and having a black patch of more than a hand-breadth on the outer side of the fore arm. Evidently she had lately had her calf killed by a lion, for there were five long deep scratches on both sides of her hind quarters, as if she had run to its rescue, and the beast had left it to attack herself, but was unable to pull her down. The milk which flowed from the distended udder showed that she had sought the shade from the distress caused by the accumulation of the fluid. A Makololo gentleman who accompanied me, struck with her beauty, said, "Jesus ought to have given us these instead of cattle."

CHAPTER VIII

HAVING at last collected a fleet of thirty-three canoes, and about one hundred and sixty men, we began to ascend the river. I had my choice from all the vessels, and selected the best, though not the biggest. It was thirty-four feet long and only twenty inches wide, and was manned by six paddlers. The larger canoe of Sकेलेतु had ten. They stand upright, and keep the stroke with great precision, though they change from side to side as the course demands. The men at the head and stern are the strongest and most expert of the whole. The canoes, being flat-bottomed, can go into shallow water; and whenever the crew can touch the ground with their paddles, which are about eight feet long, they use them as poles to punt with. On land the Makalaka fear the Makololo; on water, the superiority appertains to the former. They race with each other, and, dashing along at the top of their speed, place their masters' lives in danger. In the event of a capsize many of the Makololo would sink like stones. On the first day of our voyage an old doctor had his canoe filled by one of those large waves which the east wind raises on the Lecambye, and he went forthwith to the bottom. The Barotse who were with him saved themselves by swimming, and were afraid of being punished with death in the evening for not rescuing the doctor. Had he been a man of more influence, they would certainly have been executed.

We skimmed rapidly along, and I felt the pleasure of looking on lands which had never been seen by an

European before. The magnificent river is often more than a mile broad, and adorned with many islands of from three to five miles in length, which, at a little distance, seemed great rounded masses of sylvan vegetation reclining on the bosom of the glorious stream. The beauty of some of them was greatly increased by the gracefully curved fronds and refreshing light-green colour of the date-palm, while the lofty palmyra towered far above, and cast its feathery foliage against a cloudless sky. The banks of the river are equally covered with forest, and most of the trees on the brink of the water send down roots from their branches like the banian. The adjacent country is rocky and undulating, abounding in elephants and all the other large game, except leches and nakongs, which appear to shun stony ground. The soil is of a reddish colour, and very fertile, as is attested by the quantity of grain raised annually by the Banyeti. This poor and industrious people are expert hunters, and proficient in the manufacture of articles of wood and iron. The whole of this part of the country being infested with the tsetse, they are unable to rear domestic animals, which may have led to their skill in handicraft works. Some make large wooden vessels with neat lids; and since the idea of sitting on stools has entered the Makololo mind, they have shown considerable taste in the forms they give to the legs.

Other Banyeti, or Manyeti, as they are called, construct neat and strong baskets of the split roots of some tree, whilst others excel in manufacturing iron articles and pottery. I cannot find that they have ever been warlike. Indeed, the contests in the centre of the country, where no slave-trade existed, have seldom been about anything else than cattle, and so much is this recognised that several tribes refuse to keep them because

they tempt their enemies to come and steal. I have heard of but one war from another cause. Three Barolongs, who were brothers, fought for the possession of a woman, and the tribe has remained divided ever since.

From the bend up to the north, called Katima-molelo ("I quenched fire"), the bed of the river is rocky, and the stream runs fast, forming a succession of rapids, which prevent continuous navigation when the water is low. They are not visible when the river is full. There are cataracts however at Nambwe, Bombwe, and Kale, with a fall of between four and six feet, which must always be dangerous. The falls of Gonye present a still more serious obstacle. The drop is about thirty feet, and we were obliged to take up the canoes, and carry them more than a mile by land. The water, after it descends, goes broiling along, and gives the idea of great masses of it rolling over and over. For many miles below the fall the channel is narrowed to a hundred yards, and at the times of the inundation the river, where it is compressed between these high rocky banks, rises fifty or sixty feet in perpendicular height. Tradition reports that two hippopotamus-hunters, who were in eager pursuit of a wounded animal, ventured too far into the rush of water, and were whirled over the precipice by the roaring torrent. Another tradition states that a man of the Barotse came down the stream and availed himself of the falls for the purposes of irrigation. Such superior minds must have arisen from time to time in these regions, but, ignorant of letters, they have left no memorial behind them.

As we passed up the river the different villages of Banyeti turned out to present Sekeletu with food and skins, as their tribute. The tsetse lighted on us even in the middle of the stream, but they appeared no more

when we came to about $16^{\circ} 16'$ S. latitude, where the lofty wooded banks left the river, and stretched away in ridges, two or three hundred feet high, to the N.N.E. and N.N.W., until they were twenty or thirty miles apart. The intervening space, nearly one hundred miles in length, with the Leeambye winding gently near the middle, is the true Barotse valley. A great part of its bottom is formed of rocks of reddish variegated hardened sandstone with madrepore holes in it, and of broad horizontal strata of trap, often covered with twelve or fifteen feet of soft calcareous tufa. It bears a close resemblance to the valley of the Nile, and is inundated annually by the Leeambye, exactly as Lower Egypt is flooded by the Nile.

The villages of the Barotse are built on ^{elevated la} mounds, which, during the inundation, when the whole valley assumes the appearance of a large lake, look like little islands in the surrounding waters. There are but few trees, and those which stand on the eminences have been planted there for shade. The soil is extremely fertile, and produces two crops of grain in a year. The Barotse are strongly attached to this fertile district, over which the Leeambye spreads "life and verdure." "Here," say they, "hunger is not known." Unaided nature has covered the ground with coarse succulent grasses, which afford ample pasturage for large herds of cattle; these thrive wonderfully, and yield a copious supply of milk. During the season of the flood they are compelled to go to the higher lands, where they fall off in condition, their return is a time of joy. Yet this region is not put to a tithe of the use it might be. It is impossible to say whether it would raise wheat like the valley of the Nile, for from its excessive richness the corn might run entirely to straw. One species of grass which we observed was

twelve feet high, with a stem as thick as a man's thumb.

This visit was the first Sekeletu had made to these parts since he attained the chieftainship, and the persons who had taken part with his rival Mpepe were in great terror. The father of this aspirant had joined with another man in counselling Mamochisane to put Sekeletu to death and marry Mpepe. On our arriving at the town where these two conspirators lived they were seized and tossed into the river. When I remonstrated against human life being wasted in this off-hand way, my companions justified the act by the evidence given by Mamochisane, and calmly added, "You see we are still Boers; we are not yet taught."

The towns of the Barotse are not large. The mounds on which they are built are small, and the people are necessarily scattered to enable them to look after their cattle. Naliele, the capital, is erected on an eminence which was thrown up by Santuru, a former chief, and was his storehouse for grain. His own capital stood about five hundred yards to the south, on a spot which now makes part of the bed of the river. Only a few cubic yards remain of a mound which it took the whole of his people many years to erect. The same thing has happened to another ancient site, Linangelo. It would seem, therefore, that the river must here be wearing eastwards. A rise of ten feet above the present low-water mark is the highest point the stream ever attains. Two or three feet more would deluge all the villages; and though this never happens, the water sometimes comes so near, that the people cannot move outside the walls of reeds which encircle their huts.

Santuru, at whose ancient granary we were staying, was a great hunter, and was fond of taming wild

animals. His people brought him, among other things, two young hipopotami. These animals gambolled in the river by day, but never failed to go to Naliele for their suppers of milk and meal. They were the wonder of the country till a stranger, who came on a visit, saw them reclining in the sun, and speared one of them under the idea that it was wild. The same accident happened to one of the cats I had brought to Sckeletu. A native, seeing a new kind of animal, killed it, and brought the trophy to the chief, thinking that he had made a remarkable discovery. This cut short the breed of cats, of which, from the swarms of mice, we stood in great need.

The town or mound of Santuru's mother was shown to me; which was the first symptom I observed of that greater regard which is shown to the female sex in the districts to the north. There are few or no cases of women being elevated to the headships of towns south of this point. The Barotse showed some relics of their former chief, which evinced a greater amount of the religious feeling than I had ever known displayed among Bechuanas. His more recent capital, Lilonda, which was also built on an artificial mound, is covered with different kinds of trees, transplanted when young by himself. In this grove are to be seen various instruments of iron in the state he left them. One looks like the guard of a basket-hilted sword; another has an upright stem, on which are placed branches worked at the ends into miniature axes, hoes, and spears. To these he presented offerings, according as he desired to prosper in hewing, agriculture, or fighting. The people in charge of these articles were supported by presents from the chief; and the Makololo sometimes follow the example. This was the nearest approach to a priesthood

I had met. When I asked them to part with one of the relics they replied, "O, no, he refuses."—"Who refuses?"—"Santuru," was their reply, showing their belief in a future state of existence.

I inquired whether Santuru had ever seen white men, and could find no trace of any having been here till the arrival of Mr. Oswell and myself in 1851. Any remarkable event is commemorated in names borrowed from the persons or things concerned. Thus the year of our visit was dignified as the year when the white men came. Great numbers of children had been called Ma-Robert, or mother of Robert, in honour of my wife and her eldest boy; others were styled Gun, Horse, Waggon, Monare, Jesus, &c.; but though our names, and those of the native Portuguese who came in 1853, were adopted, there is no earlier trace of anything of the kind. For a white man to make his appearance is such a memorable circumstance, that, had it taken place during the last three hundred years, there must have remained some tradition of it.

But Santuru was once visited by the Mambari, and a distinct recollection of the incident is retained. They came to purchase human beings, and both he and his head-men refused them permission to buy any of the people. These traffickers in flesh and blood reside near Bihe, and profess to use the slave for domestic purposes only. Some of them visited us while at Naliele. They are of the Ambonda race, which inhabits the country south-east of Angola, and speak the Bunda dialect, which is of the same family of languages with the Barotse, Bayeiye, &c., or those black tribes comprehended under the general term Makalaka. They plait their hair in three-fold cords, and lay them carefully down around the sides of the head. They are quite as dark as the

Barotse, but have among them a number of half-castes, with their peculiar yellow sickly hue. They showed the habits which prevailed in their own country by digging up and eating, even here where large game abounds, the mice and moles which infest the district. The half-castes could all read and write, and the leader of the party, if not a real Portuguese, had, at least, European hair. I feel assured they were the first individuals of Portuguese blood who ever saw the Zambesi in the centre of the continent, and they had not reached it till two years after our discovery in 1851.

While still at Naliele I walked out to Katongo, on the ridge which bounds the valley of the Barotse in that direction, and found it covered with trees. It is the commencement of the lands which are never inundated. Their gentle rise from the dead level of the valley much resembles the edge of the Desert in the valley of the Nile. But here the Banyeti have fine gardens, and raise great quantities of maize, millet, and native corn, of large grain and beautifully white. They also grow pumpkins, melons, beans, ground-nuts, yams, sugar-cane, the Egyptian arum, the sweet potato, and two kinds of manioc or cassava (a variety which contains scarcely any poison). They have in addition wild fruits and water-fowl, and plenty of fish in the river, its branches and lagoons. The scene from the ridge, on looking back, was beautiful. The great river glanced out at different points, and fine large herds of cattle were quietly grazing among the numbers of villages dotted over the landscape. Leches in hundreds fed securely beside the oxen, for the wild animals keep only out of bow-shot, or two hundred yards. When guns come into a country these sagacious creatures soon learn their range, and begin to run at a distance of five hundred yards.

I imagined in consequence of its slight elevation that Katongo might be healthy, but was informed that no part of this region is exempt from fever. When the waters begin to retire, masses of decayed vegetation and mud are exposed to the torrid sun. The grass is so rank in its growth that it completely conceals the black alluvial soil of this periodical lake. Even when the herbage falls down in winter, or is "laid" by its own weight, it is necessary to lift the feet high, to avoid being tripped up by it. So much cover does it afford that young leches are hidden beneath it by their dams. The current of the river was about four and a half miles per hour, and in the higher lands, from which it seemed to come, I imagined we might find that wholesome locality of which I was in search. Determined not to abandon the idea till I had accomplished a complete examination of the Barotse country, I left Sekeletu at Naliele, and ascended the river. He furnished me with men, and among the rest with a herald, that I might enter his villages in what is considered a dignified manner. His habit was to shout, "Here comes the lord; the great lion;" the latter phrase being "tau e tōna," which in his imperfect way of pronunciation became "ssau e tōna," and so like "the great sow," that I had to entreat him to be silent, much to the annoyance of my party.

In our ascent we visited a number of villages, and were always received with a hearty welcome, as messengers of "sleep" or peace. These Makololo behaved well in public meetings, even at the first attendance, probably from the habit of commanding the Makalaka, crowds of whom swarm in every settlement, and whom the Makololo women seem to consider as especially under their charge.

The river presents the same appearance of low banks

without trees as it had done from 16° 16', until we arrive at Libonta. Twenty miles beyond that point there is forest down to the water's edge, and along with the woods there is tsetse. No locality can be inhabited by Europeans where that scourge exists; but I still pushed forward on hearing that we were not far from the confluence of the river of Londa, or Lunda, named Leebe, or Loiba. At this confluence the Leeambe assumes the name Kabompo, and seems to be coming from the east. It is there about three hundred yards wide, and the Leebe two hundred and fifty. The Loeti, a branch of which is called Langebongo, comes from W.N.W., through a level grassy plain named Mango, and is about one hundred yards wide where it enters the Leeambe. The waters of the Loeti are of a light hue, those of the Leebe of a dark mossy tinge. After the Loeti joins the Leeambe the different-coloured waters flow side by side for some distance unmixed.

Before reaching the Loeti we came to a number of people from the Lobale region, who were hunting hippopotami. They fled precipitately, leaving their canoes and all their utensils and clothing, as soon as they saw the Makololo. My own Makalaka, who were accustomed to plunder wherever they went, rushed after them like furies, regardless of my shouting. As this proceeding would have destroyed my character at Lobale, I forced them to lay down all the plunder on a sand-bank, and leave it for its owners.

The numbers of large game above Libonta are prodigious, and they proved remarkably tame. Eighty-one buffaloes defiled in slow procession within gunshot before our fire one evening; and herds of splendid elands stood by day without fear at two hundred yards' distance. They were all of the striped variety, with their fore-

arm markings, large dewlaps, and sleek skins, were a beautiful sight. The lions here give tongue much more than in the south. One of these animals stood for hours on the opposite side of the river roaring as loudly as he could, and putting his mouth near the ground, as he usually does on such occasions, to make the sound reverberate. Wherever the game abounds lions exist in proportionate numbers. They were frequently seen in this district, and two of the largest seemed about as tall as common donkeys.

We came down a branch of the Leeambye called Marile, which departs from the main river in lat. $15^{\circ} 15' 43''$ S. It is a fine deep stream about sixty yards wide, and makes the whole of the district around Naliele an island. A party of Arabs from Zanzibar were in the country at this time, and when we were sleeping at a village in the same latitude as Naliele two of them made their appearance. They were quite as dark as the Makololo, but, having their heads shaved, I could not compare their hair with that of the natives. I asked them to help us to eat our ox. As they had scruples about partaking of it because it had not been killed in their own way, I gained their good will by saying I was quite of their opinion as to the propriety of draining out the blood, and gave them two legs of an animal slaughtered by themselves. They professed the greatest detestation of the Portuguese, "because they eat pigs;" and disliked the English, "because they thrash them for selling slaves." I ventured to tell them that I agreed with my countrymen that it was better to let the young grow up and comfort their mothers when they became old, than to carry them away and sell them across the sea. This form of the traffic they never attempt to justify; "they want them only to cultivate

the land, and take care of them as their children." It is the same old story, justifying a monstrous wrong on pretence that it is a benefit to the victims.

These Arabs, or Moors, could read and write their own language; and, when speaking about our Saviour, I admired the boldness with which they informed me "that Christ was a very good prophet, but Mahomet was far greater." Their loathing of pork may have some foundation in their nature; for I have known Bechuanas, who fed on it without scruple, vomit it up again. The Bechuanas south of the lake have a prejudice against eating fish, and especially anything like a snake, which may arise from the remnants of serpent-worship floating in their minds, for they sometimes render a sort of obeisance to serpents by clapping their hands to them, and refusing to destroy them. In the case of the hog they are conscious of no superstitious feeling.

Having parted with our Arab friends, we proceeded down the Marile till we re-entered the Lecambye. Sekeletu had gone to the town of Ma-Sekeletu (mother of Sekeletu) and left us instructions to follow him. Thither we went. As soon as I arrived he presented me with a pot of boiled meat, while his mother handed me a large jar of butter, of which they make great quantities for the purpose of anointing their bodies. He had himself felt the benefit of my putting aside meat after a meal, and had now in turn ordered some to be kept for me. The Makololo usage is to devour every particle of an ox at a single sitting. Henceforth Sekeletu saved for me and I for him; and when some of the sticklers for custom grumbled, I advised them to eat like men, and not like vultures.

As this was the first visit which Sekeletu had paid to

this part of his dominions, it was to many a season of great joy. The head-men of each village presented more oxen, milk, and beer than the horde which accompanied him could devour, though their abilities in that line are something wonderful. The people usually show their joy and work off their excitement in dances and songs. The men stand nearly naked in a circle, with clubs or small battle-axes in their hands, and all roar at the top of their voices, while they simultaneously stamp heavily twice with one foot and then once with the other. The arms and head are thrown about in every direction. The perspiration streams off their bodies, the noise rends the air, and the continued stamping makes a cloud of dust ascend, and leaves a deep ring in the ground. Grey-headed men joined in the performance with as much zest as the young. The women stand by clapping their hands, and occasionally one advances into the circle, composed of a hundred persons, makes a few movements, and then retires. Motibe asked what I thought of it. I replied, "It is very hard work, and brings but small profit." "It is," replied he, "but it is very nice, and Sekeletu will give us an ox for dancing for him;" which he usually does when the work is over.

As soon as I arrived at Ma-Sekeletu the chief was ready to return homewards. We proceeded down the river, and our speed as we floated with the stream was very great, for in one day we went from Litofo to Gonye, a distance, including the windings of the river, which could not be much less than sixty geographical miles. At this rate we soon reached Sesheke, and from thence the capital of Linyanti. I had failed to discover a healthy place for a settlement, and I at once determined to put in execution my second plan and endeavour to open a path to the coast.

During a nine week's tour I had been in closer contact with heathens than I had ever been before; and though all were as kind and attentive to me as possible, yet to endure the dancing, roaring, and singing, the jesting, grumbling, quarrelling, and murderings of these children of nature, was the severest penance I had yet undergone in the course of my missionary duties. I thence derived a more intense disgust of paganism than I had hitherto felt, and formed a greatly elevated opinion of the effects of missions in the south, among tribes which are reported to have been as savage as the Makololo. The benefits which to a casual observer may be inappreciable are worth all the money and labour that have been expended to produce them.

W. H. D.

CHAPTER IX

LINYANTI, *September*, 1853. The object proposed to the Makololo seemed so desirable, that it was resolved to proceed with it as soon as the cooling influence of the rains should be felt in November. The longitude and latitude of Linyanti showed that St. Philip de Benguela was much nearer to us than Loanda; and I might have easily made arrangements with the Mambari to allow me to accompany them as far as Bihe, which is on the road to that port; but it is so undesirable to travel in a path once trodden by slave-traders, that I preferred to discover another line of march.

Accordingly, men were sent at my suggestion to examine all the country to the west, to see if a route could be found free from tsetse. The search was fruitless. The town and district of Linyanti are surrounded by forests infested by this poisonous insect, except at a few points, such as that by which we entered at Sanshureh and another at Sesheke. The Mambari had informed me that many English lived at Loanda. Thither I prepared to go, and the prospect of meeting the countrymen seemed to overbalance the toils of the longer march.

A "picho" was called to deliberate on the terms proposed. In these assemblies great freedom of speech is allowed; and on this occasion one of the old diviners said, "Where is he taking you to? This white man is throwing you away. Your garments already smell of blood." This man was a noted croaker. He always

dreamed something dreadful at every expedition, and was certain that an eclipse or comet betokened the propriety of flight. Sebituane formerly set his visions down to cowardice, and Sekeletu only laughed at him now. The general voice was in my favour, and a band of twenty-seven unhired men were deputed to accompany me, to enable me to accomplish an object as much desired by the chief and his people as by myself. The sums which the Cape merchants could offer for the commodities of the country, after defraying the expenses of the journey, were so small, that it was scarce worth while for the natives to collect the produce; while the Mambari only exchanged a few bits of print and baize for elephants' tusks which were worth more pounds than they gave yards. The Makololo were therefore eager for direct trade with the sea-coast, and I, on my part, was convinced that no permanent elevation of a people can be effected without commerce. If missionaries were placed in this territory in its present isolation, they must descend in their mode of living to the level of the natives, for, even at Kolobeng, the traders demanded for the articles we needed three or four times their cost-price.

The three servants whom I had brought from Kuruman had frequent relapses of the fever; and finding that instead of serving me I had to wait on them, I decided that they should return to the south with Fleming. I was then entirely dependent on my twenty-seven men, whom I might name Zambesians, for there were two Makololo only, while the rest consisted of Barotse, Batoka, Bushubia, and two of the Ambõnda.

The fever had caused considerable weakness in my own frame. I was seized with a strange giddiness when I looked up quickly at any object in the heavens.

Everything appeared to rush to the left, and if I did not catch hold of some support I fell heavily on the ground. What seemed a gush of bile along the duct from the liver caused the same fit to occur at night whenever I turned suddenly round.

The Makololo now put the question, "In the event of your death, will not the white people blame us for having allowed you to go away into an unknown country of enemies?" I replied that none of my friends would blame them, because I would leave a book with Sekeletu, which, if I did not return, would explain all that had happened until the time of my departure. The book was a volume of my Journal, which contained valuable notes on the habits of wild animals. As I was detained longer than I expected at Loanda, it was delivered by Sekeletu to a trader, and unfortunately I have been unable to trace it. When the prospect of passing away from this fair and beautiful world came before me in a plain matter-of-fact form, it did seem a serious thing to leave wife and children and enter on an untried state of existence. But I had always believed that, if we serve God at all, it ought to be done in a manly way, and I was determined to "succeed or perish" in the attempt to open up this part of Africa. I wrote to my brother, commending our little girl to his care. The Boers, by taking possession of all my goods, had saved me the trouble of making a will.

When I committed the waggon and remaining goods to the care of the Makololo, they took all the articles except one box into their huts. Two warriors, Ponuane and Mahale, brought forward each a fine heifer calf, and, after performing a number of warlike evolutions, they asked the chief to witness the agreement made between them, that whoever of the two should kill a

Matebele warrior first, in defence of the waggon, should possess both the calves.

I had three muskets for my people, and a rifle and a double-barrelled smooth bore for myself. My ammunition was distributed in portions throughout the luggage, that, if an accident befell one part, we might not be left without a supply. Our chief hopes for food were on our guns; and having seen such abundance of game in my visit to the Lecba, I imagined that I could easily shoot enough for our wants. In case of failure, I carried about 20lbs, of beads, worth 40s. To avoid heavy loads, I only took a few biscuits, a few pounds of tea and sugar, and about twenty of coffee, which, as the Arabs find, though used without either milk or sugar, is a most refreshing drink after fatigue or exposure to the sun. One small tin canister, about fifteen inches square, was filled with spare shirts, trowsers, and shoes, to be used when we reached civilised life; another of the same size was stored with medicines; a third with books; and a fourth box contained a magic lantern, which we found of much service. The sextant and other instruments were carried apart. A bag contained the clothes we expected to wear out in the journey, which, with a small gipsy tent, just sufficient to sleep in, a sheepskin mantle as a blanket, and a horse-rug as a bed, completed my equipment. I had always found that the art of successful travel consisted in taking as few "impedimenta" as possible. The outfit was rather spare, and intended to be still more so when we should come to leave the canoes. An array of baggage would probably have excited the cupidity of the tribes through whose country we wished to pass.

11th of November, 1853.—We left the town of Linyanti, accompanied by Sekeletu and his principal

men, to embark on the Chobe. The chief lent me his own canoe, and, as it was broader than usual, I could turn about in it with ease.

The Chobe is much infested by hippopotami. As a rule they flee the approach of man, and are only dangerous if a canoe passes into the midst of a sleeping herd, when some of them may strike the vessel in terror. To avoid this mishap, it is generally recommended to travel by day near the bank, and by night in the middle of the stream. Certain elderly males, however, which have been expelled the community, become soured in their temper, and attack every one that passes near them. One of these "bachelors" issued out of his lair, and, putting down his head, ran after some of our company with considerable speed. Another, before we arrived, had smashed to pieces a canoe by a blow from his hind foot. I was informed by my men that, in the event of a similar assault, the proper course was to plunge to the bottom of the river, and remain there a few seconds, because the animal, after breaking a canoe, always looks for the people on the surface, and, if he finds none, soon moves off. I have seen some frightful gashes made on the legs of men who were unable to dive. The hippopotamus uses his teeth against foes as an offensive weapon, but he is altogether a herbivorous feeder.

The part of the river called Zabesa, or Zabenza, is spread out like a little lake, surrounded on all sides by dense masses of tall reeds. As it issues from this expanse, it is still a hundred or a hundred and twenty yards broad, and never dries up so as to become fordable. At certain points, where the partial absence of reeds affords a view of the opposite banks, the Makololo have placed villages of observation to keep a look-out for their

enemies the Matebele. We visited all these settlements, and found that everywhere orders had preceded us, "that *Nake* (which means doctor) must not be allowed to become hungry."

The Chobe, like the Zouga, runs through soft calcareous tufa, and has cut out for itself a deep, perpendicular-sided bed. The course of the stream was extremely tortuous, and carried us to all points of the compass every dozen miles. Some of us walked in six hours from a bend at the village of Moremi to a place which it took the canoes just twice the time to reach, though they moved at more than double our speed. The suddenness of the bendings in the river would prevent steam navigation; but, should the country ever become civilised, it would be a convenient natural canal.

The precise place of confluence of the Chobe and the Zambesi is ill defined, on account of each dividing into several branches as they inosculate. The former, up to its junction, is of a dark mossy hue. Here it suddenly assumes a lighter tint, indicative of a greater amount of mineral derived from a dyke of amygdaloid which exists at this point. The mass contains crystals, which the stream gradually dissolves, leaving the rock with a worm-eaten appearance. Wherever the water has this mineral quality, there are not mosquitoes enough to annoy any person who is not of a very irritable temperament.

A few miles east of the junction of the rivers are two large islands, upon one of which a Makalaka chief had, several years before, lured a number of fugitive Bamangwato men, after separating them from their wives. The women were appropriated, and their husbands left to perish. Leaving the Chobe, we turned round and began to ascend the Zambesi. On the 19th of November we again reached the town of Sesheke, which means "white

sand-banks," many of which exist at this part. It stands on the north bank of the river, and contains a large population of Makalaka, under Moriantsane, brother-in-law of Sebituane. The Makololo sway, though essentially despotic, is modified by custom. One of the Makalaka had stabbed an ox, and was detected by his spear which he had been unable to extract. The culprit, bound hand and foot, was placed in the sun to force him to pay a fine. He continued to deny his guilt. His mother, believing in the innocence of her son, came forward with her hoe, and, threatening to cut down any one who interfered, untied the cords and took him home. This open defiance of authority was not resented by Moriantsane, but referred to Sekeletu at Linyanti. Where the criminal was unable to give direct compensation, it had not occurred to the chiefs to make him pay in work till I suggested the system on the occasion of a stranger, who visited Sesheke for the purpose of barter, having been robbed by one of the Makalaka of most of his goods.* The Makololo were much enraged at the idea of their good name being compromised; and as throwing the criminal into the river, their customary mode of punishing what they conceive to be a heinous offence, would not restore the lost property, they were sorely puzzled how to act. When the case was referred to me, I paid the value of the goods, and sentenced the thief to work out an equivalent with his hoe in a garden. Thieves are now condemned to raise an amount of corn proportioned to their offences. Among the Bakwains, when a woman had stolen from the garden of another, her own became the property of the person she had injured.

A curious custom, not to be found among the Bechuanas, prevails among the black tribes beyond them.

They watch eagerly for the first glimpse of the new moon; and when they perceive the faint outline after the sun has set deep in the west, they utter a loud shout of "Kuā!" and vociferate prayers to it. My men, for instance, called out, "Let our journey with the white man be prosperous! Let our enemies perish, and the children of Nake become rich! May he have plenty of meat on this journey!" &c., &c. The day after the appearance of the new moon is the only stated day of rest in any part of this country, and then people merely refrain from going to their gardens.

On recovering partially from a severe attack of fever which remained upon me ever since our passing the village of Moremi on the Chobe, we recommenced our ascent. The rains were just beginning; but though showers sufficient to lay the dust had fallen, they had no influence on the amount of water in the river. Yet there was never less than three hundred yards of a deep flowing stream. Our progress was rather slow, in consequence of our waiting opposite different villages for supplies of food. We might have done with much less than we received; but my Makololo man, Pitsane, knew of the generous orders of Sekeletu, and was not disposed to allow them to remain a dead letter. The villages of the Banyeti contributed a quantity of mosibe, a bright red bean which grows on a large tree. The pulp enclosing the seed is the portion used, and is not much thicker than a wafer. It requires the addition of honey to render it palatable. Another fruit furnished us in abundance was one resembling a large orange. The rind is hard, and, with the pips and bark, contains much of that deadly poison strychnine. These have an intensely bitter taste, whereas the pulp, which is the part eaten, is of a juicy nature, and has a pleasant, sweet,

acidulous flavour. The people dry the pulp before the fire, the better to separate the noxious seeds, which if swallowed inadvertently cause considerable pain, but not death.

The banks of the river were at this time appearing to greater advantage than before. Notwithstanding the want of rain many trees were putting on their fresh leaves, their lighter green contrasting beautifully with the dark motsouri, or moyela, now covered with pink plums as large as cherries. The rapids rendered our passage difficult, for the water, which in the portions of the river only three hundred yards wide is very deep, becomes shallow in these parts from being spread out more than a mile, and flows swiftly over a craggy bottom. It required great address to keep the vessel free from rocks, which lay just beneath the surface. The men leaped into the water without the least hesitation, to save the canoes from being dashed against obstructions or caught by eddies. The native craft must never be allowed to come broadside on to the stream, for, being flat-bottomed, they would at once be capsized, and everything in them be lost.

The rapids are caused by rocks of dark-brown trap, or of hardened sandstone, stretching across the river. In some places these form miles of flat craggy bottom, with islets covered with trees. At one cataract, where the fall is from four to six feet, we lost many of our biscuits, for in guiding up the canoe the stem goes under the water, and takes in a quantity. These rocks are overgrown with a small aquatic plant, which, when the surface is exposed, becomes crisp, and crackles under the foot, as if it contained much stony matter in its tissue. It probably assists in disintegrating the rocks, for they are covered with a thin black glaze in parts which are

so high as not to be much submitted to the action of the water or the influence of the plant.

The rapids between Katima-molelo and Naméta are relieved by reaches of still deep water, which are frequented by large herds of hippopotami, the furrows they make, in ascending the banks to graze during the night, being everywhere apparent. As they are guided back to the water by scent, they cannot after a long-continued rain perceive in which direction the river lies, and they are found standing bewildered on the land. On these occasions the hunters take advantage of their helplessness to kill them.

The males are of a dark colour, the females of a yellowish brown. There is not such a complete separation of the sexes among them as amongst elephants. It is impossible to judge of the numbers in a herd, as they are generally hidden beneath the water; they rise, however, every few minutes to breathe, and a constant succession of heads furnishes an indication that the herd is large. The still reaches are their favourite haunts, as elsewhere the constant exertion necessary to keep themselves from being carried down the stream disturbs their nap. They remain by day in a drowsy yawning state, taking little notice of things at a distance. The males utter loud snorting grunts, which may be heard a mile off. The young ones stand on the necks of their dams, and their small heads appear first above the surface, as they rise to breathe the air. The dam, knowing the more urgent need of her calf, rises more frequently when it is in her care. In the rivers of Londa, where they are in danger of being shot, the hippopotami gain wit by experience; for a while those in the Zambesi expose their heads, the others keep their noses among the waterplants, and breathe so quietly as to elude all observation.

CHAPTER X

30th November, 1853.—At Gonye Falls. These falls are formed by the passage of the river through a deep fissure in the sand-stone rocks, a hundred yards wide and several miles long, through which the stream rushes and eddies with such violence that not even the most expert swimmer could live in it. In flood-time the river rises between these walls to a perpendicular height of 50 to 60 feet. The rocks are perforated by madrepores, and have their surface glazed with an impregnation of iron.

As no rain had fallen here, it was excessively oppressive both in cloud and sunshine, and we all felt great lassitude in travelling. The trees had put on their gayest dress, and many flowers adorned the landscape, yet they all looked languid for want of rain.

The routine of our day's work was as follows:—We rose a little before 5 a.m., and, having taken a light breakfast of coffee, we loaded the canoes and embarked. The next two hours were the most pleasant part of the day's sail. The men paddled away vigorously, and occasionally relieved the tedium of their work by loud altercations. About 11 we landed and took a light meal.

After an hour's rest we again embarked, and I sheltered myself with an umbrella from the intense heat of the sun. The men, being unshaded, perspired profusely, and in the afternoon began to loiter, as if waiting for the canoes which were behind. Sometimes we reached a sleeping-place two hours before sunset, and gladly put up for the night. Coffee again, and a biscuit,

or a piece of coarse bread made of maize or else of native corn, made up the bill of fare for the evening, unless we had been fortunate enough to kill something, in which case we boiled a potful of flesh.

Then followed the arrangements for the night: some of the men cut a little grass for my bed, while Mashauana planted the poles of my tent. The bed being made, and boxes ranged on each side of it, the tent was then pitched, and the principal or kotla fire was lighted some four or five feet in front of it. Each person knows the station he is to occupy in reference to the post of honour at the kotla. The two Makololo occupied my right and left, both in eating and sleeping, as long as the journey lasted; but as soon as I retired, Mashauana, my head boatman, made his bed at the door of the tent. The rest, divided into small companies according to their tribes, made sheds all round the fire, leaving a horseshoe-shaped space in front sufficient for the cattle to stand in. As the fire gives confidence to the oxen, the men were careful to keep them in sight of it. The sheds were formed by planting two stout forked poles in an inclined direction, and placing another across them in a horizontal position. A number of branches were then stuck in the ground in the direction to which the poles are inclined, and tied to the horizontal pole with strips of bark. Long grass was then laid over the branches in sufficient quantity to draw off the rain. In less than an hour we were usually all under cover. The varied attitudes of men and beasts as they reposed beneath the clear bright moonlight formed a most picturesque and peaceful scene.

The cooking was usually done in the native style, and was by no means despicable. Sometimes alterations were made at my suggestion, and then they believed that

they could cook in white man's fashion. As the cook always comes in for something left in the pot, all were eager to obtain the office.

The people at Gonye conveyed our canoes over the space requisite to avoid the falls, by slinging them on poles, and carrying them on their shoulders. They are a merry set of mortals, and a feeble joke sends them into fits of laughter. Here, as elsewhere, all petitioned for the magic lantern, and, as it is a good means of conveying instruction, I willingly complied. The islands above the falls are covered with the most beautiful foliage, and the view from the rock which overhangs the fall was the loveliest I had yet seen.

Nothing worthy of note occurred on our way up to Nameta. There we heard that a party of the Makololo, headed by Lerimo, and supported by Mpololo, the headman of the Barotse valley, had made a foray to the north against Masiko, the son of a former Barotse chief, who had established himself as an independent chieftain on the banks of the Leeba. They had taken some of Masiko's subjects prisoners, and had destroyed some of the villages of the Balonda, among whom we were going. This was unfortunate, as it was calculated to raise a prejudice against us. In order, therefore, to prove that we had nothing to do with this transaction, we made Mpololo and his people give up some of their captives, and we took them along with us to return to Masiko.

The people of every village treated us most liberally, presenting us with oxen, butter, milk, and meal. The cows in this valley yielded more milk than the people could use, and both men and women presented butter in such quantity that I was able to refresh my men with it as we travelled on. Anointing the skin prevents excessive perspiration, and acts as a substitute for cloth-

ing in both sun and shade. The presents were always made gracefully: when an ox was given, the owner would say, "Here is a little bit of bread for you." This was pleasing to me, who had been accustomed to the Bechuanas' mode of presenting a miserable goat, with the pompous exclamation, "Behold an ox!" The women persisted in giving me copious supplies of shrill praises, or "lullilooing;" but though I frequently tried to dissuade them, I could not help being pleased with the poor creatures' wishes for our success.

The rains began while we were at Naliele; the showers were refreshing, but the air felt hot and close, the thermometer standing at 90° even in the shade, though in a cool hut it was reduced to 84°. A new attack of fever here caused me excessive languor; but, as I am already getting tired of quoting my fevers, I shall henceforth say little about them. We here sent back the canoes of Sekeletu, and borrowed others from Mpololo. Eight riding oxen, and seven for slaughter, were also furnished, some intended for our own use, and others as presents to the chiefs of the Balonda. Mpololo was particularly liberal in giving all that Sekeletu ordered, though, as he subsisted on the cattle he had in charge, he might have felt it so much abstracted from his own perquisites.

In coming up the river to Naliele we met a party of fugitive Barotse returning to their homes, and, as the circumstance illustrates the social status of these subjects of the Makololo, I introduce it here. They were the serfs, if we may use the term, of a young man of an irritable temper, named Sekobinyane, whose treatment of his servants was so bad that most of them had fled; he had even sold one or two of the Barotse children of his village, upon which the rest immediately fled to

Masiko, and were gladly received by him as his subjects. Sekobinyane, dreading the vengeance of Sekeletu, made his escape to the Ngami. He was sent for, however, and the chief at the lake delivered him up, on Sekeletu's assurance that he intended only to punish him by a scolding. He did not even do that, as Sekobinyane was evidently terrified, and became even ill through fear. The fugitive villagers remained only a few weeks with Masiko, and then fled back again, and were received as if they had done nothing wrong. All united in abusing the conduct of Sekobinyane, and in excusing the fugitives; and as their cattle had never been removed from the village, they re-established themselves with apparent satisfaction.

Leaving Naliele amidst abundance of good wishes for the success of our expedition, we recommenced the ascent of the river. It was now beginning to rise, though the rains had but just commenced in the valley. The banks are low, steep, and regular, and at low water the river assumes very much the aspect of a canal. In flood-time it is always wearing away one side or the other, and occasionally forms new channels by cutting across from one bend to another. As we kept close under the bank, overhanging pieces often fell in with a splash like that caused by the plunge of an alligator, and endangered the canoe.

17th December.—At Libonta. We were detained for days together collecting contributions of fat and butter, as presents for the Balonda chiefs. Fever and ophthalmia prevailed, as is generally the case before the rains begin. Some of my men required my assistance, as well as the people of Libonta. A lion had done much mischief here, and, when the people went to attack it, two men were badly wounded; one of them had his

thigh-bone broken, and the other died of the inflammation produced by the teeth-wounds. We here demanded the remainder of the captives, and got our number increased to nineteen. They consisted of women and children, and one young man of twenty.

Libonta is the last town of the Makololo; a few cattle-stations and outlying hamlets, followed by an uninhabited border country, intervene between it and Londa, or Lunda. Libonta, like the rest of the villages in the Barotse valley, is situated on a mound. It belongs to two of the chief wives of Sebituane, who furnished us with an ox and abundance of other food. The same kindness was manifested by all who could afford to give anything; and as I glance over their deeds of generosity recorded in my journal, my heart glows with gratitude to them, and I hope and pray that God may spare me to make them some return.

Part of our company marched along the banks with the oxen, and part went in the canoes. The pace was regulated by that of the men on shore, whose course was impeded by the numerous branches of the Zambesi, which they were obliged either to circumvent or to be carried across in the boats. The number of alligators is prodigious, and they are more savage here than elsewhere. Children are constantly carried off by them at Sesheke and other towns; for, notwithstanding the danger, they generally play on the river side when they go down for water. Many calves are also lost, and it is seldom that a herd of cows swims over at Sesheke without some loss. I never could avoid shuddering on seeing my men swimming across these branches, after one of them had been caught by the thigh and taken below. He, however, retained his full presence of mind, and, having a small javelin with him, he gave the

alligator a stab behind the shoulder, the pain of which caused the brute to let go, and he came out with the deep marks of the teeth on his thigh. No antipathy is here felt towards one who has met with such an adventure, but, in the Bamangwato and Bakwain tribes, if a man is either bitten by an alligator, or even has had water splashed over him by its tail, he is expelled his tribe. On the Zouga we saw one of the Bamangwato who had been bitten and was expelled from his tribe in consequence. Fearing that I should regard him with the same disgust as his countrymen, he would not tell me the cause of his exile, but the Bayeiye informed me of it. If the Bakwains happen to approach an alligator they spit on the ground, and indicate its presence by saying "Boleo ki bo"—"There is sin." They imagine that the mere sight of it gives inflammation of the eyes; and, though they eat the zebra without hesitation, yet, if a man be bitten by one, he is obliged to take his family away to the Kalahari.

When we had gone thirty or forty miles above Libonta we sent some of our captives to the chief called Makoma with an explanatory message. This caused some delay; but as we were loaded with presents of food from the Makololo, and game was abundant, we fared sumptuously. The animals were so tame that it was quite grievous to kill them. With little skill in stalking, it was easy to get within fifty or sixty yards of them; and, instead of shooting them at that distance, I often lay admiring the graceful forms and motions of pokus,* leches, and other antelopes, until my men, wondering what was the matter, came up to see, and frightened them away.

* I propose to name this new species *Antilope Vardonii*, after the African traveller, Major Vardon.

My men, having never had firearms in their hands before, found it so difficult to hold the musket steady at the flash of fire in the pan, that they naturally expected me to furnish them with "gun-medicine," without which they believed that no one could shoot straight. Great expectations had been formed on this subject when I arrived among the Makololo; but as I had hitherto declined to deceive them, my men supposed that I would now consent, and thus relieve myself of the fatigue of hunting, which I was most willing to do, if I could have done it honestly. Sulphur is the favourite gun-medicine, and I remember Sechele giving a large price for a very small bit. He also gave some elephant's tusks worth 30*l.* for another medicine which was to make him invulnerable to musket-balls. As I uniformly recommended that these things should be tested by experiment, a calf was anointed with the charm and tied to a tree. It proved decisive, and Sechele remarked that it was "pleasanter to be deceived than undeceived."

I tried to teach my men the nature of the gun, but, as I found they would soon have expended all my ammunition, I was obliged to do all the shooting myself. Their inability was rather a misfortune; for, from working too soon after I had been bitten by the lion, the bone of my left arm had not united well. Continued labour, and some falls from ox-back, lengthened the ligament by which the bones were united, and a false joint was the consequence. The limb has never been painful, but I could not steady the rifle, and was always obliged to shoot with the piece resting on the left shoulder.

Below the junction of the Leeba and Zambesi the banks of the latter river are twenty feet high and covered with trees. The inundations cover even these lofty

banks, but, as the water does not stand long upon them, the trees flourish. The left bank is frequented by the tsetse and elephants, and I suspect that some connection exists between these two, as the Portuguese in the district of Tete imply when they call it the *Musca da elephant* (the elephant-fly).

On the right bank, or that which the Loeti joins, there is an extensive flat country called Manga, which, though covered with grass, is destitute in a great measure of trees.

Flocks of green pigeons rose from the trees as we passed along the banks, and the notes of many birds told me that we were among strangers. The beautiful trogon, with bright scarlet breast and black back, uttered a most peculiar note, similar to that said to have been emitted by Memnon, and compared to the tuning of a lyre. The boatmen answered it by calling "Nama, nama!"—meat, meat—as if they thought that a repetition of the note would be a good omen for our success in hunting. Many more interesting birds were met; but as I wished to avoid exciting the cupidity of those through whose country we intended to pass by having much luggage, I refrained from making any collection.

Vast shoals of fish come down the Zambesi with the rising waters, as in the Zonga. They probably make this migration in consequence of the increased rapidity of the current, by which they are dislodged from their old pasture-grounds higher up the river. Insects constitute but a small portion of the food of many fish. Fine vegetable matter, such as slender mosses, forms another article of their diet, and, when they are dislodged from the main stream by the force of the current, they find abundant pasture on the flooded plains. The mosala, the mullet, and other fishes, spread over the

Barotse valley in such numbers that, when the waters retire, all the people are employed in cutting them up and drying them. The supply exceeds the demand, and a most offensive smell is generated by the putrefying masses. The Zambesi is everywhere remarkable for the abundance of animal life in and upon its waters, and on the adjacent banks.

Sennacheib } Please explain these
Assyrian. } two words.

Deficiency of time is not
good for this book

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Correct your spellings first and
then write comments on books.

CHAPTER XI

ON the 27th December we reached the confluence of the Leeba and Zambesi. Masiko, the Barotse chief, for whom we had some captives, consisting of two boys, a girl, a young man, and two women, lived nearly due east of this point. As we had been informed that he was in the habit of seizing orphans and friendless persons, and selling them for clothing to the Mambari, we resolved to send a party of our own people to see the captives safely among their relatives. The party consisted of Mosántu, a Batoka man, and his companions; the Barotse being unwilling to go, since they owed allegiance to Masiko as the son of Santuru, and would be considered rebels while continuing with the Makololo. I sent a message by Mosantu to the effect that "I was sorry to find that Santuru had not borne a wiser son. Santuru loved to govern men, but Masiko wanted to govern wild beasts only, as he sold his people to the Mambari." I also urged him to live in peace, and to prevent his people kidnapping the children and canoes of the Makololo, as such acts would lead to war. We ferried Mosantu over to the left bank of the Leeba. The journey required five days, at the rate of ten or twelve miles a day, which was as much as the children, who were between seven and eight years of age, were able to accomplish.

We were now about to leave the Zambesi, which from this point turns eastwards, whilst our course was directed to the north-west. Before proceeding, however, we will briefly describe the character of the river. From its

confluence with the Leeba, down to Mosioatúnya, there are several long reaches where vessels equal in size to the Thames steamers could freely run; for even at this high point the river is frequently as broad as the Thames at London Bridge. There are, however, many and serious obstacles to a continued navigation for hundreds of miles at a stretch. Below the confluence of the Loeti, for instance, there are large sandbanks; and again, between Simah and Katima-molelo there are five or six rapids with cataracts, one of which, Gonye, could not be passed at any time without portage. Beyond Katima-molelo to the confluence of the Chobe, the river might be navigated for nearly a hundred miles, in the same way as in the Barotse valley. This part of the river may not present a very inviting prospect for extemporaneous European enterprise; but surely, when we remember that this country was pronounced by geographers to be a vast sandy desert, and that instead of this we find it remarkably fertile, and furnished with a highway requiring only the formation of portages to make it equal to our canals for hundreds of miles, we must confess that the future partakes at least of the elements of hope. My deliberate conviction was and is, that the part of the country indicated is as capable of supporting millions of inhabitants as it is of its thousands.

We now began to ascend the Leeba. The water is black as compared with that of the main stream, and flows placidly, receiving numerous rivulets from both sides. It winds slowly through the most charming meadows, each of which is fertilized by a large pond or a trickling rill. The trees were covered with a profusion of the freshest foliage, and were grouped together in the most graceful manner. The grass, which had been

burned off and was growing again after the rain, was short and green; and all the scenery was so parkish, that it was difficult to believe it to be the work of nature alone. I suspect that the level meadows are annually inundated, for the trees stand on elevated knolls, the variety in the forms of which contributes to the park-like appearance of the country. Numbers of fresh-water shells are scattered all over these valleys. The elevations, as I have observed elsewhere, consist of a soft sandy soil, and the meadows of a rich alluvial loam. Beautiful flowers abound, and we found plenty of honey in the woods, and saw the stages on which the Balonda dry their meat when they come down to gather the produce of the wild hives. In one spot we came upon groups of trees as straight as masts, with festoons of orchilla-weed hanging from the branches. This plant, which is used as a dye-stuff, is found nowhere in the dry country to the south, but prefers the humid climate near the west coast. We wounded a large buffalo, which ran into the thickest part of the forest, bleeding profusely. The young men went on his trail; but when the animal heard them approaching he shifted his position, and doubled on his course in the most cunning manner. I have sometimes known a buffalo turn back to a point a few yards from his own trail, and then lie down in a hollow, waiting for the hunter to come up. Though a heavy, lumbering-looking animal; his charge is rapid and terrific. All are aware of the mischievous nature of the animal when wounded; still the natives have no dread of him; when he charges they take refuge behind a tree, and, wheeling round it, stab him as he passes.

A tree which was in flower brought back to my memory the pleasant fragrance of the hawthorn, which

it resembled in most respects, only that the flowers were as large as dog-roses, and the "haws" like boys' marbles. The flowers in this part of the country smell sweetly, while in the south they seldom emit any scent at all, and then only a nauseous one.

On the 28th we slept at a spot on the right bank from which two broods of alligators had just emerged. We had seen many young ones as we came up sunning themselves on sandbanks in company with the old ones, so that this seems to be their time for coming forth from their nests. We made our fire in one of the nests, which was strewn with the broken shells. At the Zouga we saw sixty eggs taken out of a single nest. They are about the same size as those of a goose, but perfectly round. The shell is partially elastic, from having a strong internal membrane and but little lime in its composition.

When we reached the part of the river opposite to the village of Manenko, the first female chief whom we encountered, two of the people called Balunda, or Balonda, came to us in their little canoe. From them we learned that Kolimbóta, one of our party, was credited with having acted as guide to the marauders under Lerimo, whose captives we were now returning. This they suspected from the facility with which their villages had been found; they had since removed them to some distance from the river, and were unwilling to reveal their places of concealment. We were in bad repute, but, having a captive boy and girl as evidence that Sकेलेतु and ourselves were not partakers in the outrage, I could freely express my desire that all should live in peace. They evidently felt that I ought to have first taught the Makololo this lesson, for they remarked that what I advanced was very good, but that guilt lay at

the door of the Makololo for having disturbed the peace. They then went away to report us to Manenko.

When the strangers visited us again in the evening, they were accompanied by a number of the people of an Ambonda chief named Sekelenke, who had fled from his own country in the N.W., and was now living as a vassal of Masiko. He had gone to hunt elephants on the right bank of the Leeba, and was now on his way back to Masiko. He sent me a dish of boiled zebra's flesh, with a request that I would lend him a canoe to ferry his wives and family across the river to the bank on which we were encamped. Many of his people came to salute the first white man they had ever seen; but Sekelenke himself did not come, and we heard that he was offended with his people for letting me know he was among them. This was the only instance in which I was shunned in this quarter.

As it would have been impolitic to pass Manenko without calling and explaining the objects of our journey, we waited two days for the return of the messengers to her; and as I could not hurry matters, I went into the adjacent country to search for meat.

The country is largely furnished with forest, having occasionally open glades completely covered with grass, and not in tufts as in the south. We came upon a man and his two wives and children, burning coarse rushes and the stalks of tsitla, in order to extract salt from the ashes. Their mode of effecting this was as follows:—they made a funnel of branches of trees which they lined with grass rope, twisted round until it resembled an inverted beehive. The ashes were mixed with water, and were then allowed to percolate through the grass. When the water has evaporated, a residuum of salt is left, sufficient to form a relish with food. The women

and children fled, and the man trembled excessively at the apparition before him; but when we explained our object he became calm and called back his wives. We soon afterwards fell in with another party engaged in the same business as ourselves. The man had a bow about six feet long, and iron-headed arrows about thirty inches in length; he had also wooden arrows to use when he was likely to lose them. We soon afterwards got a zebra, and gave our hunting acquaintances such a liberal share that we soon became friends. All whom we saw that day then accompanied us to the encampment to beg a little meat; and I have no doubt they felt grateful for what we gave.

Sekelenke's people, twenty-four in number, defiled past our camp carrying large bundles of dried elephant's meat. Most of them came to say good-bye, and Sekelenke himself sent word that he had gone to visit a wife in the village of Manenko. This was a mere manœuvre to gain information, and not commit himself with respect to our visit. Another zebra came to our camp, and, as we had friends near, it was shot.

To our first offer of a visit to Manenko we got an answer, accompanied with a basket of manioc-roots, that we must remain where we were till she should visit me. When I had already waited two days, other messengers arrived with orders for me to go to her. After four days of negotiation I declined going, and proceeded up the river to the Makondo, which enters the Leeba from the east, and is between twenty and thirty yards broad.

January 1st, 1854.—We had heavy rains almost every day; indeed the rainy season had fairly set in. Baskets of the purple fruit called mawa were frequently presented to us by the villagers, in the belief that their

chiefs would be pleased to hear that we had been well treated; we gave them pieces of meat in return.

At the confluence of the Leeba and Makondo a bit of a steel watch-chain of English manufacture was picked up, and we were informed that this was the spot where the Mambari cross in coming to Masiko. Their visits explain why Sekelenke kept his tusks so carefully. These Mambari are very enterprising merchants: when they mean to trade with a town they begin by building huts, as if they knew that little business could be transacted without time for palaver. They bring Manchester goods into the heart of Africa, and the cotton prints look so wonderful that the Makololo cannot believe them to be the work of mortal hands. The Mambari told them that English manufactures came out of the sea, and that beads were gathered on its shore. To the Africans our cotton-mills are as fairy dreams. "How can the irons spin, weave, and print so beautifully?" Any attempt at explanation usually elicits the expression, "Truly! ye are gods!"

When about to leave the Makondo, one of my men dreamed that Mosántu was imprisoned in a stockade; this dream depressed the spirits of the party, and when I appeared in the morning they were sitting the pictures of abject sorrow. I asked if we were to be guided by dreams, and ordered them to load the boats at once; they seem ashamed to confess their fears; but at last they entered the canoes, and got a good scolding for being inclined to put dreams before authority. It rained all the morning; about eleven we reached the village of Sheakóndo, and sent a message to the headman, who soon appeared with two wives bearing handsome presents of manioc: he could speak the language of the Barotse fluently, and seemed awe-struck when

told some of the "words of God." He manifested no fear, but spoke frankly, and, when he made an asseveration, did so by simply pointing up to the sky. The Balonda cultivate the manioc, or cassava, as well as dura, ground-nuts, beans, maize, sweet potatoes, and yams, here called "lekóto."

The people who came with Sheakondo had some of their teeth filed to a point by way of beautifying them; they were generally tattooed in various parts, but chiefly on the abdomen, the skin being raised in small elevated cicatrices, so as to form a star, or some other device. The dark colour of the skin prevents any colouring matter being deposited in these figures, but they love to have the whole of their bodies anointed with a comfortable varnish of oil. They generally depend on supplies of oil from the Palma-Christi, or castor-oil-plant, or from various other oleiferous seeds, but they are all excessively fond of clarified butter, or ox fat, when they can get it. Sheakondo's old wife presented some manioc-roots, and then politely requested to be anointed with butter: I gave her as much as would suffice, and in the absence of clothing I can readily believe that her comfort was enhanced thereby. The favourite wife, who was also present, was equally anxious for butter. She had a profusion of iron rings on her ankles, to which were attached little pieces of sheet-iron, to enable her to make a tinkling as she walked in her mincing African style.

We had so much rain and cloud that I could not get a single observation for longitude or latitude for a fortnight. Yet the Leeba did not show any great rise, nor was its water in the least discoloured. More rain had fallen in the east, for the Zambesi was rising fast, and working against its sandy banks so vigorously that a

slight yellow tinge was perceptible in it. The Leeba has remarkably few birds and fish, and the alligators are more shy than in the Zambesi. The Balonda have taught them to keep out of sight by their poisoned arrows, and we did not see one basking in the sun. The Balonda set so many traps for birds that few appear. I heard, however, some new small birds of song on its banks.

One of our men was bitten by a non-venomous serpent, and of course felt no harm. The Barotse concluded that this was owing to many of them seeing it, as if the sight of human eyes could act as a charm against the poison.

On the 6th of January we reached the village of another female chief, named Nyamoána, who is said to be the mother of Manenko, and sister of Shinté, the greatest Balonda chief in this part of the country. Her people had but recently come to the present locality, and had erected only twenty huts. Her husband, Samoána, was clothed in a kilt of green and red baize, and was armed with a spear, and a broad-sword of antique form. The chief and her husband were seated on skins in the centre of a slightly elevated circle, surrounded by a trench, outside of which sat about a hundred persons of both sexes, the men well armed with bows, arrows, spears, and broadswords. Beside the husband sat a rather aged woman, having a bad squint in her left eye. We deposited our arms about forty yards off, and I saluted him in the usual way, by clapping my hands. He pointed to his wife, as much as to say, the honour belongs to her. I saluted her in the same way, and, a mat having been brought, I squatted down in front of them.

The talker was then called, and I was asked who was

my spokesman. Having pointed to Kolimbota, who knew their dialect best, the palaver began in due form. I explained my real objects, for I have always been satisfied that the truthful way of dealing with the uncivilised is unquestionably the best. Kolimbota repeated what I had said to Nyamoána's talker, by whom it was transmitted to the husband, and by him again to his wife. It was thus rehearsed four times over, in a tone loud enough to be heard by the whole party of auditors. The response came back by the same roundabout route, beginning at the lady to her husband, &c. After explanations and re-explanations I perceived that our friends were mixing me up with Makololo affairs; I therefore stated that my message of peace and friendship was delivered on the authority of the great Creator, and that, if the Makololo again broke His laws by attacking the Balonda, the guilt would rest with them and not with me. The palaver then came to a close.

By way of gaining their confidence I showed them my hair, which is considered a curiosity in all this region. They said, "Is that hair? It is the mane of a lion, and not hair at all." I could not return the joke by telling them that theirs was not hair but wool, for they have no sheep in their country, and therefore would not have understood me. So I contented myself with asserting that mine was the real original hair, such as theirs would have been, had it not been scorched and frizzled by the sun. In proof of what the sun could do, I compared my own bronzed face and hands with the white skin of my chest. They readily believed that, as they are fully exposed to the sun's influence, we might be of common origin after all.

The Balonda are real negroes, having much more

wool on their heads and bodies than any of the Bechuana or Kaffir tribes. They are generally very dark, but occasionally of a lighter hue. They bear a general similarity to the typical negro, having heads somewhat elongated backwards and upwards, thick lips, flat noses, &c. &c.; but there are also many good-looking, well-shaped heads and persons among them. The dress of the men consists of the softened skins of small animals, such as the jackal and wild cat, suspended before and behind from a girdle. The dress of the women is of a nondescript character.

They are more superstitious than any people we had yet encountered; though still only building their village, they had erected two little sheds, in which were placed two pots with charms in them. When I asked what medicine they contained, they replied, "Medicine for the Barimo;" but when I looked into them, they said they were medicine for the game. We saw the first evidence of idolatry in the remains of an old idol at a deserted village. It simply consisted of a human head carved out of a block of wood. Certain charms, mixed with red ochre and white pipeclay, are dotted over the idols when they are in use; and a crooked stick is used instead of an idol in the absence of a professional carver.

The trees all along the paths are marked with incisions, and offerings of small pieces of manioc-roots, or ears of maize, are placed on branches. Heaps of sticks may be seen at intervals of a few miles, raised cairn-fashion by every passer-by adding a small branch to the heap; or a few sticks are placed on the path, and at these points each passer-by forms a sudden bend in the road to one side. It seems as if their minds were ever in doubt and dread in these gloomy recesses of the

forest, and that they were striving to propitiate by their offerings some superior beings residing there.

As the Leeba seemed to come from the direction in which we wished to go, I was desirous of proceeding farther up with the canoes; but Nyamoána interposed numerous objections, and the arrival of Manenko herself settled the point in the negative. She was a tall strapping woman about twenty years of age, and distinguished by a profusion of ornaments and medicines, which latter are supposed to act as charms. Her body was smeared all over with a mixture of fat and red ochre, as a protection against the weather; a necessary precaution, for, like most of the Balonda ladies, she was in a state of frightful nudity, not so much from want of clothing as from her peculiar ideas of elegance in dress. When she arrived with her husband, Sambánza, they listened for some time to the statements I was making to the people of Nyamoána; after which her husband commenced an oration, during the delivery of which he picked up a little sand at intervals of two or three seconds, and rubbed it on the upper part of his arms and chest. This is a common mode of salutation in Londa; and when they wish to be excessively polite they bring a quantity of ashes or pipeclay in a piece of skin, and rub it on the chest and upper front part of each other; others drum their ribs with their elbows; while others touch the ground with one cheek after the other, and clap their hands. When Sambánza had finished his oration he rose up, and showed his ankles ornamented with a bundle of copper rings. Had they been very heavy, they would have impeded his walk; and some chiefs wear so many as to be forced to keep one foot apart from the other, the weight being a serious inconvenience in walking. Gentlemen like Sambánza,

who wish to ape their betters, adopt their gait, strutting along with only a few ounces of ornament on their legs, just as if they had double the number of pounds. When I smiled at Sambanza's walk, the people remarked, "That is the way in which they show off high blood in these parts."

Manenko readily adopted our views of alliance with the Makololo, and, by way of cementing the bond, she and her counsellors proposed that Kolimbota should take a wife from their tribe. She thus hoped to secure his friendship, and obtain accurate information as to the future intentions of the Makololo. The proposition was favourably received by Kolimbota, and it afterwards led to his desertion from us.

On the evening of the day in which Manenko arrived we were delighted by the appearance of Mosantu and an imposing embassy from Masiko. It consisted of all his underchiefs, who brought a present of a fine elephant's tusk, two calabashes of honey, and a large piece of blue baize. Masiko expressed delight at the return of the captives, and at the proposal of peace with the Makololo. He stated that he never sold any of his own people to the Mambari, but only captives whom his people kidnapped from small neighbouring tribes. When the question was put, whether his people had not been in the habit of kidnapping the servants and stealing the canoes of the Makololo, he admitted that two of his men, when hunting, had gone to the Makololo gardens to see after some of their relatives. As the great object in all native disputes is to get both parties to turn over a new leaf, I set forth the desirableness of forgetting past feuds, and avoiding in future any cause for marauding. I presented Masiko with an ox, furnished by Sekeletu as provision for ourselves. All these people are excessively

fond of beef and butter, from having been accustomed to them in their youth, before the Makololo deprived them of their cattle. They have abundance of game, but in their opinion, which, I am sure, every Englishman will endorse, there is nothing equal to roast beef. The ox was intended for Masiko, but his men were very anxious to get my sanction for slaughtering it on the spot, in which case not many ounces would have remained in the morning. I should have given permission if I had had anything else to offer in return for Masiko's generosity.

We were now without any provisions except a dole of manioc-roots each evening from Nyamoána, which, when eaten raw, produce poisonous effects. A small loaf of maize-meal was all my stock, and our friends from Masiko were still more destitute; yet we all rejoiced so much at their arrival that we resolved to spend a day with them. The Barotse of our party, meeting with friends among the Barotse of Masiko, had many tales to tell; and, after an agreeable chat by day, we regaled our friends with the magic lantern by night, having first, in order to make it available for all, removed our camp to the village of Nyamoána.

When erecting our sheds at the village, Manenko fell upon our friends from Masiko in a way that left no doubt as to her powers of scolding. Masiko had once sent to Samoána for a cloth, which is a common way of keeping up intercourse; after receiving it, he returned it, because it had the appearance of having had "witchcraft medicine" on it; this was a grave offence, and Manenko had now a good excuse for retaliation, as his ambassadors had slept in one of the huts of her village without asking leave. She set upon them in style, advancing and receding in true oratical style, be-

labouring her own servants for allowing the offence, and raking up the faults and failings of the objects of her ire ever since they were born; in conclusion expressing her despair of ever seeing them become better until they were all "killed by alligators." Masiko's people received this torrent of abuse in silence, and, as neither we nor they had anything to eat, we parted next morning. In reference to the sale of slaves, they promised to explain to Masiko the relationship which exists between even the most abject of his people and our common Father, and that no more kidnapping ought to be allowed. We promised to return through his town when we came back from the sea-coast.

Manenko gave us some manioc-roots in the morning, and had determined to carry our baggage to her uncle's, Shinté. We had heard a sample of what she could do with her tongue; and as neither my men nor myself had much inclination to encounter this black virago, we proceeded to make ready the packages; but she said the men whom she had ordered for the service would not arrive until to-morrow. I felt annoyed at this further delay, and ordered the packages to be put into the canoes at once; but Manenko was not to be circumvented in this way; she came forward with her people, seized the luggage, and declared that she would carry it in spite of me. My men succumbed and left me powerless. I was moving off in high dudgeon to the canoes, when she kindly placed her hand on my shoulder, and, with a motherly look, said, "Now, my little man, just do as the rest have done." My feelings of annoyance of course vanished, and I went out to try for some meat.

The only kinds of game to be found in these parts are, the *zebra*, the *kualata* or tahetsi, kama, buffaloes, and the small antelope hakiténwe. They are very shy, and

can be seen only by following on their trail for many miles. Urged by hunger, we followed some zebras during the greater part of the day: we got within fifty yards of them in a dense thicket, and I had made sure of one, when to my infinite disgust the gun missed fire, and off they bounded. The climate is so damp that the powder in the gun-nipples cannot be kept dry. It is curious to mark the intelligence of the game; in districts where they are much annoyed by fire-arms they keep out on the most open country they can find, in order to have a widely-extended range of vision; but here, where they are killed by the arrows of the Balonda, they select for safety the densest forest, where the arrow cannot be easily shot.

CHAPTER XII

11th January, 1854.—ON starting this morning Samoána (or rather Nyamoána, for the ladies are the chiefs here) presented a string of beads, and a shell of high value, as an atonement for having assisted Manenko to vex me the day before. They were much pleased when I replied that I never kept up my anger all night. We had to cross a stream which flows past the village of Nyamoána. Manenko's doctor waved some charms over her, and she took some in her hand and on her body before she ventured in the canoe. When one of my men spoke rather loudly near the basket of medicines, the doctor reproved him, and always spoke in a whisper himself, glancing back to the basket as if afraid of being heard by something therein. Such superstition is quite unknown in the south, and is mentioned here to show the difference in the feelings of this new people, as compared with the Kaffirs and Bechuanas.

Manenko was accompanied by her husband and her drummer, who continued to thump most vigorously until a heavy mist compelled him to desist. Her husband used various incantations to drive away the rain, but down it poured incessantly, our Amazon leading the way through it all, in the very lightest marching order, and at a pace that few men could rival. Being on ox-back, I kept pretty close to our leader; and on my asking her why she did not clothe herself during the rain, I was informed that a chief ought not to appear effeminate, but must always wear the appearance of robust youth, and bear vicissitudes without wincing. My

men, in admiration of her pedestrian powers, kept remarking, "Manenko is a soldier ;" and we were all glad when she proposed a halt to prepare our night's lodging on the banks of a stream.

The country through which we were passing was the same succession of forest and open lawns as formerly mentioned, the trees for the most part being evergreens, and of good, though not gigantic, size. The lawns were covered with grass, which in point of thickness looked like an ordinary English hay-crop. We passed two small hamlets surrounded by gardens of maize and manioc, near each of which I observed an ugly idol common in Londa—the figure of an animal resembling an alligator, formed of grass, and plastered over with soft clay, with two cowrie-shells inserted as eyes, and numbers of the bristles from an elephant's tail stuck about the neck. It is called a lion, but bears more resemblance to an alligator. It stood in a shed, and the Balonda pray and beat drums before it all night in cases of sickness.

Some of Manenko's followers had quadrangular shields made of reeds, about five feet long and three broad. With these, and short broadswords and sheaves of iron-headed arrows, they appeared rather ferocious; but their constant habit of wearing arms is probably only a substitute for their lack of courage. We always deposited our arms outside a village before entering it, while the Balonda, on visiting us at our encampment, always came fully armed, until we ordered them to lay down their weapons. Next day we passed through a piece of forest so dense that it could not be penetrated without an axe. It was flooded by the heavy rains which poured down every day. I observed in this forest, as I had frequently done elsewhere, a very strong smell of sulphuretted hydrogen. I had repeated attacks

of intermittent fever, in consequence of the drenchings I got in these unhealthy spots.

On the 11th and 12th we were detained by incessant and violent rains. I had a little tapioca and a small quantity of Libonta meal, which I still reserved for emergencies. The patience of my men under hunger was admirable; present want is never so painful as the prospect of future starvation. We thought the people of some large hamlets very niggardly and independent, for, though they had large fields of ripe maize, they gave us nothing. Even when Manenko kindly begged some for me, they gave her only five ears. They were subjects of her uncle; and, had they been Makololo, they would have been lavish in their gifts to the niece of their chief.

Each house in these hamlets is surrounded by a palisade of thick stakes, and when the owner wishes to enter he removes a stake or two, squeezes through, and then replaces them, so that an enemy coming in the night would find it difficult to discover an entrance. These palisades seem to indicate a sense of insecurity in regard to their fellow-men; there are at all events no wild beasts to disturb them, for these have been nearly as well thinned by bows and arrows here as by guns further south. This was a disappointment to us, for we expected the same abundance of game in the north which we found at the confluence of the Leeba and Zambesi.

I derived considerable pleasure, in spite of rain and fever, from this new scenery. The deep gloom contrasted strongly with the shadeless glare of the Kalahari, which had left an indelible impression on my memory. Though drenched day by day, I could hardly bring myself to believe that we were getting too much of a good

thing. Nor could I see water thrown away without an impression flitting across my mind that we were guilty of wasting it. Occasionally we emerged from the deep gloom into a pretty little valley, with a swampy spot in the middle, which, though now filled with water, at other times supplies only enough moisture for wells.

We crossed, in canoes, a small perennial stream named Lefuje, or "the rapid," proceeding from a goodly mountain, of an oblong shape, and about eight hundred feet high, called Monakadzi (the woman), which rose about twenty or thirty miles to the east of our course. The Lefuje probably derives its name from the rapid descent of its short course from the Monakadzi to the Leebea.

Generally speaking, each valley contained its own little village. At some we rested, the people becoming more liberal as we advanced. Others we found deserted, a sudden panic having seized the inhabitants, though the drum of Mananko was kept constantly beaten in order to announce the approach of great people. When we had decided to remain for the night at any village, the inhabitants lent us the roofs of their huts, which can be taken off the walls at pleasure. They brought them to the spot selected as our lodging, and, when my men had propped them up with stakes, we were safely housed for the night. Every one who comes to salute either Manenko or ourselves rubs the upper parts of the arms and chest with ashes; those who wish to show profounder reverence put some also on the face.

Every village had its idols near it, so that, when we came to an idol in the woods, we always knew that we were within a mile of human habitations. We passed one very ugly idol resting on a horizontal beam supported by two uprights. On remarking to my companions that these idols had ears, but that they heard

not, &c., I learned that, though the wood itself could not hear, the owners had medicines by which it could be made to hear and give responses; so that, if an enemy were approaching, they would have full information. Manenko having brought us to a stand, through a desire to send notice of our approach to her uncle, I asked why it was necessary to give information of our movements, if Shinté had idols who could tell him everything? "She did it only," was the reply, implying that she had no reason to give. It is seldom of much use to point out the folly of idolatry, unless an object of adoration be supplied in place of the idols.

Whilst delayed, by Manenko's management, in the neighbourhood of the town of Shinté, we were well supplied by the villagers with sweet potatoes and green maize. I was labouring under fever, and therefore did not find it very difficult to exercise patience; but as it was Saturday, I proposed to go to the town for Sunday (15th). "No," she objected; "her messenger must return from her uncle first." Being sure that the answer of the uncle would be favourable, I suggested that we might proceed at once. "No," she said, "it is not our custom"; and everything else I could urge was answered in the same pertinacious style. She ground some meal for me with her own hands, and told me with a self-satisfied air that she had actually gone to a village and begged corn for the purpose. It was a fine day for a wonder, and the sun shone so as to allow us to dry our clothing and other goods, many of which had become mouldy from the constant rain. The guns were rusted, in spite of being oiled every evening. On Sunday afternoon messengers arrived from Shinté, expressing his approbation of the objects we had in view, and his joy at the prospect of a way being opened by which

white men might visit him. Manenko now threatened in sport to go on, and I soon afterwards perceived that her dilly-dallying way was the proper mode of making acquaintance with the Balonda; and that much of the favour with which I was received was due to my sending forward messengers to state the object of our coming, without which precaution our arrival would have caused alarm to the inhabitants. Shinté sent us two large baskets of manioc and six dried fishes. His men had the skin of a monkey, called in their tongue "polúma," of a jet black colour, except the long mane, which is pure white. They behaved with reverence at our religious services—a circumstance of some importance when we remember the almost total lack of reverence we encountered in the south.

Our friends informed us that Shinté would be highly honoured by the presence of three white men in his town at once. Two others had sent notice of their approach from the west. How pleasant the prospect of meeting with Europeans in such an out-of-the-way region! The rush of thoughts made me almost forget my fever. "Are they of the same colour as I am?" I inquired.—"Yes; exactly so."—"And have the same hair?"—"Is that hair?" was the rejoinder; "we thought it was a wig; we never saw the like before; this white man must be of the sort that lives in the sea." Henceforth my men sounded my praises as a true specimen of the variety of white men who live in the sea. "Only look at his hair," they exclaimed; "it is made quite straight by the sea-water!" I repeatedly explained to them that, when it was said we came out of the sea, it did not mean that we came from beneath the water; but the fiction has been widely spread in the interior by the Mambari, that the real white men live in the sea,

and I believe that my men always represented themselves to the natives as led by a genuine merman. As the strangers had woolly hair, I gave up the idea of meeting anything more European than two half-caste Portugese, engaged in trading for slaves, ivory, and bees'-wax.

16th.—After a short march we came to a most lovely valley stretching away eastwards up to a low prolongation of Monakadzi. A small stream meanders down the centre of this pleasant glen; and on a little rill, which flows into it from the western side, stands the town of Shinté. When Manenko thought the sun high enough for us to make a lucky entrance, we proceeded. The town was embowered in banana and other tropical trees; the streets were straight, and presented a complete contrast to those of the Bechuanas, which are very tortuous. The native huts had square walls and round roofs, and were enclosed with fences made of upright poles a few inches apart, with strong grass or leafy bushes neatly woven between. In the courts were small plantations of tobacco, sugar-cane, and bananas. Many of the poles had taken root, and trees of the *Ficus indica* family, which are regarded with superstitious reverence, were planted around for the sake of shade. When we made our appearance a crowd of negroes ran towards us as if they would eat us up; all were armed and some had guns, but the manner in which they were held showed that the owners were more accustomed to bows and arrows. After staring at us for an hour they began to disperse.

The two native Portugese traders had erected a little encampment opposite the place where ours was about to be made. One of them had that sickly yellow hue which made him look fairer than myself, but his head was covered with a crop of undeniable wool. They

were accompanied by a number of Mambari, and had a gang of young female slaves whom they had recently purchased in Lobale, and who were now clearing the ground in front of their encampment. The establishment was conducted with that military order which pervades all the arrangements of the Portugese colonists. A drum was beaten and trumpet sounded at certain hours, quite in military fashion. Few of my men had ever seen slaves in chains. "They are not men!" they exclaimed (meaning they are beasts), "who treat their children so!"

17th, *Tuesday*.—We were honoured with a grand reception by Shinté about eleven o'clock. Sambánza claimed the honour of presenting us, Manenko being slightly indisposed. He was gaily attired, and, besides a profusion of beads, had a cloth so long that a boy carried it after him as a train. The kotla, or place of audience, was about a hundred yards square, and contained two graceful specimens of a species of banian, under one of which sat Shinté, on a sort of throne covered with a leopard's skin. He was dressed in a checked jacket, and a kilt of scarlet baize edged with green; strings of large beads hung from his neck, and his limbs were covered with iron and copper armlets and bracelets; on his head he wore a helmet made of beads neatly woven together, and crowned with a great bunch of goose-feathers by way of a crest. Close to him sat three lads with large sheaves of arrows over their shoulders; in front was his chief wife, with a curious red cap on her head, and behind him about a hundred women clothed in a profusion of red baize.

On entering the kotla Manenko's party saluted Shinté by clapping their hands; and Sambánza did obeisance by rubbing his chest and arms with ashes. The other

tree being unoccupied, I and my party retreated to it for the sake of the shade, and could thence see the whole ceremony. The different sections of the tribe came forward in the same way that we did, the head-man of each making obeisance with ashes which he carried with him for the purpose; then the soldiers, all armed to the teeth, with swords drawn, and their faces screwed up so as to appear as savage as possible, came running and shouting towards us; they then wheeled round towards Shinté, saluted him, and retired. When all were seated the curious capering usually seen in pichos began. A man starts up and imitates the most approved attitudes observed in actual fight—such as throwing a javelin, receiving one on his shield, springing aside to avoid another, running backwards or forwards, leaping, &c. Then Sambánza, and Nyamoána's spokesman, stalked backwards and forwards in front of Shinté, vociferating all that they knew of my history and my connection with the Makololo; explaining at length the objects of my mission, and winding up with a recommendation to Shinté that he had better receive the white man well, and send him on his way.

During the intervals between the speeches the ladies burst forth into a sort of plaintive ditty; but we could not ascertain whether it was in praise of the speaker, of Shinté, or of themselves. This was the first time I had seen females present in a public assembly. In the south the women are not permitted to enter the kotla; and even when invited to come to a religious service they would not enter until ordered by the chief; but here they expressed approbation by clapping their hands and laughing; and Shinté frequently turned round and spoke to them.

A party of musicians, consisting of three drummers

and four performers on the piano, went round the kotla several times, regaling us with their music. The drums are neatly carved from the trunk of a tree, and have a small hole in the side covered with a bit of spider's web : the ends are covered with the skin of an antelope ; and when they wish to tighten it they hold it to the fire : the instruments are beaten with the hands.

The piano, named "marimba," consists of two parallel bars of wood, either quite straight, or bent into a semi-circular form, across which are placed about fifteen wooden keys, two or three inches broad, from fifteen to eighteen long, and of a thickness proportioned to the deepness of the note required : each of the keys has a calabash of corresponding dimension beneath it attached to the parallel bars, and serving as a sounding-board : the keys are struck with small drumsticks. Rapidity of execution seems much admired among them, and the music is pleasant to the ear. In Angola the Portuguese use the marimba in their dances.

When nine orations had been delivered Shinté and the rest of the company stood up. He had maintained true African dignity throughout, but he scarcely ever took his eyes off me for a moment. I calculated that about a thousand people were present, besides three hundred soldiers.

18th.—We were awakened during the night by a message from Shinté, requesting a visit at a very unseasonable hour. As I was just in the sweating stage of an intermittent fever, I declined going, in spite of Kolimbota's earnest entreaties. However, at ten next morning I went, and was led into the courts of Shinté, the walls of which consisted of woven rods, all very neat and high. Numerous trees, some of which had been only recently planted, afforded a grateful shade ; while

sugar-cane and bananas, growing outside the enclosure, spread their large light leaves over the walls. We took our seat under the broad foliage of a *Ficus indica*, and Shinté soon made his appearance. He seemed in good humour, and said that he had expected yesterday "that a man who came from the gods would have approached and talked to him." That had been my intention, but when I saw the formidable preparations, and his own men keeping at least forty yards from him, I had remained by the tree opposite to that under which he sat. His remark confirmed my previous belief that a frank open, fearless manner is the most winning with all these Africans. I stated the object of my mission, and the old gentleman clapped his hands in approbation. He replied through a spokesman, and the company joined in the response by also clapping their hands. After business was over I asked if he had ever seen a white man before. He replied, "Never; you are the very first I have seen with a white skin and straight hair; your clothing too is different from any we have ever seen."

On learning that "Shinté's mouth was bitter for want of ox-flesh," I presented him with an ox, to his great delight; and as his country is so well adapted for cattle, I advised him to begin a trade in cattle with the Makololo. He profited by the hint, for when we returned from Loanda we found that he had got three beasts, one of which was more like a prize heifer than any we had seen in Africa. Soon afterwards he sent us baskets of boiled maize and of manioc-meal, and a small fowl. The size of the maize and of the manioc shows the fertility of the black soil of this country. We saw manioc above six feet high, though it requires the very best soil.

Manenko meanwhile had been busy erecting a very pretty hut and court-yard, as her residence whenever white men were brought by her along the same path. On hearing that we had given an ox to her uncle, she came forward with the air of an injured person, and explained that "The white man belonged to her; she had brought him here, and therefore the ox was hers, not Shinté's." Upon this she ordered her men to bring it, had it slaughtered, and presented her uncle with a leg only. Shinté did not seem at all annoyed at the occurrence.

19th.—I was awakened at an early hour by a messenger from Shinté, but, as I was labouring under a profuse perspiration, I declined going for a few hours. My visit turned out fruitless, probably on account of the divination being unfavourable: "They could not find Shinté." When I returned to bed another message was received to the effect that "Shinté wished to say all he had to tell me at once." This was too tempting an offer, and accordingly we went. When we arrived he had a fowl ready in his hand to present, together with a basket of manioc-meal, and a calabash of mead. Referring to the constantly recurring attacks of fever, he remarked that it was the only thing which would prevent a successful issue to my journey. On my asking what remedy he would recommend, he answered, "Drink plenty of mead, and it will drive the fever out." It was rather strong, and I suspect he liked the remedy pretty well, even though he had no fever. He had always been a friend to Sebituane, and, now that his son Sekeletu was in his place, Shinté was not merely a friend but a father to him; and if a son asks a favour the father must give it. He was highly pleased with the large calabashes of clarified butter and fat which

Sekeletu had sent him, and wished to detain Kolimbota, that he might send a present back to Sekeletu by his hands.

We were particularly struck, in passing through the village, with the punctiliousness of manners shown by the Balonda. Inferiors, on meeting their superiors in the street, at once drop on their knees and rub dust on their arms and chest, and continue the salutation of clapping the hands until the great ones have passed. Sambanza knelt down in this manner till the son of Shinté had passed him. We several times saw the woman who holds the office of water-carrier for Shinté; as she passes along she rings a bell to give warning to all to keep out of her way; for it would be a grave offence for any one to exercise an evil influence by approaching the drink of the chief.

I suspect that offences of the slightest character among the poor are made the pretext for selling them or their children to the Mambari. For instance, a young man of Lobale had located himself in the country of Shinté without showing himself to the chief. This was considered an offence sufficient to warrant his being for sale while we were there. Not having reported himself, or explained the reason of his running away from his own chief, they alleged that they might be accused of harbouring a criminal. It is curious to notice how the slave-trade blunts the moral susceptibility: no chief in the south would have treated a fugitive in this way. Another incident which occurred while we were here may be mentioned, as of a character totally unknown in the south. Two children, of seven and eight years old, who had gone out to collect firewood about a quarter of a mile from the village, disappeared. As no beasts of prey are found so close to the town, we

suspect that they were kidnapped by some of the high men of Shinté's court, and sold by night. The Mambari erect large square huts for the concealment of these stolen ones. The frequent kidnapping from outlying hamlets explains the stockades we saw around them; the parents have no redress, for even Shinté himself seems fond of working in the dark. One night he sent for me, and, on my arrival, presented me with a slave-girl of about ten years old; saying that he had always been in the habit of presenting his visitors with a child. On my declining the present on the ground that I thought it wrong to take away children from their parents, he urged that she was "to be a child" to bring me water, and that a great man ought to have a child for the purpose. As I replied that I had four children, and should be very sorry if my chief were to give away my little girl, and that I would prefer this child to remain and carry water for her own mother, he thought I was dissatisfied with her size, and sent for one a head taller; after many explanations of our abhorrence of slavery, and how displeasing it must be to God to see his children selling one another, I declined her also. If I could have taken her into my family for the purpose of instruction, and then returned her as a free woman, I might have done so; but to take her away, and probably never be able to secure her return, would have produced a bad effect on the minds of the Balonda.

24th.—We expected to have started to-day, but Sambanza, who had been sent off early in the morning for guides, returned at midday without them, the worse for liquor, having indulged too freely in mead. This was the first case of real intoxication we had seen in this region. The boyaloa, or beer of the country, has rather

a stupifying than exciting effect; hence the beer-bibbers are great sleepers, and may frequently be seen lying on their faces sound asleep. As far as we could collect from Sambánza's incoherent sentences, Shinté had said that the rain was too heavy for our departure, and that the guides still required time for preparation. Shinté himself was said to be busy getting some meal ready for my use on the journey, and, as it rained nearly all day, it was no sacrifice to submit to his advice and remain. Sambánza staggered to Manenko, who coolly bundled him into the hut, and put him to bed.

As the last proof of friendship, Shinté came into my tent and examined all the curiosities, the quicksilver, the looking-glass, books, hair-brushes, comb, watch, &c., &c., with the greatest interest; then closing the tent, so that none of his own people might see his extravagance, he drew out from his clothing a string of beads, and the end of a conical shell, which is considered, in regions far from the sea, of as great value as the Lord Mayor's badge is in London. He hung it round my neck, and said, "There, now you *have* a proof of my friendship." My men informed me that these shells are so highly valued, as evidences of distinction, that two of them would purchase a slave, and five would be considered a handsome price for an elephant's tusk worth ten pounds. At our last interview Shinté pointed out our principal guide, Intemése, a man about fifty, who was, he said, ordered to remain by us till we should reach the sea; adding, that I had now left Sekeletu far behind, and must henceforth look to Shinté alone for aid, which would always be most cheerfully rendered. This was only a polite way of expressing his wishes for my success. He gave us a good supply of food, and, after mentioning,

as a reason for letting us go even now, that no one could say we had been driven away from the town, since we had been several days with him, he gave a most hearty salutation, and we parted with the wish that God might bless him.

CHAPTER XIII

26th.—LEAVING Shinté, we passed down the lovely valley on which the town stands, and then through pretty open forest, to a village of Balonda, where we halted for the night. In the morning we had a fine range of green hills called Saloísho on our right, and were informed that they were inhabited by the people of Shinté, who worked the iron-ore which abounds in these hills. The country through which we passed possessed the same wooded character that we have before noticed. The soil is dark, with a tinge of red, and appeared very fertile. Every valley contained villages of twenty or thirty huts, with gardens of manioc, which is regarded as the staff of life in these parts.

Our chief guide, Intemése, sent orders to all the villages about our route that Shinté's friends must have abundance of provisions, and these orders were carried out with a liberality far exceeding that which Shinté himself had exhibited. In return I gave small bunches of my stock of beads, which were always politely received. We had an opportunity of observing that our guides had much more etiquette than any of the tribes farther south. They would neither partake of the food which we had cooked, nor would they eat in our presence, but always retired into a thicket for their meals, after which they stood up, clapped their hands, and praised Intemése. When the Makololo, who are very free and easy in their manners, held out handfuls of their meat to any of the Balonda, they refused to taste. They are very punctilious in their manners to each other.

Each hut has its own fire, and when it goes out they make it afresh for themselves rather than take it from a neighbour. I believe much of this arises from superstitious fears.

After crossing the Lonaje we passed some pretty villages, embowered, as they usually are, in bananas, shrubs, and manioc, and we formed our encampment in a nest of serpents near the banks of the Leebea. One village had lately been transferred hither from the country of Matiamvo, who was still acknowledged by the villagers as paramount chief; this, however, as well as numerous other instances of migration, shows that the great chiefs possess only a limited power. The only peculiarity we observed in these people was the habit of plaiting the beard into a threefold cord.

The town of the Balonda chief, Cazembe, was pointed out to us as lying to the N.E. of the town of Shinté; it had been visited by great numbers of people in this quarter for the purpose of purchasing copper anklets, and was reported to be about five days' journey distant. I made inquiries of the oldest inhabitants of the villages at which we were staying respecting the visit of Pereira and Lacerda to that town. A grey-headed man replied that he had often heard of white men, but never seen one, and added that one had visited Cazembe when he was young, but had not entered this part of the country. The people of Cazembe are Balonda or Baloi, and his country has been termed Londa, Lunda, or Lui, by the Portuguese.

It was always difficult to get our guides to move away from a place. With the countenance of the chief, they felt as comfortable as king's messengers could do, and were not disposed to forego the pleasure of living at free quarters. My Makololo friends, who had never

left their own country before, except for purposes of plunder, did not readily adopt the peaceful system we now meant to follow. They either spoke too imperiously to strangers, or, when reproved for that, were disposed to follow the dictation of every one we met. On the 31st of January I managed, after considerable opposition on the part of Intemése, to get my party under weigh for the Leeba, which we soon reached, and found to be only about a hundred yards wide, and of the same dark mossy hue as I have before described. The villagers lent us canoes to effect our passage, which took about four hours; and having gone to a village about two miles beyond the river, I had the satisfaction of getting observations for both longitude and latitude.

February 1st.—We had a fine view of two hills called Piri (Peeri), meaning “two,” on the opposite side of the river, in a district named Mokwánkwa. Intemése informed us that one of Shinté’s children was born there, during his progress southwards from the country of Matiamvo, whence it would appear that Shinté’s people have only recently entered the country they now occupy. Indeed, Intemése informed me he himself had come into his present country by command of Matiamvo.

We were surprised to find English cotton cloth much more prized than beads and ornaments by the inhabitants of this district. They are more in need of clothing than the Bechuana tribes living adjacent to the Kalahari Desert, who have plenty of skins for the purpose. Animals of all kinds are rare here, and calico is proportionately valuable.

In the midst of the heavy rain, which continued all the morning, Intemése sent to say he was laid up with pains in the stomach, and must not be disturbed; but when it cleared up, about eleven, I saw our friend walking off

to the village, apparently in excellent health, and talking with a very loud voice. On reproaching him for telling an untruth, he turned it off with a laugh, saying that he really had a complaint in his stomach, which could only be remedied by a supply of beef. He was evidently revelling in the abundance of good food supplied by the chief's orders, and did not share my feeling of shame when I gave only a few beads in return for large baskets of meal.

One of Intemése's men stole a fowl which the lady of the village had given me. When charged with the theft, every one of Intemése's party indignantly vociferated his innocence. One of my men, however, went off to the village, brought the lady who had presented the fowl to identify it, and then pointed to the hut in which it was hidden. Upon this Intemése called on me to send one of my people to search the huts, if I suspected his people. The man sent soon found it, and brought it out, to the confusion of Intemése and the laughter of our party. We never met an instance like this, of theft from a white man, among the Makololo, though this people have the reputation of being addicted to pilfering. The honesty of the Bakwains has been already noticed. Probably the estimation in which I was held as a public benefactor, in which character I was not yet known to the Balonda, may account for the sacredness with which my property was always treated before. But other incidents which happened subsequently showed, as well as this, that idolators are not so virtuous as those who have no idols.

As the people on the banks of the Leebea were the last of Shinté's tribe over whom Intemése had power, he was naturally anxious to remain as long as possible. He occupied his leisure in making a large wooden mortar

and pestle for his wife, and in carving some wooden spoons and a bowl; but as what he considered good living was anything but agreeable to us, who had been accustomed to milk and maize, we went forward on the 2nd without him. He soon followed, but left our pontoon behind, saying that it would be brought on by the head-man of the village. This, of course, turned out a mere falsehood, and the loss proved a serious one to us.

We entered an extensive plain beyond the Leeba, at least twenty miles broad, and covered with water, which was ankle-deep in the shallowest parts. We deviated somewhat from our N.W. course, keeping the Piri hills nearly on our right during a great part of the first day, in order to avoid the still more deeply flooded plains of Lobale (Luval?) on the west, which Intemése stated to be quite impassable, being thigh-deep. Intemése pointed out the different localities as we passed along, and among the rest mentioned a place which he called "Mokála a Máma," his "mama's home." It was interesting to hear this tall grey-headed man recall the memories of boyhood. All the Makalaka children cleave to the mother in cases of separation, or removal from one part of the country to another. The Bechuanas, on the contrary, care nothing for their mothers, but cling to their fathers. Our Bakwain guide to the lake, Rachosi, told me that his mother lived in the country of Sebituane, but he laughed at the idea of going from lake Ngami to the Chobe, merely for the purpose of seeing her. Had he been one of the Makalaka, he never would have parted from her.

We made our beds on one of the islands, and were wretchedly supplied with firewood. The booths constructed by the men were but sorry shelter against the

rain, which poured down without intermission till mid-day. When released by the cessation of the rain, we marched on till we came to a ridge of dry inhabited land in the N.W. The inhabitants, according to custom, lent us the roofs of some huts to save the men the trouble of booth-making. I suspect that the story in Park's "Travels," of the men lifting up the hut to place it on the lion, referred to the roof only. By night it rained so copiously that all our beds were flooded from below; henceforth, therefore, we made a furrow round each booth, and used the earth to raise our sleeping-places. My men turned out to work in the wet most willingly, and I could not but contrast their conduct with that of Intemése, who was thoroughly imbued with the slave spirit, and lied on all occasions to save himself any trouble. We expected to move on the 4th, but he declared that we were so near Katema's, that, if we did not send forward to apprise that chief of our approach, he would certainly impose a fine. As it rained the whole day, we were reconciled to the delay; but on Sunday, the 5th, he apprised us that we were still two days distant from Katema. Unfortunately we could not dispense with him, for the country was so deluged that we should have been brought to a halt before we went many miles.

6th.—Soon after starting we crossed, in a canoe, a branch of the Lokalueje, which was described by a term applied to all branches of rivers in this country, viz. *ñuana* Kalueje (child of the Kalueje). In the afternoon we crossed the main stream, which had now about forty yards of deep fast-flowing water, but probably has not more than half that amount in the dry season: it is, however, a perennial stream, as the existence of hippopotami in it proves. It winds from north-east to south-

west into the Leeba. The country adjacent to its banks is extremely fine and fertile, with here and there patches of forest or clumps of magnificent trees. The villagers through whose gardens we passed continue to sow and reap all the year round. Cereals, such as maize, lotsa and lokésh or millet, are to be seen at all stages of their growth. My companions expressed the greatest admiration of the agricultural capabilities of the whole of Londa, and were loud in their praises of the pasturage, lamenting, at the same time, that there were no cows to feed off the rich crops of grass.

On the 7th we came to the village of Soána Molópo, a half-brother of Katema, whom we found sitting, surrounded by about one hundred men. He called on Intemése to give some account of us, though no doubt this had already been done in private. He then pronounced the following sentences:—"The journey of the white man is very proper, but Shinté has disturbed us by showing the path to the Makololo who accompany him. He ought to have taken them through the country without showing them the towns. We are afraid of the Makololo." He then gave us a handsome present of food, and seemed perplexed by my sitting down familiarly, and giving him a few of our ideas. Intemése raised his expectations of receiving a present of an ox in return for his civility, and, on my refusal, became sulky and refused to move on: we therefore resolved to go on without him.

On the following morning we took leave of Mólopo, and having been, as usual, caught by rains, we halted at the house of Mozínkwa, a most intelligent and friendly man, who possessed a large and well-hedged garden. The walls of his compound, or courtyard, were constructed of branches of the banian, which, taking root,

had become a live hedge. Mozínkwa's wife had cotton growing all around her premises, and several plants used as relishes to the insipid porridge of the country. She cultivated also the common castor-oil plant, and a larger shrub, also yielding a purgative oil, which is only used however for anointing the person. We also saw in her garden Indian bringalls, yams, and sweet potatoes. Several trees were planted in the middle of the yard, beneath the deep shade of which stood the huts of Mozínkwa's family. His children, very black but comely, were the finest negro family I ever saw. We were much pleased with the liberality of this man and his wife. She asked me to bring her a cloth from the white man's country, but when we returned she was in her grave, and he, as is the custom, had abandoned trees, garden, and huts to ruin. They cannot live on a spot where a favourite wife has died, either because they are unable to bear the remembrance of past happiness, or because they are afraid to remain in a spot which death has once visited. This feeling renders any permanent village in the country impossible.

Friday, 10th.—On leaving Mozínkwa's hospitable mansion we crossed in canoes another stream, about forty yards wide, called the Mona-Kalueje, or brother of Kalueje, as it flows into that river. As we were crossing it we were joined by a messenger from Katema, called Shakatwála, who held the post of steward or factotum to that chief. Every chief has one attached to his person, and, though generally poor, they are invariably men of great shrewdness and ability, and possess considerable authority in the chief's household. Shakatwála informed us that Katema had not received precise information about us, but that, if we were peaceably disposed, we were to come to his town. We proceeded

forthwith, but were turned aside, by the strategy of our friend Intemése, to the village of Quendénde, the father-in-law of Katema, who was so polite and intelligent that we did not regret being obliged to spend Sunday with him.

Quendénde's head was a good specimen of the greater crop of wool with which the negroes of Londa are furnished. The front was parted in the middle, and plaited into two thick rolls, which fell down behind the ears to the shoulders; the rest was collected into a large knot, which lay on the nape of the neck. We had much conversation together; he had just come from attending the funeral of one of his people, and I found that the drum-beating of these occasions originates in the idea that the Barimo, or spirits, can be drummed to sleep. There is a drum in every village, and we often hear it going from sunset to sunrise. They seem to look upon the departed as vindictive beings, whom they regard with more fear than love.

My men on this, as on other occasions, did a little business for themselves in the begging line; they generally commenced every interview with new villagers by saying, "I have come from afar; give me something to eat." I forbade this at first, believing that, as the Makololo had a bad name, the villagers gave food from fear. But, after some time, it was evident that in many cases maize and manioc were given from pure generosity. In return for this liberality my men, who had nothing to offer, tried to appropriate an individual in each village as "Molekane," or comrade, thus placing himself under an obligation to treat his benefactor with equal kindness should the occasion for it arise.

We here met with some people just arrived from the town of Matiamvo (Muata yánvo), who had been sent to

announce the death of the chieftain who lately enjoyed that title.* He seems to have been insane, for he sometimes indulged the whim of running a muck in the town and beheading whomsoever he met, on the plea that his people were too many, and that he wanted to diminish them. On inquiring whether human sacrifices were still made, as in the time of Percira, at Cazembe's, we were informed that they had never been so common as was represented to Pereira, but that they occasionally happened when certain charms were needed by the chief. These men were much astonished at the liberty enjoyed by the Makololo; and when they found that all my people held cattle, they told us that Matiamvo alone had a herd. One very intelligent man among them asked, "If he should make a canoe, and take it down the river to the Makololo, would he get a cow for it?" This question was important, as showing the knowledge of a water communication from the country of Matiamvo to the Makololo.

We left Quendénde's village in company with Quendénde himself, and the principal man of the ambassadors of Matiamvo, and, after two or three miles' march to the N.W., came to the ford of the Lotembwa, which flows southwards. A canoe was waiting to ferry us over, but it was very tedious work; for though the river itself was only eighty yards wide, the whole valley was flooded, and we were obliged to paddle more than half a mile to get free of the water. A fire was lit to warm old Quendénde, and enable him to dry his tobacco-leaves. The freshly gathered leaves are spread close to the fire until they are quite dry and crisp, when they are pounded with a small pestle, and used as snuff.

* Matiamvo is an hereditary title—muáta meaning lord, or chief.

As we sat by the fire the ambassadors communicated their thoughts freely respecting the customs of their race. When a chief dies, a number of his servants are slaughtered to form his company in the other world, a custom which the Barotse also follow. Quendénde said that if he were present on these occasions he should hide his people, so that they might not be slaughtered. We were assured that, if the late Matiamvo took a fancy to anything, such, for instance, as my watch-chain, which was of silver wire, he would order a whole village to be brought up to buy it. When a slave-trader visited him he took possession of all his goods; he then sent out a party to some considerable village, and, having killed the head-man, paid for the goods by selling the inhabitants. On my asking if Matiamvo did not know himself to be a man, and that he would be judged by a Lord who is no respecter of persons, the ambassador replied, "We do not go up to God, as you do; we are put into the ground." I could not ascertain that these people, even though they believe in the continued existence of the spirit after death, had any notion of heaven; they appear to imagine the souls to be always near the place of sepulture.

After crossing the river Lotembwa we travelled about eight miles, and came to Katema's straggling town, or rather collection of villages. We were led out about half a mile from the houses, to make for ourselves the best lodging we could of the trees and grass, while Intemése was subjected to the usual examination as to our conduct and professions. Katema soon afterwards sent a handsome present of food. Next morning we had a formal presentation, and found Katema seated on a sort of throne, with about three hundred men on the ground, and thirty women, said to be his wives, close

behind him, the main body of the people being seated in a semicircle at a distance of fifty yards. Each party had its own head-man stationed at a little distance in front, who, when beckoned by the chief, came near him as councillors. Intemése gave our history, and Katema placed sixteen large baskets of meal before us, half a dozen fowls, and a dozen eggs, and, expressing regret that we had slept hungry, added, "Go home, and cook and eat, and you will then be in a fit state to speak to me at an audience I will give you to-morrow." Katema was a tall man, about forty years of age, and was dressed in a snuff-brown coat ornamented with a broad band of tinsel down the arms; on his head he wore a helmet of beads and feathers, and in his hand he carried a large fan made of the caudal extremities of a number of gnus, with charms attached to it, which he continued waving in front of himself all the time we were there. He seemed in good spirits, and laughed heartily several times, which we thought a good sign, for a man who shakes his sides with mirth is seldom difficult to deal with. When we rose to take leave, all rose with us, as at Shinté's.

Returning next morning, Katema addressed me thus: "I am the great Moéne (lord) Katema, the fellow of Matiamvo. There is no one in this country equal to Matiamvo and me. I and my forefathers have always lived here, and there is the house in which my father lived. You found no human skulls near the place where you are encamped. I never killed any of the traders; they all come to me. I am the great Moéne Katema; of whom you have heard." He looked as if he had fallen asleep tipsy, and dreamed of his greatness. On explaining my objects, he promptly pointed out three men who would be our guides, and explained that the

N.W. path was the most direct, but that the water at present standing on the plains would reach up to the loins; he would therefore send us by a more northerly route, which no trader had yet traversed. This was more suited to our wishes, for we never found a path safe that had been trodden by slave-traders.

We presented a few articles, which pleased him highly—a small shawl, a razor, three bunches of beads, some buttons, and a powder-horn. Apologising for the insignificance of the gift, I asked what I could bring him from Loanda, saying that it must be something small. He laughed heartily at the limitation, and replied that “the smallest contribution would be thankfully received; but he should particularly like a coat, as the one he was wearing was old.” I introduced the subject of the Bible, but one of the old councillors broke in, and glided off into other subjects. I now experienced the disadvantage of having to speak through an interpreter; on all ordinary matters it was easy enough to carry on communication, but when it came to the exposition of religious topics, in which the interpreters themselves took no interest, it was uncommonly slow work. Neither could Katema’s attention be arrested, except by compliments, of which they have always plenty to bestow as well as receive. We were strangers, and knew that, as Makololo, we had not the best of characters, yet his treatment of us was wonderfully good and liberal.

As Katema did not offer an ox, we slaughtered one of our own, and were delighted to get a meal of meat, after subsisting so long on the light porridge and green maize of Londa. On such occasions some pieces of the meat are in the fire even before the process of skinning is completed. A frying-pan full of these pieces having

been got quickly ready, my men crowded about me, and I handed some all round. I offered portions to the Balonda, which they declined, though they are excessively fond of a little meat as an adjunct to their vegetable diet. Their objection was not to the meat, but to its having been cooked by us. My people, when satisfied with a meal like that which they enjoy so often at home, amused themselves by an uproarious dance. Katema sent to ask what I had given them to produce so much excitement. Intemése replied that it was their custom, and that they meant no harm. The companion of the ox we slaughtered refused food for two days, and repeatedly tried to escape back to the Makololo country. My men remarked, "He thinks, they will kill me as well as my friend." Katema thought it the result of art, and had fears of my skill in medicine and witchcraft. On this ground he refused to see the magic lantern.

We were visited by an old man who had been a constant companion of the late Matiamvo, and, as I was sitting in front of the little gipsy tent mending my campstool, I invited him to take a seat on the grass beside me. This was peremptorily refused: "he had never sat on the ground during the late chief's reign, and he was not going to degrade himself now." One of my men, handing him a log of wood taken from the fire, helped him out of the difficulty. When I offered him some cooked meat on a plate he would not touch it, but would take it home; I therefore honoured him by sending a servant to bear a few ounces of meat to the town behind him. He mentioned the Lölö (Lulua) as the branch of the Zambesi which flows southwards or S.S.E.; but the people of Matiamvo had never gone far down it, as their chief had always been afraid of encountering

a tribe who, from the description given, I could recognise as the Makololo. He described five rivers as falling into the Lolo, viz. the Lishish, Liss or Lise, Kalilème, Ishidish, and Molóng, none of which are large, but, when united in the Lolo, form a considerable stream. The country through which the Lolo flows is said to be flat, with large patches of forest, and well peopled. In this report he agreed perfectly with the people of Matiamvo whom we had met at Quendénde's village. But we never could get him, or any one in this quarter, to draw a map on the ground, as people do in the south.

Katema promised us some of his people as carriers, but his authority does not appear to be very efficient, for they refused to turn out for the work, and persisted in their refusal even though our guide Shakatwala ran after some of them with a drawn sword. They were Balobale; and he remarked that, though he had received them as fugitives, they did not feel grateful enough to obey, and if they continued rebellious he must drive them back whence they came: but there is little fear of that, as all the chiefs are excessively anxious to collect men in great numbers around them.

On Sunday, the 19th, both I and several of our party were seized with fever, and I did nothing but toss about in my little tent, with the thermometer above 90° , though this was the beginning of winter, and my men had made as much shade as possible by planting branches of trees all over it. We have had, for the first time in my experience in Africa, a cold wind from the north. The winds from that quarter are generally hot, and those from the south cold, though they seldom blow from either direction.

The people of Katema are fond of singing-birds.

One pretty little songster, named "cabazo," a species of canary, is kept in neatly-made cages, having traps on the top to entice its full free companions. It is fed on the lotsa, which is largely cultivated as food for man, and which the wild canaries attack as vigorously as the sparrows do our fruit-trees. I was pleased to hear the long-forgotten cry of the canaries in the woods, and I observed one warbling forth its song, and swaying from side to side, as they do in the cage. We saw also tame pigeons, having the real canary colour on the breast with a tinge of green; the back yellowish green, with darker longitudinal bands meeting in the centre; and a narrow dark band passing from the bill over the eyes and back to the bill again.

The songsters here set up quite a merry chorus in the mornings, and abound most near the villages. Some sing as loudly as our thrushes, and the king-hunter makes a clear whirring sound like that of a railway guard's whistle. During the heat of the day they take their siesta in the shadiest parts of the trees, but in the cool of the evening they renew their pleasant melody. It is remarkable that so many song-birds abound amid a general paucity of other animal life. As we went forward we were struck by the comparative absence of game and the larger kind of fowls: the rivers contain very few fish: flies are not troublesome: and mosquitoes are seldom so numerous as to disturb the slumbers of a weary man.

20th.—We were glad to get away, though not on account of any scarcity of food; for my men, by giving small presents of meat as an earnest of their sincerity, formed many friendships with the people of Katema. Having proceeded six miles in a N.W. direction, we reached lake Dilolo, which is about a quarter of a mile

broad at its eastern extremity, but attains a maximum width of three miles, and a length of seven or eight. It is well supplied with fish and hippopotami. I was too much exhausted with fever either to explore its shores, or to determine by astronomical observations its exact position.

Immediately beyond Dilolo there is a large flat about twenty miles in breadth. Heavy rains prevented us from crossing this in one day, and the constant wading among the grass hurt the feet of the men. There is a footpath all the way across, but, as this is worn down beneath the level of the rest of the plain, it is necessarily the deepest portion, and is therefore avoided. For this reason our progress was slow and painful.

CHAPTER XIV

24th February.—ON reaching unflooded lands beyond the plain, we found the villages under the authority of a chief named Katénde, and we also discovered that the plain forms the watershed between the southern and northern rivers, for we had now entered a district in which the rivers flowed in a northerly direction, while those hitherto crossed were all running southwards. Having met with kind treatment at the first village, we parted with Katema's guides, and, under the direction of the inhabitants, followed a route to the N.N.W., which led us down into a deep valley, along the bottom of which ran a stream from the plains above. We crossed this by a rustic bridge at present submerged thigh-deep by the rains. The trees growing on the banks of the stream were thickly planted and very high, many of them having sixty or eighty feet of clean straight trunk: beautiful flowers adorned the ground beneath them. Ascending the opposite side, we came in two hours' time to another valley equally beautiful, and also having a stream in it. It may seem at first sight mere trifling to note such an unimportant thing as the occurrence of a valley, but I do so inasmuch as these valleys were found to belong to the water-basin of the Kasai or Loke, and as I wish to point out the manner in which the waters of this river are supplied.

In the evening we reached the village of Kabinje, who sent us a present of tobacco, Mutokuane or "bang," and maize, and expressed his satisfaction at the prospect of having trade with the coast. We were now coming

among people who are frequently visited by the Mambari, as slave-dealers. This trade entails bloodshed; for it is necessary to get rid of the older members of a family selected as victims, because they are supposed to be able to give annoyance to the chief afterwards by means of enchantments. The belief in the power of charms for good or evil produces not only honesty, but a great amount of gentle dealing. The powerful are often restrained in their despotism, from a fear that the weak and helpless may injure them by their medical knowledge. They have many fears. A man at one of the villages we came to showed us the grave of his child, and, with much apparent feeling, told us she had been burned to death in her hut. He had come with all his family, and built huts around it in order to weep for her, in the belief that, if the grave were left unwatched, the witches would injure them by putting medicines on the body. They have a more decided belief in the continued existence of departed spirits than any of the more southerly tribes. Even the Barotse possess it in a strong degree, for one of my men of that tribe, on experiencing headache, said, with a sad countenance, "My father is scolding me because I do not give him any of the food I eat." I asked where his father was. "Among the Barimo," was the reply.

When we wished to move on, Kabinje refused a guide to the next village, because he was at war with it; but after much persuasion he consented, provided that the guide should return as soon as he came in sight of the enemy's village. This we felt to be a misfortune, as the natives suspect a man who comes telling his own tale; but there being no help for it, we proceeded and found the head-man Kangénke very different from what his enemy represented him to be. We found too that here

the idea of buying and selling superseded that of giving, and, as I had nothing with which to purchase food except a parcel of beads which were reserved for emergencies, I began to fear that we should soon suffer severely from hunger. The people demanded gunpowder for everything, and, had we possessed a large quantity of that article, we should have got on well. Next to that, English calico was in great demand, and so were beads; but money was of no value whatever, trade being carried on by barter alone. Gold is quite unknown, and is mistaken for brass. Occasionally a large piece of copper, in the shape of a St. Andrew's cross, was offered for sale.

27th February.—Kangénke promptly furnished guides this morning, who shortly brought us to the banks of the Kasyc, Kasi, or Loke, which is about one hundred yards broad in this part, and runs to the north and north-east. The scenery on its banks is most charming, and reminded me much of my native Clyde: it meanders through the glen, at one time embowered in sylvan vegetation, at another time gleaming amid verdant meadows. The men pointed out its course and said, "Though you sail along it for months, you will turn without seeing the end of it." We crossed it in canoes.

We were now in want of food, for, to the great surprise of my companions, the people of Kangénke gave nothing, and charged a most exorbitant price for the meal and manioc they brought. As the only article of barter my men had was a little fat saved from the ox slaughtered at Katema's, I was obliged to give them a portion of my stock of beads. We saw moreover that we were in a land where no animal food was to be had, for one of our guides caught a light-blue coloured mole and two mice for his supper, and the care with which

he wrapped them up in a leaf and slung them on his spear told us that we could not hope to enjoy any larger game. We saw no trace of any other animals than these; and, on coming to the villages beyond this, we often saw boys and girls engaged in digging up these tiny quadrupeds.

On the 29th we approached the village of Katénde, who sent for me on the next day, and invited me to enter a hut, as it was raining at the time. After a long time spent in giving and receiving messages from the great man, we were told that he wanted either a man, a tusk, beads, copper rings, or a shell, as a toll. No one, we were assured, was allowed to pass through his country, or even to behold him, without something being presented. Having humbly explained our circumstances, and that he could not expect to "catch a humble cow by the horns"—a proverb similar to our "drawing blood from a stone"—we were told to go home, and he would speak again to us next day. I could not avoid laughing at the impudence of the savage, but, as it was thought advisable to propitiate him by a small present, I turned out my shirts, and, having selected the worst as a sop for him, I invited him to come and choose anything else I had, adding that, when I should reach my own chief naked, and was asked what I had done with my clothes, I should be obliged to confess that I had left them with Katénde. The shirt was despatched, accompanied by some of my people, who soon returned with the news that it had been accepted, and that guides and food would be sent to us next day. The chief moreover expressed a hope to see me on my return. My men were as much astonished as myself at the demands of the chief as well as at his inhospitality: he only gave us a little meal and manioc and a fowl. After

a detention of two days by heavy rains, we felt that a good stock of patience was necessary in travelling through this country in the rainy season.

Passing onwards without seeing Katénde, we crossed a small rivulet, the Sengko, and after two hours came to another, somewhat larger, the Totélo, which had a bridge over it. At the further end of this structure stood a negro who demanded toll on the ground that the bridge was his; and that, if we did not pay, he would prevent our progress. Astounded at such a stretch of civilization, I stood a few seconds confronting our bold toll-keeper, when one of my men took off three copper bracelets, which paid for the whole party. The negro was a better man than he at first seemed to be, for he immediately went to his garden and brought us some leaves of tobacco as a present.

When we had got fairly away from the villages the guides from Kangénke told us that there were three paths in front, and that, if we did not at once present them with a cloth, they would leave us to ourselves. As I had pointed out the direction in which Loanda lay, and had only employed them for the sake of knowing the paths between villages which lay along our route, I wished my men to dispense with them: but Mashauana, fearing lest we might wander, asked leave to give his own cloth, and, when the guides saw that, they came forward shouting, "Averié, Averié!"

In the afternoon of this day we came to a valley about a mile wide, the bottom of which was completely under water. The men on foot were chin-deep in crossing, and we three on oxback got wet to the middle, as the animals' burdens prevented them from swimming. A thunder-shower completed the drenching, and gave an uncomfortable "packing in a wet blanket" for that

night. Next day we found another flooded valley about half a mile wide, with a small and now deep rivulet in its middle, flowing rapidly towards the Kasai. The mid-stream was so rapid that we crossed by holding on to the oxen, which were carried by the force of the current to the opposite bank; we then jumped off, and pulled them on to the shallowed part. The rest of the valley was thigh-deep and boggy, but by holding on by the belt which fastened the blanket to the ox, we floundered through as well as we could. These boggy parts stretched for miles along each bank; but even here, though the rapidity of the current was very considerable, the thick sward of grass was "laid" flat along the sides of the stream, and the soil was not so much abraded as to discolour the flood. On the opposite side of this valley we met with some pieces of the ferruginous conglomerate which forms the capping of all the rocks in the surrounding district: the oxen bit at them as if surprised at the appearance of stone, or perhaps because it contained some mineral of which they stood in need. The country is covered with deep alluvial soil of a dark colour and very fertile.

In the afternoon we came to another stream, named ñuana Loke (or child of Loke), with a bridge over it, which, however, was so deeply flooded that the men had to swim off to it, and when on it were breast-deep. Some preferred holding on by the tails of the oxen the whole way across, and I intended to do this, but, before I could dismount, the ox dashed off with his companions, and soon sank so deep that I failed even to catch the blanket belt, and was obliged to strike out for the opposite bank alone. My poor fellows were dreadfully alarmed when they saw me parted from the cattle; about twenty of them made a simultaneous rush into

the water for my rescue, and just as I reached the opposite bank one seized my arm, and another clasped me round the body. When I stood up it was most gratifying to see them all struggling towards me. Some had leaped off the bridge, and allowed their cloaks to float down the stream. Part of my goods, abandoned in the hurry, were brought up from the bottom after I was safe. Great was the pleasure expressed when they found that I could swim like themselves, and I felt most grateful to these poor heathens for the promptitude with which they dashed in to my rescue. In the evening we crossed the small rivulet Lozéze, and came to some villages of the Kasábi, from whom we got some manioc in exchange for beads. They tried to frighten us by telling of the deep rivers we should have to cross, but my men laughed at the idea: "We can all swim," said they; "who carried the white man across the river but himself?" I felt proud of their praise.

Saturday, 4th March.—We reached the outskirts of the territory of the Chiboque. We crossed the Konde and Kalúze, the former a deep small stream with a bridge, the latter an insignificant rivulet, each flowing through a valley of remarkable fertility. My companions are continually lamenting over these uncultivated vales in such words as these—"What a fine country for cattle! My heart is sore to see such fruitful valleys for corn lying waste!" At first I conceived that the reason why the inhabitants of this fine country possessed no herds of cattle was owing to the despotic sway of their chiefs, but I have since conjectured that the country must formerly have been infested by the tsetse, which has now disappeared along with the wild animals on which it subsists. While at the villages of the Kasabi we saw no evidence of want of food. Our

beads were very valuable, but cotton cloth would have been still more so; as we travelled along, men, women, and children came running after us with meal and fowls for sale, which we might readily have obtained in exchange for English manufacturers. When they heard that we had no cloth they turned back much disappointed.

Having reached the village of Njambi, one of the chiefs of the Chiboque, on the day above specified, we intended to pass a quiet Sunday; and as our provisions were quite spent, I ordered an ox to be slaughtered. We sent the hump and ribs to Njambi, with the explanation that this was the customary tribute to chiefs in the part whence we had come, and that we always honoured men in his position. He returned thanks, and promised to send food. Next morning he sent an impudent message demanding either a man, an ox, a gun, powder, cloth, or a shell; and in the event of refusal, he intimated his intention of preventing our further progress. We replied, that, even supposing we possessed the articles demanded, he ought not to impose a tribute on any but a slave-trading party. The servants who brought the message said that, when sent to the Marbari, they had always got a quantity of cloth for their master, and that they now expected the same, or an equivalent, from me.

About mid-day Njambi collected his people, and surrounded our encampment, with the evident object of plundering us of everything. My men seized their javelins, and stood on the defensive, while the young Chiboque brandished their swords with great fury, and some even levelled their guns at me. I sat on my camp-stool, with my double-barrelled gun across my knees, and invited the chief to be seated also. When he and his

counsellors had sat down on the ground in front of me, I asked what crime we had committed that he had come armed in that way. He replied that one of my men, Pitsane, while sitting at the fire that morning, had, in spitting, allowed a small quantity of the saliva to fall on the leg of one of his men. Pitsane admitted the fact, and, in proof of its being a pure accident, mentioned that he had wiped it off with his hand as soon as it fell. This explanation, however, was not received, and compensation was demanded to the extent of a man, an ox, or a gun. I refused, of course, such an unreasonable demand, and after a considerable parley I gave him one of my shirts. The young Chiboque were dissatisfied, and began shouting and brandishing their swords for a greater fine. At the request of Pitsane I added a bunch of beads, and again, when the counsellors objected, a large handkerchief. The more I yielded, however, the more unreasonable they became, and at every fresh demand a shout was raised, and a rush made around us with brandished weapons. One young man even made a charge at my head from behind, but I quickly brought round the muzzle of my gun to his mouth, and he retreated. I felt anxious to avoid this effusion of blood, and therefore, though sure of being able with my Makololo to drive off twice the number of our assailants, I strove to avoid actual collision. My men were quite unprepared for this exhibition, but behaved with admirable coolness. The chief and his counsellors, by accepting my invitation to be seated, had placed themselves in a trap; for my men had quietly surrounded them, and made them feel that there was no chance of escaping their spears. I then said, that, as everything had failed to satisfy them, it was evident that *they* wanted to fight, and, if so, they must begin

first and bear the guilt before God. I then sat silent for some time. It was certainly rather trying, because I knew that the Chiboque would aim at the white man first; but I was careful not to appear flurried, and, having four barrels ready for instant action, looked quietly at the savage scene around. The chief and his counsellors, seeing themselves in greater danger than I was, and influenced perhaps by the air of cool preparation which my men displayed, at last put the matter before us in this way: "You say you are quite friendly: but how can we know it unless you give us some of your food, and you take some of ours? If you give us an ox we will give you whatever you may wish, and then we shall be friends." In accordance with the entreaties of my men I gave an ox; and being asked what I should like in return, I mentioned food, as the thing which we most needed. In the evening Njambi sent a very small basket of meal, and two or three pounds of the flesh of our own ox! with the apology that he had no fowls, and very little food of other kinds. It was impossible to avoid laughing at the coolness of these generous creatures. I was truly thankful nevertheless that we had so far gained our point as to be allowed to pass on without having shed human blood.

March 6th.—We were informed that the people living to the west of the Chiboque of Njambi were familiar with the visits of slave-traders; and as it was the opinion of our guides from Kangénke that so many of my companions would be exacted of me that I should reach the coast without a single attendant, I resolved to strike away to the N.N.E., in the hope that at some point farther north I might find an exit to the Portuguese settlement of Cassange. We proceeded at first due north, with the Kasabi villages on our right, and the Kasau on our left.

During the first twenty miles we crossed many swollen streams, having the same boggy banks as I have already described, and wherever the water had stood for any length of time it was discoloured with the rust of iron. We saw a "nakong" antelope one day, a rare sight in this quarter; and many pretty flowers adorned the valleys. We could observe the difference in the seasons as we advanced northwards in company with the sun. Summer was now nearly over at Kuruman, and far advanced at Linyanti, but here we were in the middle of it; fruits which we had eaten ripe on the Zambesi were here quite green; but we were coming into the region where the inhabitants are favoured with two rainy seasons and two crops, viz., when the sun is going south, and when it returns to the north.

On the 8th one of my men, having left an ounce or two of powder at our sleeping-place, went back several miles for it. I was compelled to wait for him, and, as my clothes were wet at the time, I caught a violent fit of fever. This was a source of much regret, for the next day was, for a wonder, fine, but I was so prostrated by the fever that I could scarcely manage, after some hours' trial, to get a lunar observation in which I could repose confidence. Those who know the difficulties of making observations, and committing all of them to paper, will sympathise with me in this and many similar instances. We crossed a rivulet named the Chihune, which flows into the Longe, and ultimately into the Kasi. Some villagers brought us wax for sale, and, finding that we wished for honey, they soon returned with a hive. All the bees in this country are private property, for the natives place hives sufficient to house them all. We therefore paid no attention to the call of the honey-guide, for we were sure it would only lead us to a hive

which we had no right to touch. The bird continues its habit of inviting attention to the honey, though its services in this district are never actually needed.

As we traversed a succession of open lawns and deep forests, it was interesting to observe the manner in which trees adapt themselves, almost as if by instinct, to different circumstances. I noticed one, for instance, which on open ground grows as an ordinary umbrageous tree, but, when it gets into the forest, where it is overshadowed by loftier trees, secures for itself a fair share of light and air, either by sending out an arm, which climbs to the top of a neighbouring tree, or by converting itself wholly into a climber. In the former case it retains its original form and has a double head, below and above; in the latter case it has but a single head.

In passing through the narrow paths I had an opportunity of observing the peculiarities of my ox "Sinbad," who was blessed with a most intractable temper. Being unable to do any damage with his horns, which were bent downwards and hung loosely, he adopted another mode of venting his spleen. As we wended our way slowly along the path, he would suddenly dart aside, and, in spite of all my endeavours, would persist in his course until I was unseated by some climber that crossed the path, when he availed himself of the opportunity to try to kick me. The ordinary method of guiding an ox is by a string tied to a stick put through the cartilage of the nose; but Sinbad was utterly indifferent to the hints he received through this contrivance whenever he determined on taking his own course.

On leaving Chihune we crossed the Loange, and, as the day was cloudy, our guides, who depended on the sun for guidance, wandered away to the west till we

came to the river Chihombo, flowing to the E.N.E. They then thought that they had wandered back to the Chiboque, and began to dispute as to the point where the sun should rise next morning. It would have been better to have travelled by compass alone, for the guides took advantage of any fears expressed by my people, and threatened to return if presents were not at once made to them.

Saturday, 11th.—As soon as the rains would allow us we went off to the N.E., and reached a small village on the banks of a narrow stream. I was too ill to leave my shelter, except to quell a mutiny which began to show itself among some of the Batoka and Ambonda of our party. They grumbled because they supposed that I had shown partiality in the distribution of the beads; but I explained to them that the beads I had given to my principal men were only sufficient to purchase a scanty meal, and that I had hastened on to this village in order to slaughter a tired ox, and give them all a feast on Sunday. Having thus, as I thought, silenced their murmurs, I soon sank into a state of stupor, which the fever sometimes produced, and was oblivious to all their noise in slaughtering. On Sunday the mutineers were making a terrible din in preparing a skin they had procured. I requested them twice to be more quiet, as the noise pained me: but as they paid no attention to this civil request, I put out my head, and, repeating it myself, was answered by an impudent laugh. Knowing that discipline would be at an end if this mutiny were not quelled, and that our lives depended on vigorously upholding authority, I seized a double-barrelled pistol, and darted forth with such a savage aspect as to put them to a precipitate flight. They immediately became very obedient, and never afterwards gave me any

trouble, or imagined that they had any right to my property.

13th—We went forward some miles, but were brought to a stand by the severity of my fever on the banks of a branch of the Loajima, another tributary of the Kasai. I was in a state of partial coma until late at night, when it became necessary for me to go out; and I was surprised to find that my men had built a little stockade, and had taken to their weapons. We were surrounded by a party of Chiboque, who lay near the gateway, preferring the demand of “a man, an ox, a gun, or a tusk.” My men had prepared for defence in case of a night attack, and, when the Chiboque inquired about my position in the camp, they very properly refused to point me out. In the morning I went out to the Chiboque, who answered me civilly regarding my intentions in opening the country, and said that they only wished to exchange tokens of goodwill with me, and had brought three pigs, which they hoped I would accept. I accepted the present in the hope that the blame of unfriendliness might not rest with me, and in return I presented a razor and two bunches of beads, together with twelve copper rings, which my men contributed from their arms. They went off to report to their chief; and as I was quite unable to move from excessive giddiness, we continued in the same spot all Tuesday. On the evening of that day they returned with a message couched in very plain terms, that a man, a tusk, a gun, or even an ox, would be acceptable to the chief, and that whatever I should please to demand from him he would gladly give. As this was all said civilly, and as there was no alternative but bloodshed if we refused, I gave a tired riding-ox. My late chief mutineer, an Ambonda man, was now over-loyal, for he armed himself and

stood at the gateway, asserting that he would rather die than see his father imposed on; but I ordered Mosantu to take him out of the way, and the Chiboque marched off well pleased with their booty. I told my men that I esteemed one of their lives more valuable than all the oxen, and that I would only fight to save the lives and liberties of the majority. In this they all agreed, and said that, if the Chiboque molested us, the guilt would be on their heads. It is a favourite mode of concluding an explanation of an act to say, "I have no guilt or blame" ("molatu"), or "They have the guilt." I never could be positive whether the idea in their minds is guilt in the sight of the Deity, or of mankind only.

Next morning the Chiboque returned with about thirty yards of strong striped English calico, an axe, and two hoes for our acceptance. I divided the cloth among my men, and pleased them a little by thus compensating them for the loss of the ox. I advised the chief to get cattle for his own use, and expressed sorrow that I had none wherewith to enable him to make a commencement. Rains prevented our proceeding till Thursday morning, when messengers appeared to tell us that the chief had learned that some of the cloth sent by him had been stolen by the persons ordered to present it to us, and that he had stripped them of their property as a punishment. Our guides thought these to be only spies of a larger party concealed in the forest through which we were now about to pass. We prepared therefore for defence by marching in a compact body, and allowing none to straggle. Nothing however disturbed us, and, for my own part, I was too ill to care much whether we were attacked or not. A pouring rain came on, but, as we were all anxious to get away out of so bad a neighbourhood, we proceeded. The thick atmosphere pre-

vented my seeing the creeping plants in time to avoid them; so Pitsane, Mohorisi, and I, who alone were mounted, were often caught; and as there is no stopping the oxen when they have the prospect of unseating their riders, we came frequently to the ground. In addition to these mishaps, Sinbad went off at a plunging gallop, the bridle broke, and down I came backwards on the crown of my head, receiving, as I fell, a kick on the thigh. I felt none the worse for this rough treatment, but I would hardly recommend it to others as a palliative in cases of fever. This last attack of fever reduced me almost to a skeleton. The blanket which I used as a saddle, being pretty constantly wet, caused extensive abrasion of the skin, which was continually healing and getting sore again. To this inconvenience was now added the chafing of my projecting bones on the hard bed.

On Friday we came to a village of civil people on the banks of the Loajima. The bridges over it, and over another stream which we crossed at midday, were submerged by a flood of perfectly clear water, and we consequently got a soaking in crossing them. At the second ford we were met by a hostile party who refused us further passage. I ordered my men to proceed, but our enemies spread themselves out in front of us with loud cries. As our numbers were about equal to theirs, I moved on at the head of my men. Some of the enemy ran off to other villages, or back to their own, on pretence of getting ammunition; others called out that all traders came to them, and that we must do the same. As they had plenty of iron-headed arrows and some guns, I ordered my men to cut down some young trees and make a screen as quickly as possible, but to do nothing further except in case of actual attack. I then

dismounted, and, advancing a little towards our principal opponent, showed him how easily I could kill him, and then, pointing upwards, said, "I fear God." He did the same, placing his hand on his heart, pointing upwards, and saying, "I fear to kill; but come to our village; come—do come." At this juncture the old head-man, Ionga Panza, a venerable negro, came up, and I invited him to be seated, and talk the matter over. Ionga Panza soon let us know that he thought himself very ill-treated in being passed by. As most skirmishes arise from misunderstanding, this might have been a serious one; for, like all the tribes near the Portuguese settlements, they imagine that they have a right to demand payment from every one who passes through the country; and now, though Ionga Panza was certainly no match for my men, yet they were determined not to forego that right without a struggle. I removed with my men to the vicinity of the village, which was pleasantly embowered in lofty evergreen trees hung round with festoons of creepers. He sent us food immediately, and soon afterwards a goat, which was considered a handsome gift, as domestic animals were scarce in this district, owing probably to the former prevalence of the tsetse.

On the 20th the same demand of payment for leave to pass was made by old Ionga Panza as by the other Chiboque. I offered the shell presented by Shinté, but Ionga Panza said he was too old for ornaments. We might have succeeded very well with him, had not our two guides from Kangénke complicated our difficulties by sending for a body of Bangala traders, with a view to force us to sell the tusks of Sekeletu and pay them with the price. We offered to pay them handsomely if they would perform their promise of guiding us to

Cassange, but they knew no more of the paths than we did; and my men had paid them repeatedly, and tried to get rid of them, but could not. They now joined our enemies, as did also the traders. Two guns and some beads, belonging to the latter, were standing in our encampment, and the guides seized them and ran off. As my men knew that we should have to replace them, they gave chase, upon which the guides threw down the guns, and, directing their flight to the village, rushed into a hut. The doorway of a native hut is not much higher than that of a dog's kennel. One of the guides was in the act of stooping to get in, when he received a cut on the projecting part of his body from one of my men, which must have made him wince. The guns were recovered, but the beads were lost in the flight. All my stock could not replace those lost; and though we explained that we had no part in the theft, the traders replied that we had brought the thieves into the country.

As we were anxious to effect a peaceful passage through the country, my men offered all their ornaments, and I all my beads and shirts; but matters could not be arranged without our giving an ox and one of the tusks, and to these terms I was at length compelled to accede. We were all becoming disheartened, and could not wonder that native expeditions from the interior to the coast had generally failed to reach their destinations. Some of my people proposed to return home; and the prospect of being obliged to return when just on the threshold of the Portuguese settlements distressed me exceedingly. After using all my powers of persuasion I declared to them that if they returned I should go on alone, and, retiring into my little tent, I lifted up my heart to Him who hears the sighing of the soul.

Thither I was followed by the head of the Mohorisi, saying, "We will never leave you. Do not be disheartened. Wherever you lead we will follow. Our remarks were made only on account of the injustice of these people." Others followed, and with the most artless simplicity of manner told me to be comforted—"they were all my children; they knew no one but Sekletu and me, and they would die for me; they had just spoken in the bitterness of their spirit, and when feeling that they could do nothing." One of the oxen offered to the Chiboque had been rejected because he had lost part of his tail, as they thought that it had been cut off and witchcraft medicine inserted; and some mirth was excited by my proposing to raise a similar prejudice against all the oxen we still had in our possession. The remaining four soon presented a singular shortness of their caudal extremities; and though no one ever asked whether they had medicine in the stumps, certain it is that we were no more troubled by the demand for an ox! We now slaughtered another ox, that the owners of the cattle might not be seen fasting while the Chiboque were feasting.

CHAPTER XV

24th.—Ionga Panza's sons agreed to act as guides into the territory of the Portuguese if I would at once give them Shinté's shell. I was strongly averse to this, but I yielded to the entreaties of my people, and delivered up the precious shell. We went west-by-north to the river Chikápa, which is here forty or fifty yards wide; we crossed in a canoe made out of a single piece of bark sewed together at the ends, and having sticks placed in it to act as ribs. The word Chikápa means bark or skin; and as this is the only river in which we saw this kind of canoe used, it probably derives its name from the use made of them. We now felt the loss of our pontoon, for the people to whom the canoe belonged made us pay thrice over for our passage, *viz.* when we began to cross, when half of us were over, and when all were over but my principal man Pitsane and myself. Loyánke took off his cloth and paid my passage with it.

Next morning our guides went only about a mile, and then told us they should return home. This was just what I expected when paying them beforehand, in accordance with the entreaties of the Makololo. Very energetic remonstrances were addressed to them, but they slipped off one by one in the thick forest through which we were passing, and I was glad to hear my companions coming to the conclusion, that, as we were now in parts visited by traders, we did not require them. The country was somewhat more undulating than it had been, and several fine streams flowed in deep woody dells. The trees were tall and straight, and the forests gloomy and damp, the ground being quite covered with

mosses, and the trees with light-coloured lichens. The soil was extremely fertile, being generally a black loam covered with a thick crop of tall grasses. We passed several villages, the head-man of one of which scolded us well for passing, when he intended to give us food. Where slave-traders have been in the habit of coming, they present food, and then demand three or four times its value in return. We were therefore glad to get past villages without intercourse with the inhabitants. We were now travelling W.N.W., and all the rivulets we here crossed had a northerly course, and were reported to fall into the Kasai or Loke; most of them had the peculiar boggy banks of the country.

We spent Sunday (the 26th) on the banks of the Quilo, or Kweelo, a stream about ten yards wide, running in a deep glen, the rocky sides of which consist of hardened calcareous tufa lying on clay shale and sandstone below, with a capping of ferruginous conglomerate. The scenery would have been very pleasing if the fever would have allowed me to enjoy it.

In continuing our W.N.W. course we met many parties of native traders, each carrying pieces of cloth and salt, with a few beads to barter for bees'-wax. They were all armed with Portuguese guns, and had cartridges with iron balls. When we met we usually halted for a few minutes, exchanged trifling presents, and then parted with mutual good wishes. The hide of the oxen we slaughtered had been a valuable addition to our resources, for we found it in such request for girdles all through Londa, that we cut up every skin into strips about two inches broad, and sold them for meal and manioc as we went along. As we came nearer Angola we found them of less value, as the people there possessed cattle themselves.

The village on the Kweelo, at which we spent Sunday, was that of a civil, lively old man, called Sakandála, who offered no objections to our progress. We found we should soon enter on the territory of the Bashinjé (the Chinge of the Portuguese), who are mixed with another tribe named Bangala. Rains and fever, as usual, helped to impede our progress until we struck the path leading from Cassange and Bihe to Matiamvo. This was a well-beaten track, and soon after entering upon it we met a party of half-caste traders from Bihe, who confirmed the information we had already got of its leading straight to Cassange. They kindly presented my men with some tobacco, and marvelled greatly when they found that I had never learnt to smoke. On parting with them we came to a half-caste trader's grave, marked by a huge cone of sticks arranged like the roof of a hut, with a palisade around it. At an opening on the western side an ugly idol was placed; and several strings of beads and bits of cloth were hung around.

The Bashinjé, in whose country we now were, seem to possess more of the low negro physiognomy than either the Balonda or Basongo; they have generally dirty black complexions, low foreheads, flat noses, and thick lips. They enlarge the nostrils by inserting bits of stick or reed; and they have the custom, to which we have previously adverted, of filing the teeth to a point. They cultivate the ground extensively, and rely upon their agricultural products for their supplies of salt, flesh, tobacco, &c., which they get from the Bangalas. Their clothing consists of pieces of skin, hung loosely from the girdle in front and behind. They plait their hair fantastically: some women had their hair woven into the form of a hat, and it was only by a closer inspection that its nature was detected. Others had it

arranged in tufts, with a threefold cord along the ridge of each tuft; while others, again, following the ancient Egyptian fashion, had the whole mass plaited into cords which hung down to the shoulders. This mode, with the somewhat Egyptian cast of countenance in other parts of Londa, reminded me strongly of the paintings of that nation in the British Museum.

As we were now sure of being on the way to the abodes of civilisation, we went on briskly, and on the 30th arrived at the edge of the high land over which we had lately been travelling. The descent is so steep that it can only be effected at particular points, and even there I was obliged to dismount, though so weak that I had to be supported by my companions. Below us, at a depth of from a thousand to twelve hundred feet, lay the magnificent valley of the Quángo. The view of the vale of Clyde from the spot whence Mary Queen of Scots witnessed the battle of Langside resembles in miniature the glorious sight which was here presented to our view. The valley is about a hundred miles broad, and is clothed with dark forest everywhere except along the banks of the Quángo, which flows amid green meadows, and here and there glances out in the sun as it wends its way to the north. Emerging from the gloomy forests of Londa, this magnificent prospect made us all feel as if a weight had been lifted off our eyelids. When we reached the bottom of the valley, which from above seemed quite smooth, we discovered it to be furrowed by great numbers of deep-cut streams. The side of the valley, when viewed from below, appears as the edge of a table-land, with numerous indented dells and spurs jutting out all along, giving it a serrated appearance. Both the top and sides are generally covered with trees, but some bare patches in the more perpendicular

parts exhibit the red soil which prevails in the region we have now entered.

Sunday, 2nd April.—We rested beside a small stream, and, our hunger being now very severe from having lived so long on manioc alone, we slaughtered one of our four remaining oxen. The natives of this district seem to feel the craving for animal food just as much as we did, for they expend much energy in digging large white larvæ out of the damp soil adjacent to the streams, to serve as a relish for their vegetable diet. The Bashinjé refused to sell any food for the poor old ornaments my men had now to offer. We could get neither meal nor manioc; still we should have been comfortable, had not the Bashinjé chief Sansáwé pestered us for the customary present. We told his messengers that we had nothing to offer: the tusks were Sकेletu's: everything was gone, except my instruments, which could be of no use to them whatever. One of them begged some meat, and, when it was refused, said to my men, "You may as well give it, for we shall take it all after we have killed you to-morrow." The more humbly we spoke, the more insolent the Bashinjé became, till at last we all felt savage and sulky. They are fond of argument, and, when I denied their right to demand tribute from a white man who did not trade in slaves, an old white-headed negro put rather a posing question: "You know that God has placed chiefs among us whom we ought to support. How is it that you, who have a book that tells you about Him, do not come forward at once to pay this chief tribute, like every one else?" I replied by asking, "How could I know that this was a chief, who had allowed me to remain a day and a half near him without giving me anything to eat?" This, which may seem sophistry to the uninitiated, was quite a rational question to the

central African, for he at once admitted that food ought to have been sent, and added, that probably his chief was preparing it, and it would come soon.

After being wearied by talking all day to different parties, we were honoured by a visit from Sansáwé himself, who turned out to be quite a young man, and of rather a pleasing countenance. There cannot have been much intercourse between real Portuguese and these people, though they live so close to the Quángo, for Sansáwé asked me to show him my hair, on the ground that he had never seen straight hair. The difference between their wool and our hair caused him to burst into a laugh, and the contrast between the exposed and unexposed parts of my skin seemed to strike him with wonder. I then showed him my watch, and wished to win my way into his confidence by conversation; but when I proceeded to exhibit my pocket compass he desired me to desist, as he was afraid of my wonderful things. As it was getting dark, he asked leave to go, and, when his party moved off a little way, he sent for my spokesman, and told him that, "if we did not add a red jacket and a man to our gift of a few copper rings and a few pounds of meat, we must return by the way we had come." I said in reply, "that we should certainly go forward next day, and if he commenced hostilities the blame before God would lie on Sansáwé"; to which my man added of his own accord, "How many white men have you killed in this path?" implying that he had never killed one, and that he was not likely to do so this time.

3rd April.—At daybreak we were astir, and, setting off in a drizzling rain, passed close to the village. This rain probably damped the ardour of the robbers; for, though we expected to be fired upon from every clump

of trees, or from some of the rocky hillocks among which we were passing, we were not molested. After two hours' march we began to breathe freely, and my men remarked, in thankfulness, "We are children of Jesus." We continued our course, notwithstanding the rain, across the bottom of the Quángo valley, which we found broken by clay-shale rocks cropping out from a nearly horizontal stratum. The grass in the hollows was about two feet higher than my head while sitting on ox-back, and, being saturated with rain, it acted as a shower-bath upon us. We passed several villages, one of which possessed a flock of sheep; and after six hours we halted near the river Quángo, which may be regarded as the eastern boundary of the Portuguese coast territory. As I had now no change of clothing, I was glad to cower under the shelter of my blanket, thankful to God for His goodness in bringing us thus far without the loss of one of the party.

4th April. We were now on the banks of the Quángo, here one hundred and fifty yards wide, very deep, and flowing among extensive meadows clothed with gigantic grass and reeds. It is said by the natives to contain many venomous water-snakes, which may account for the villages being situated far from its banks. We were advised not to sleep near it; but, as we were anxious to cross to the western side, we tried to induce some of the Bashinje to lend us canoes for the purpose. The chief of these parts, however, informed us that all the canoe-men were his children, and that nothing could be done without his authority. He then made the usual demand for a man, an ox, or a gun, adding that otherwise we must return to the country from which we had come. As I suspected that, if I gave him my blanket—the only thing I now had in reserve—he might leave

us in the lurch after all, I tried to persuade my men to go at once to the bank, about two miles off, and obtain possession of the canoes before we gave up the blanket; but they thought that this might lead to an attack upon us while crossing. The chief came himself to our encampment and renewed his demand. My men stripped off the last of their copper rings and gave them; but he was still intent on a man, imagining, as others did, that my men were slaves. He was a young man, with his woolly hair gathered up at the back of his head into a cone about eight inches in diameter at the base, and elaborately swathed round with red and black thread. As I declined giving up my blanket until we were placed on the western bank, he continued to worry us with his demands till I was tired. My little tent was now in tatters, and, having a wider hole behind than the door in front, I tried in vain to evade my persecutors. As we were on a reedy flat, we could not follow our usual plan of a small stockade, in which we might concoct our plans. I was trying to persuade my men to move on to the bank in spite of these people, when a young half-caste Portuguese sergeant of militia, Cypriano di Abreu, who had come across the Quángó in search of bees'-wax, made his appearance, and gave the same advice. When we moved off, the chief's people opened a fire from our sheds, and continued to blaze away some time in the direction we were going, without effecting any damage. They probably expected that this evidence of abundant ammunition would make us run; but when we continued a steady advance to the ford, they proceeded no further than our sleeping-place. Cypriano assisted us in making satisfactory arrangements with the ferrymen; and as soon as we reached the opposite bank we were in the territory of the Bangala,

who are subjects of the Portuguese, and are otherwise known as the Cassanges or Cassantse; and happily all our difficulties with the border tribes were at an end.

Passing briskly through the high grass for about three miles west of the river, we arrived at some neat houses, guarded by cleanly-looking half caste Portuguese, forming a detachment of militia, who were stationed here under the command of our friend Cypriano. The Bangala were very troublesome to the Portuguese traders, and at last proceeded so far as to kill one of them; upon which the government of Angola sent an expedition against them, and reduced them to a state of vassalage. The militia are quartered amongst them, and support themselves by trade and agriculture, no pay being given to this branch of the service by the government.

I pitched my little tent in front of the dwelling of Cypriano for the night. We here had the company of mosquitoes, with which we had never been troubled on the banks of the pure streams of Londa. On the morning of the 5th Cypriano generously supplied my men with pumpkins and maize, and then invited me to a magnificent breakfast, consisting of ground-nuts and roasted maize, followed by ground-nuts and boiled manioc-roots, and concluded with guavas and honey by way of dessert. At dinner he was equally bountiful, and several of his friends joined us in doing justice to his hospitality. Before eating, water was poured on the hands of each by a female slave. This proceeding was necessary, as forks and spoons were used only for carving, not for eating. The repast was conducted with decency and good manners, and was concluded by washing the hands as at first.

All of them could read and write with ease. The only books they possessed were a small work on medicine,

a small cyclopædia, and a Portuguese dictionary, besides a few tracts containing the Lives of the Saints. Cypriano had three small wax images of saints in his room, and both he and his companions had relics in German-silver cases hung round their necks, to act as charms and save them from danger by land or by water, in the same way as the heathen have medicines. They were entirely ignorant not only of the contents, but even of the very name, of the Bible.

Much of the civility shown to us here was, no doubt, owing to the letters of recommendation I carried from the Chevalier Du Prat, of Cape Town; but I am inclined to believe that my friend Cypriano was influenced by feelings of genuine kindness, excited partly by my wretched appearance, for he quite bared his garden in feeding us during the few days which I remained. He slaughtered an ox for us, and furnished his mother and her maids with manioc-roots to prepare farina for the four or five days of our journey to Cassange, and never even hinted at payment. The farina is prepared by washing the roots well, then rasping them down to a pulp, which is roasted slightly on a metal plate, and is used as a vegetable with meat. It closely resembles wood-sawings, and on that account is named "wood-meal." Though insipid, it is relished by those who have become accustomed to it, even after they have returned to Europe.

The manioc cultivated here is of the sweet variety: the bitter species, to which we were accustomed in Londa, is not often found in this fertile valley. Many of the inhabitants were busy planting maize, though it was now the beginning of winter; what we were now eating was planted in the beginning of February. The soil is exceedingly fertile, of a dark red colour, and

covered with a dense crop of coarse grass, the stalks of which are generally as thick as goose-quills. I was told by the Portuguese that, when a marauding party of Ambonda once came for plunder while it was in a dry state, the Bangala encircled them with a fire which completely destroyed them. I can easily believe this, for on one occasion I nearly lost my waggon by fire, in a valley where the grass was only about three feet high. We were roused by the roar, as of a torrent, made by the fire coming from the windward. I immediately set fire to that on our leeward, and had just time to drag the waggon on to the bare space there, before the windward flames reached the place where it had stood.

We were detained by rains, and by my desire to ascertain our geographical position, until Monday the 10th, when I succeeded in getting the latitude. We then started, and, after three days' hard travelling through the long grass, reached Cassange, the farthest inland station of the Portuguese in Western Africa. We crossed several streams running into the Quángo; but as the grass continued to tower about two feet over our heads, it generally obstructed our view of the adjacent country. I made my entrance among our Portuguese allies in a somewhat forlorn state as to clothing. The first gentleman I met in the village asked if I had a passport, and said that I must appear before the authorities. I gladly accompanied him to the house of the Commandant, Senhor Rego, who, having inspected my passport, politely asked me to supper. As I had eaten nothing except the farina of Cypriano from the Quángo to this, I might have appeared particularly ravenous to the other gentlemen around the table; but they seemed to understand my position pretty well, from having all travelled extensively themselves. Indeed,

had they not been present, I should have pocketed some to eat by night, for, after fever, the appetite is excessively keen, and manioc is one of the most unsatisfying kinds of food. Captain Neves then invited me to take up my abode in his house, and next morning generously arrayed me in decent clothing. During the whole period of my stay he treated me as if I had been his brother, and I feel deeply grateful to him for his disinterested kindness both to myself and my party.

The village of Cassange (pronounced Kassanjé) is composed of thirty or forty traders' houses, built of wattle and daub, irregularly scattered about on an elevated spot in the great Quángó valley. They are surrounded by plantations of manioc, maize, &c., and generally possess kitchen gardens, stocked with the common European vegetables, as potatoes, peas, cabbages, onions, tomatoes, &c., &c. Guavas and bananas appear, from the size and abundance of the trees, to have been introduced many years ago, but pine-apples, orange, fig, and cashew-trees have but lately been tried. There are about forty Portuguese traders in this district, all of them officers in the militia, many of whom have become rich from adopting the plan of sending out Pombeiros, or native traders, with large quantities of goods, to trade in the more remote parts of the country. The extent to which these native traders carry their expeditions appears from the fact that two of them, called in the history of Angola "the trading blacks" (*os feirantes pretos*), having been sent by the first Portuguese trader that lived at Cassange, actually returned from some of the Portuguese possessions in the East, with letters from the governor of Mozambique, in the year 1815, proving, as is remarked, "the possibility of so important a communication between Mozambique

and Loanda." This is the only instance of native Portuguese subjects crossing the continent.

On the 16th I witnessed the celebration of the anniversary of our Lord's Resurrection. The coloured population dressed up a figure representing Judas Iscariot, and paraded it on a riding-ox about the village, amidst the sneers and maledictions of the spectators. The natives, whether slaves or free, dressed in their gayest clothing, made visits to the principal merchants to wish them "a good feast," and to get a present in return. At ten A.M. we went to the residence of the Commandant, and at a given signal two brass guns commenced firing, to the great admiration of my men, whose ideas of the power of a cannon are very exalted. The Portuguese flag was hoisted and trumpets sounded, as an expression of joy at the resurrection of our Lord. Captain Neves invited all the principal inhabitants of the place, and feasted them in princely style. All manner of foreign preserved fruits and wine from Portugal, American biscuits, Cork butter, and English beer were displayed, and no expense was spared in the entertainment. After the feast card-playing commenced and continued till eleven o'clock at night.

As far as a mere traveller could judge, the Portuguese seemed to be sociable and willing to aid each other. They have neither doctor, apothecary, school, nor priest. Fevers are prevalent, and, when taken ill, they trust to each other and to Providence: they have however a good idea of what ought to be done in such cases, and they freely impart to each other whatever medicinal skill they possess. None of these gentlemen had Portuguese wives. They come out here in order to make a little money, and then return to Lisbon. They frequently have families by native women, and it was particularly

gratifying to me to view the liberality with which people of colour were treated by the Portuguese. Instances of half-caste children being abandoned, so common in the south, are here extremely rare. They are acknowledged at table, and provided for by their fathers, as if they were European. The coloured clerks of the merchants sit at the same table with their employers, without any embarrassment. This consideration is probably the result of the position the whites occupy—being only a handful among thousands of blacks; but however this may be, nowhere else in Africa is there so much goodwill between Europeans and natives as here.

As the traders of Cassange were the first white men we reached, we sold the tusks belonging to Sekeletu, which had been brought to test the difference of prices in the Makololo and white men's country. The result was highly satisfactory to my companions, as the Portuguese give much larger prices for ivory than the traders from the Cape, who labour under the double disadvantage of overland expenses and ruinous restrictions. Two muskets, three small barrels of gunpowder, and English calico and baize sufficient to clothe my whole party, with large bunches of beads, were given in exchange for one tusk, to the great delight of those who had been accustomed to get only one gun for two tusks. With another tusk we procured calico, which is the chief currency here, to pay our way down to the coast. The remaining two were sold for money, in order to purchase a horse for Sekeletu at Loanda.

The superiority of this new market astounded the Makololo, and they began to abuse the traders by whom they had been visited in their own country, and who had, as they now declared, "cheated them." They had

no idea of the value of time and carriage, and it was somewhat difficult for me to convince them that the difference of prices arose from their having come hither; but that, if the Portuguese had to carry goods to their country, they would not be so liberal in their prices. I believe I gave them at last a clear idea of the manner in which prices were regulated by the expenses incurred; and when we went to Loanda, and saw goods delivered at a still cheaper rate, they concluded that it would be better for them to come to that city than to trade at Cassange.

The Commandant very handsomely offered me a soldier as a guard to Ambaca. My men told me that they had been thinking it would be better to turn back here, as they had been informed by the people of colour at Cassange that I was leading them down to the sea-coast only to sell them, and that they would be taken on board ship, fattened, and eaten by the white men, who were cannibals. I told them that, if they doubted my intentions, they had better not go to the coast; but that I was determined to proceed. They replied that they only thought it right to tell me what had been told to them, but that they had no intention of leaving me, and would follow wherever I led the way. This affair being disposed of for the time, the Commandant gave them an ox, and entertained me at a friendly dinner before parting. All the merchants of Cassange accompanied us to the edge of the plateau on which the village stands, and I parted from them with the feeling in my mind that I should never forget their disinterested kindness. They not only did everything they could to make myself and my men comfortable during our stay, but they furnished me with letters of recommendation to their friends in Loanda, where there are no hotels,

requesting them to receive me into their houses. May God remember them in their day of need!

From Cassange we had still about 300 miles to traverse before we reached the coast. We had a black militia corporal as a guide, a native of Ambaca, who, like most of the inhabitants of that district, was able to read and write. He had three slaves to carry him in a "tipoa," or hammock, slung to a pole: but as they were young, and unable to convey him far at a time, he was considerate enough to walk except when we came near to a village, when he mounted his tipoa and entered in state, his departure being made in the same manner. Two slaves were always employed in carrying his tipoa, and the third carried a wooden box about three feet long, containing his writing materials, dishes, and clothing. He was cleanly in all his ways, and, though quite black himself, abused others of his own colour as "negroes." When he wanted to purchase any article from a village, he would sit down, mix a little gunpowder as ink, and write a note in a neat hand to ask the price, addressing it to the shopkeeper with the rather pompous title "Illustrissimo Senhor" (Most Illustrious Sir), which is the invariable mode of address throughout Angola. The answer would be in the same style, and, if satisfactory, another note followed to conclude the bargain. There is so much of this note correspondence carried on in Angola, that a very large quantity of paper is consumed in it. Some other peculiarities of our guide were not so pleasing. We were often cheated through his connivance with the sellers of food, and could perceive that he got a share of the plunder from them. Food, though very cheap, was generally made dear enough for us, until I refused to allow him to come near the place where we were bargaining. However,

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back." But I said, "Tell him to observe that I am not afraid of him;" and, turning, mounted my ox and took my departure. I mention this little skirmish with the object of showing that the negro character in these parts is essentially cowardly, except when influenced by success. Individually these tribes have but little power, but a partial triumph over any body of men would induce the whole country to rise in arms, and this is the chief danger to be feared.

In the evening we came to Moena Kikanje, and found him a sensible man. He is the last of the Chiboque chiefs in this direction, and is in alliance with Matiamvo, whose territory commences a short distance beyond. His village is placed on the east bank of the Quilo, which is here twenty yards wide, and breast deep. The country was generally covered with forest, and we slept every night at some village. I was so weak, and had become so deaf from the effects of the fever, that I was glad to avail myself of the company of Senhor Pascoal and the other native traders. Our rate of travelling was only seven geographical miles a day, and two-thirds of the month was spent in stoppages caused by sickness, and the necessity of remaining in different parts to purchase food.

One of the Pombeiros had eight good-looking women in a chain, whom he was taking to the country of Matiamvo to sell for ivory. They always looked ashamed when I happened to come near them, and felt keenly their degraded position. The terms applied to slaves must sound strangely even to the ears of their owners when they first come from Europe. In Angola the common appellation is "o diabo," or "brutu;" and it is quite usual to hear gentlemen call out "O diabo! bring fire." In eastern Africa, on the contrary, they

apply the term "bicho" (an animal), and you hear the phrase, "Call the *animal* to do this or that." In fact, slave-owners come to regard their slaves as not human, and will curse them as the "race of a dog."

We crossed the Loange, a deep but narrow stream, forming the boundary of Londa on the west. Thence we reached the banks of the Pezo, now flooded, and could not but admire the capabilities for easy irrigation afforded by it. On the 25th of April we were at the river Chikápa,, which we found to be here fifty or sixty-yards wide, and flowing E.N.E. into the Kasai. The adjacent country is of the same level nature as that part of Londa formerly described; but having come further northward than in our previous journey, we found that all the rivers flowed in much deeper valleys than at the points we had formerly crossed them. Beyond the Chikápa we crossed one of its tributaries, named the Kamáue, a small deep stream proceeding from the S.S.W.; and on the 30th of April we reached the Loajima, where we had to form a bridge to effect our passage. This was not so difficult an operation as might be imagined; a tree happened to be growing in a horizontal position across part of the stream, and the tough climbing plants, which admit of being knitted like ropes, supplied the materials necessary for completing the structure. The Loajima was here about twenty-five yards wide, but very much deeper than where I had crossed it before on the shoulders of Mashauana. The last rain of this season had fallen on the 28th, and had suddenly been followed by a great decrease of the temperature. The people in these parts seemed more slender in form, and their colour a lighter olive, than any we had hitherto met.

CHAPTER XIX

WE made a little *détour* to the southward, in order to get provisions in a cheaper market. This led us among a people who had not been visited so frequently by the slave-traders as the rest, and who were therefore rather timid and very civil. The same olive complexion prevailed, as also does the custom of filing their teeth to a point, which makes the smile of the women frightful, as it reminds one of the grin of an alligator. The inhabitants throughout this country exhibit just as great a variety of taste as any civilised community. Many of the men are dandies, with their shoulders dripping with the oil from their lubricated hair, and everything about them ornamented in one way or another. Some spend the whole day and even portions of the night in thrumming a musical instrument for their own sole gratification. Others try to appear warlike by never going out of their huts, except with a load of bows and arrows, or a gun ornamented with a strip of hide for every animal they have shot; and others never go anywhere without a canary in a cage. Ladies may be seen carefully tending little lapdogs, which are intended to be eaten. Their villages are generally in forests, and are composed of irregular groups of brown huts, with banana and cotton trees, and tobacco growing around. Every hut is provided with a high stage for drying manioc roots and meal, and with cages to hold domestic fowls. Round baskets are laid on the thatch of the huts for the hens to lay in, and, on the arrival of strangers, men, women, and children ply their calling as hucksters, with

a great deal of noisy haggling, but still with civility and good temper. Animal food is very scarce among these people, and even birds are rare, from the extent to which they have been consumed. Moles and mice constitute important articles of diet among them; and traps may be seen fringing the paths for miles together at intervals of ten or fifteen yards.

We passed on through forests abounding in climbing-plants, many of which are so extremely tough as to require the use of a hatchet; the carriers are frequently obliged to cut them with their teeth, for no amount of tugging will make them break. The paths in all these forests are so zigzag that thirty miles along them does not exceed half that amount in direct distance. On the 7th of May we reached the river Moamba, a stream thirty yards wide, and, like the Quila, Loange, Chikápa, and Loajima, containing both alligators and hippopotami. Not a bird was to be seen, except now and then a tomtit, some of the *Sylviadæ* and *Drymoica*, and a black bird common throughout the country. We were gladdened by the voice of birds only near the rivers, and even there they were neither numerous nor varied. The Senegal longelaw, however, maintained its place, and was the largest bird we saw, and we once came on a butcher-bird in a trap. Small animals are rare, as they have been hunted almost to extermination, and of insects ants alone abounded. Few common flies were to be seen, nor were we ever troubled by mosquitoes. The want of life in the scenery made me long for the banks of the Zambesi, with its herds of graceful antelopes, dark buffaloes, and sleek elands.

We crossed two small streams, the Kanesi and Fombeji, before reaching Cabango, on the banks of the Chihombo. The country was becoming more densely

peopled as we proceeded, but the population was scanty compared to what it might sustain. Provisions were in great abundance; a fowl and basket of meal weighing 20 lbs, were sold for a yard and a half of very inferior cotton-cloth, worth not more than three pence. At this rate four persons can be well fed with animal and vegetable food at the rate of a penny a day. The chief vegetable food is the manioc and lotsa meal. These contain a very large proportion of starch, and when eaten alone for any length of time produce a most distressing heartburn and a weakness of vision; but when mixed with a proportion of ground-nuts, which contain a considerable quantity of oil, they produce no injurious effects.

Cabango is the dwelling-place of Muanzánza, one of Matiamvo's subordinate chiefs. The village consists of about two hundred native huts, and ten or twelve square houses, constructed of poles with grass interwoven, which are occupied by half-caste Portuguese from Ambaca, agents for the Cassange traders. The cold in the mornings was now severe to the feelings, the thermometer in the open air ranging from 58° to 60° at 6 A.M., and rising to 80° in the shade about midday. A person having died in the village, we could transact no business with the chief until the funeral obsequies, which occupied four days, were finished. These days I spent in writing up my journal in order to send it back to Loanda by a party of traders.

I should have been glad to pay a visit to Matiamvo, and then descend the branch of the Zambesi, which traverses the district to the eastward of his capital. But from all I could hear of Matiamvo, there was no chance of my being allowed to proceed through his country to the southward, and, if I had gone merely to visit him,

all my goods would have been expended by the time I returned to Cabango; I therefore reluctantly gave up the plan.

As we determined to strike away to the S.E. from Cabango to our old friend Katema, I asked a guide from Muanzánza as soon as the funeral proceedings were over. He agreed to furnish one, and also accepted a smaller present from me than usual, on learning that I was not a trader. He seemed to regard these presents as his proper dues; and as a cargo of goods had come by Senhor Pascoal, he entered the house for the purpose of receiving his share, when he was gravely presented with the commonest earthenware vessel, which he received with expressions of abundant gratitude.

The Balonda in this quarter are much more agreeable-looking than any of the inhabitants nearer the coast. The women allow their teeth to remain in their white state, and would be comely, but for the custom of inserting pieces of reed into the cartilage of the nose, by which the nostrils become expanded. They seem generally to be in good spirits, and spend their time in gossip, funeral ceremonies, and marriages. This flow of animal spirits must be one reason why they are such an indestructible race.

We were forced to prepay our guide and his father too, and yet he went but one day with us, although he promised to go to Katema. He was not in the least ashamed at breaking his engagements, and probably no disgrace will be attached to the deed by Muanzánza. My men would gladly have stripped him of the wages, which he wore on his person, but, as we had always acted on the mildest principles, they let him move off with his unearned gains. The reason why we needed a guide at all was to secure the convenience of a path,

which, though generally no better than a sheep-walk, is much easier than going straight in one direction, through tangled forests and tropical vegetation. We knew the general direction we ought to follow, and also if any deviation occurred from our proper route; but we could not without a guide avoid impassable forests and bogs, or get to the proper fords of the rivers.

After leaving Cabango on the 21st we crossed several little streams running into the Chihombo on our left, in one of which I saw tree ferns for the first time in Africa. We saw also grass-trees of two varieties, which in damp localities attained a height of forty feet. On crossing the Chihombo, about twelve miles above Cabango, we found it waist-deep and rapid, and we were delighted to see the evidences of buffaloes and hippopotami on its banks. As soon as we got away from the track of the slave-traders the more kindly spirit of the southern Balonda appeared, for an old man brought a large present of food from one of the villages, and volunteered himself to go as our guide. The people, however, of the numerous villages through which we passed, always made efforts to detain us, that they might have a little trade in the way of furnishing our suppers. Sometimes large pots of beer were offered to us as a temptation. Occasionally the head-man would peremptorily order us to halt under a tree which he pointed out. At other times young men volunteered to guide us to the impassable part of the next bog. At one village, indeed, they would not show us the path at all, unless we remained at least a day with them. Having started by ourselves, we took a path in the right direction, but it led us into an inextricable thicket. Returning to the village, we tried another footpath in a similar direction, and with a similar result. We were thus forced to come back and

remain until the following morning, when they put us in the proper path. Beyond this forest we found the village of Nyakalonga, a sister of the late Matiamvo, who treated us handsomely. She wished her people to guide us to the next village, but this they declined doing unless we traded with them. She then requested us to wait an hour or two till she could get ready a present of meal, manioc-roots, ground-nuts, and a fowl, and she sent her son to the next village without requiring payment. It was truly pleasant to meet with people possessing some civility, after the hauteur we had experienced on the slave-path. The stream which ran past her village was quite impassable for a distance of about a mile both up and down stream, the bog being soft and about six feet deep.

On the 28th we reached the village of the chief Bango, who brought us a handsome present of meal, and the meat of an entire pallah. We here slaughtered the last of the cows we had brought with us, and we offered a leg of it to Bango; but he informed us that neither he nor his people ever partook of beef, as they looked upon cattle as human, and living at home like men. Several other tribes refuse to keep cattle, on the ground that oxen bring enemies and war; but this is the first instance I have met with in which they have been refused as food when offered by others. The fact of killing the pallahs for food shows that the objection does not extend to meat in general.

May 30th.—We left Bango, and proceeded to the river Loembwe, which flows to the N.N.E., through a valley about a quarter of a mile wide, remarkable for its picturesque, parkish scenery. Like all the African rivers in this quarter, it has morasses on each bank, and abounds in hippopotami. The villages are widely apart

and difficult of access, the paths being so covered with tall grass that even an ox can scarcely follow the track. The grass cut the feet of my men; yet we met a woman with a little child, and a girl, wending their way home with loads of manioc without appearing to suffer from this cause. The unexpected sight of a white man always infuses a tremor into their dark bosoms, and in every case of the kind they appeared immensely relieved when I had fairly passed. In the villages the dogs run away with their tails between their legs, as if they had seen a lion; the women peer from behind the walls till he comes near them, and then hastily dash into the house; little children meeting you in the street set up such a screaming that they seem to be on the point of going into fits. Among the Bechuanas I have been obliged to reprove the women for making a hobgoblin of the white man, and telling their children that they would send for him to bite them.

Having passed the Loembwe, we entered a more open country, occasionally intersected by small valleys, through which ran rills in the midst of bogs. These were always difficult to pass, and, being numerous, kept the lower part of the person constantly wet. At different points in our course we came upon votive offerings to the Barimo, usually consisting of food; every deserted village still contained its idols and little sheds with pots of medicine in them. One afternoon we passed a small frame-house, with the head of an ox in it as an object of worship. The dreary uniformity of gloomy forests and open flats must have a depressing influence on the minds of the people. Some villages appear more superstitious than others, if we may judge from the greater number of idols they contain.

Only on one occasion did we witness a specimen of

quarrelling. An old woman, standing by our camp, continued for hours to belabour a young man with her tongue. Irritated at last, he uttered some words of impatience, when another man sprang at him, exclaiming, "How dare you curse my 'mama'?" They caught each other, and a sort of wrestling-match ensued, which ended by one falling under the other. This trifling incident was of interest to me, for during the whole period of my residence in the Bechuana country I never saw unarmed men strike each other. Their disputes are usually conducted with great volubility and noisy swearing, but generally terminate by both parties bursting into a laugh.

Throughout this region the women are almost entirely naked, their gowns being a patch of cloth frightfully narrow, with no flounces; and nothing could exceed the eagerness with which they offered to purchase strips of calico of an inferior description. They were delighted at getting pieces about two feet long in exchange for a fowl and a basket of upwards of 20 lbs. of meal. Many of the women, with true maternal feelings, held up their little naked babies, entreating us to sell only a little rag for them. The fire, they say, is their only clothing by night, and the little ones derive heat by clinging closely to their parents. Instead of a skin or cloth to carry their babies in, the women plait a belt, about four inches broad, of the inner bark of a tree, and this, hung like a soldier's belt, enables them to support the child by placing it on their side in a sitting position.

On the evening of the 2nd of June we reached the village of Kawawa, consisting of forty or fifty huts, in the midst of a forest. Drums were beating over the body of a man who had died the preceding day, and some women were making a clamorous wail at the door of his

hut, and addressing the deceased as if alive. A person fantastically dressed with a great number of feathers, who was intended to represent one of the Barimo, left the people at the dance, and went away into the deep forest in the morning, to return again to the obsequies in the evening.

In the morning Kawawa visited us, and we spent nearly the whole day in conversation with him and his people. When we visited him in return we found him in his large court-house, which, though of a beehive shape, was remarkably well built. As I had shown him a number of curiosities, he now produced a jug of English ware, shaped like an old man holding a can of beer in his hand, as the greatest curiosity he had to exhibit. In the evening I exhibited the pictures of the magic-lantern, and all were delighted except Kawawa himself. He showed symptoms of dread, and several times started up as if to run away, but was prevented by the crowd behind.

Nothing could exceed the civilities which had passed between Kawawa and ourselves; but he had heard that the Chiboque had forced us to pay an ox, and now thought he might do the same. When therefore I sent next morning to let him know that we were ready to start, he replied in his figurative way, "If an ox came in the way of a man, ought he not to eat it?" I had given one to the Chiboque, and therefore he claimed the same, together with a gun, gunpowder, and a black robe like one he had seen the day before; if I refused an ox, I was told that I must give one of my men, and a book by which he might see the state of Matiamvo's heart towards him, and which would forewarn him, should Matiamvo ever resolve to cut off his head. Kawawa came in the coolest manner possible to our

encampment after sending this message, and told me he had seen all our goods, and must have all he asked, otherwise he would prevent us from passing the Kasai. I replied that I would never have it said that a white man had paid tribute to a black; and that I should cross the Kasai in spite of him. He ordered his people to arm themselves, and, when my men saw them rushing for their weapons, some of them became somewhat panic-stricken. I ordered them to move away, and took the lead, expecting them all to follow. Many, however, remained behind, upon which I jumped off the ox, and made a rush at them with the revolver in my hand. Kawawa ran away amongst his people, who also turned their backs. I shouted to my men to take up their luggage and march; and then we all moved in to the forest, the people of Kawawa standing about a hundred yards off, gazing, but not firing a shot or an arrow. Kawawa was not to be balked of his supposed rights by the unceremonious way in which we had left him, for, when we reached the ford of the Kasai about ten miles distant, we found that he had sent four of his men with orders to the ferrymen to refuse us passage. The canoes were taken away before our eyes, and we were supposed to be quite helpless without them, with a river before us a good hundred yards broad, and very deep. Pitsane stood on the bank, gazing with apparent indifference on the stream, but all the while making an accurate observation of the spot where the canoes were hidden among the reeds. After it was dark one of them was quietly abstracted from its hiding-place, and we were soon snug in our bivouac on the southern bank of the Kasai. I left some beads, as payment for some meal which had been presented by the ferrymen; and as the canoe was left on the north side of the river, Pitsane and his com-

panions laughed uproariously at the idea of our enemies' perplexity as to who had paddled us across. As we were about to depart in the morning, Kawawa's people appeared on the opposite heights, and could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw us prepared to start away to the south. At last one of them called out, "Ah! ye are bad." To which Pitsane and his companions retorted, "Ah! ye are good; and we thank you for the loan of your canoc."

CHAPTER XX

AFTER leaving the Kasai we entered upon the extensive level plains which we had formerly found flooded. The water on them was not yet dried up, but still remained in hollow spots. Vultures were seen floating in the air, showing that carrion was to be found; and, indeed, we saw several of the large game, but so exceedingly wild as to be unapproachable.

During our second day on this extensive plain I suffered from my twenty-seventh attack of fever, at a spot where no surface water was to be found. We never thought it necessary to carry water with us in this region; and now, when I was quite unable to move on, my men soon found water to allay my burning thirst by digging a few feet beneath the surface. We had thus an opportunity of observing the state of these remarkable plains at different seasons of the year. Next day we pursued our way, and on the 8th of June we forded the Lotembwa to the N.W. of Dilolo, and regained our former path. The Lotembwa here is about a mile wide, about three feet deep, and full of the lotus, papyrus, arum, mat-rushes, and other aquatic plants. I did not observe the course in which the water flowed, while crossing; but I supposed it to be simply a prolongation of the river which we had seen on our previous progress running southwards from lake Dilolo. When, however, we came to the Southern Lotembwa, we were informed by Shakatwala that the river we had crossed flowed in an opposite direction—not into Dilolo, but northwards into the Kasai. This phenomenon of a river running

in opposite directions struck even his mind as strange ; but I have no doubt that his assertion was correct, and that the Dilolo is actually the watershed between the river systems that flow to the east and west. I now for the first time apprehended the true form of the river systems and continent. I had learnt, partly from my own observation and partly from information derived from others, that the rivers of this part of Africa took their rise in the same elevated region, and that all united in two main drains, the one flowing to the N. by the Congo, and the other to the S. by the Zambesi. I was now standing on the central ridge that divided these two systems, and I was surprised to find how slight its elevation was : instead of the lofty snow-clad mountains which we might have expected, we found perfectly flat plains not more than 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, and 1,000 feet lower than the western ridge we had already passed.

After crossing the Northern Lotembwa we met a party of the people of Kangénke, who had treated us kindly on our way to the north ; we sent him a robe of striped calico, with an explanation of our reason for not returning through his village. We then went on to lake Dilolo. Though labouring under fever, the sight of the blue waters, and the waves lashing the shore, had a most soothing influence on my mind, after the monotony of the lifeless, flat, and gloomy forest. We found Moene Dilolo (Lord of the Lake) a fat jolly fellow, who lamented that he was always out of beer when strangers happened to arrive. He gave us a handsome present of meal and putrid buffalo's flesh, which latter is used here in small quantities as a sauce to the tasteless manioc. His men were at this time hunting antelopes, in order to send the skins as a tribute to Matiamvo.

June 14th.—We reached the collection of straggling villages over which Katema rules, and were thankful to see old familiar faces again. In the absence of Katema, who was hunting skins for Matiamvo, Shakatwala performed the part of a chief by bringing forth abundant supplies of food in his master's name. On the 15th Katema came home, having heard of our arrival. He desired me to rest myself and eat abundantly; and he took good care to give the means of doing so. All the people in these parts were extremely kind and liberal with their food, and Katema was not behindhand. When he visited our encampment I presented him, according to the promise I had made in going to Loanda, with a cloak of red baize, ornamented with gold tinsel, which cost thirty shillings, as well as a cotton robe, large and small beads, an iron spoon, and a tin pannikin containing a quarter of a pound of powder. He seemed greatly pleased with the liberality shown, and asked if I could not make a dress for him like the one I wore, so that he might appear as a white man when any stranger visited him. On departing he mounted on the shoulders of his spokesman, as the most dignified mode of retiring. The spokesman being a slender man, and the chief six feet high and stout in proportion, there would have been a breakdown, had he not been accustomed to it. On the morrow he presented us with a cow, to eat with the abundant supplies of meal he had given. He then departed for the hunting-ground, after assuring me that the town and everything in it were mine, and that his factotum, Shakatwala, would remain and attend to every want, and also conduct us to the Leebea.

On attempting to slaughter the cow presented to us, we found the herd as wild as buffaloes; at the sound of

a gun they fled many miles into the forest, and were with great difficulty brought back: even the herdsman was afraid to go near them. The majority of them were white, and they were all beautiful animals. After hunting our cow for two days it was at last despatched.

Leaving Katema's town on the 19th, and proceeding four miles to the eastward, we forded the southern branch of lake Dilolo, which was here a mile and a quarter broad. The ford was waist-deep, and much encumbered with masses of arum and rushes. Going to the eastward about three miles, we came to the Southern Lotembwa itself, which issues from the branch of the lake above referred to, and runs in a valley two miles broad. It is here eighty or ninety yards wide, and contains numerous islands covered with a dense sylvan vegetation. In the rainy season the valley is flooded, and, as the waters retire, great multitudes of fish are caught by means of weirs. A species of small fish, about the size of the minnow, which is caught in great abundance, is dried in the sun, and has a pungent aromatic flavour. On many of the paths which had been flooded a nasty sort of slime of decayed vegetable matter is left behind, inducing much sickness. We did not find our friend Mozinkwa at his pleasant home on the Lokaloeje; his wife was dead, and he had removed elsewhere. He followed us some distance, but our reappearance seemed only to revive his sorrow. We found the pontoon at the village in which we left it. It had been carefully preserved; but a mouse had eaten a hole in it, and rendered it useless.

We traversed the extended plain on the north bank of the Leebe, and crossed this river a little farther on at Kanyonke's village, about twenty miles west of our former ford. The first stage beyond the Leebe brought

us to the village of Chebende, nephew of Shinté; and next day we met Chebende himself, returning from his father's funeral, looking thin and haggard, probably from the effect of the orgies in which he had been engaged. Pitsane and Mohorisi, having concocted the project of a Makololo village on the banks of the Leeba as an approach to the white man's market, spoke to Chebende on the subject, but he cautiously avoided expressing an opinion. Their idea of forming an establishment somewhere near the confluence of the Leeba and Zambesi commended itself to my judgment as a point geographically suitable for civilization and commerce. The right bank of the Leeba there is never flooded; and from that point there is communication by means of canoes to the country of the Kanyika, and also to Cazembe. There is no obstruction down to the Barotse valley; and there is probably canoe navigation down the Kafue or Bashukulompo river, which flows through the fertile and well-peopled district of the Bamasasa.

Before reaching the town of Shinté we passed through many large villages of the Balobale, who had fled from their chief, Kangénke. The Mambari from Bihe come constantly to him for trade; and as he sells his people, great numbers of them escape to Shinté and Katema, who refuse to give them up. We reached our friend Shinté, and received a hearty welcome from the old man, accompanied with abundance of provisions. As I had been desirous of introducing some of the fruit trees of Angola, we had brought a pot containing cuttings of orange, cashew, custard-apple, and fig-trees, with coffee, aracas, and papaws. Fearing that, if we took them further south, they might be killed by the cold, we planted them out in an enclosure of one of Shinté's

principal men, and, at his request, promised to give Shinté a share when grown. My men had collected quantities of seeds in Angola, and now distributed them amongst their friends. Some even carried onions, garlic, and bird's-eye pepper, growing in pannikins. The courts of the Balonda, planted with tobacco, sugar-cane, and plants used as relishes, led me to the belief that care would be taken of my little nursery. They know the value of fruits, but at present have only wild ones. As a proof of this I may mention that Shinté eagerly accepted some of the seeds of the palm-oil tree when told that this would produce oil in much greater quantity than their native tree, which is not a palm, but a wild tree, the fruit of which when boiled yields a considerable quantity of oil.

On the 6th of July we parted on the best possible terms with our friend Shinté, and proceeded by our former path to the village of his sister Nyamoána, who was now a widow. She received us with much apparent feeling, and said, "We had removed from our former abode to the place where you found us, and had no idea then that it was the spot where my husband was to die." And they never remain in a place where death has once visited them, she had come to the river Lofujé. We borrowed five small canoes from her, to proceed down the Leebe. My companions purchased also a number of small canoes from the Balonda. These are made quite thin and light, and as sharp as racing-skiffs, in order that they may be used in hunting animals in the water. The price paid was a string of beads equal to the length of the canoe. I thought the Leebe at least a third larger than the Coanza at Massangano, and upwards of two hundred yards wide. It had risen above forty feet during the late flood, but this was probably more than usual.

In descending the Leeba we saw many herds of wild animals, especially the tahetsi, a magnificent antelope, the putokuane, and two fine lions. The Balobale, however, are getting well supplied with guns, and will soon thin out the large game.

Before reaching the Makondo rivulet, we came upon the tsetse in such numbers that my poor ox was bitten in several places, in spite of a man with a branch warding them off. Next morning the bites were marked by patches of hair, about half an inch broad, being wetted by exudation. Poor Sinbad had carried me from the Leeba to Golungo Alto, and back again, without losing any of his peculiarities, or ever becoming reconciled to his hard fate in being forced away each morning from the pleasant pasturage on which he had fed. I wished to give the climax to his usefulness by having him slaughtered at once, but my men had some compunction on this head, and therefore we carried him to end his days in peace at Naliele.

Having despatched a message to our old friend Manenko, we halted for a day opposite her village, which was about fifteen miles from the river. She was unable to come so far herself, but her husband was instantly despatched to meet us, with liberal presents of food. Sambánza gave us a detailed account of the political affairs of the country, and next morning performed the ceremony called "*Kasendi*," for cementing our friendship. It is accomplished thus: The hands of the parties are joined, and small incisions are made on them, as well as on the pit of the stomach and on the right cheek and forehead of each. A small quantity of blood is taken off from these points by means of a stalk of grass, and that of each person is put into a separate pot of beer; each then drinks the other's blood, and

they are supposed to become perpetual friends or relations. During the drinking of the beer some of the party beat the ground with short clubs, and utter sentences by way of ratifying the treaty. The men belonging to each then finish the beer. The principals in the performance of "*Kasendi*" are henceforth considered blood-relations, and are bound to disclose to each other any impending evil. In the present case Pitsane and Sambanza were the parties engaged: if then Sekeletu should resolve to attack the Balonda, Pitsane would be under an obligation to give Sambanza due warning of it, and *vice versâ*. They now presented each other with the most valuable presents they had to bestow. Sambanza walked off with Pitsane's suit of green-baize faced with red, which had been made in Loanda; and Pitsane, besides abundant supplies of food, obtained two shells similar to the one I had received from Shinté.

On one occasion I became blood-relation to a young woman by accident. She wished me to remove a tumour which had grown between the bones of the fore-arm, and which had gradually enlarged until she became unable to work. While performing the operation, one of the small arteries squirted some blood into my eye. As I was wiping the blood out of it, she remarked, "You were a friend before, now you are a blood-relation; whenever you pass this way, send me word, that I may cook food for you." In creating these friendships, my men had the full intention of returning; each one had his *Molekane* (friend) in every village of the friendly Balonda. Mohorisi even married a wife in the town of Katema, and Pitsane took another in the town of Shinté. These alliances were looked upon with great favour by the Balonda chiefs, as securing the goodwill of the Makololo.

On leaving this place we were deserted by one of our party, Mboenga, an Ambonda man, who had accompanied us all the way to Loanda and back. His father was living with Masiko, and it was natural for him to wish to join his own family again. He went off honestly, with the exception of taking a fine "tari" skin given me by Nyamoána. I regretted parting with him thus, and sent notice to him that he need not have run away, and that, if he wished to come to Sekeletu again, he would be welcome. We subsequently met a large party of Barotse fleeing in the same direction, but, when I represented to them that there was a probability of their being sold as slaves in Londa, they determined to return. They feel it a sore grievance to be obliged to live with Sekeletu at Linyanti, where there is neither fish, fowl, nor any other kind of food equal in quantity to what they enjoy in their own rich valley.

A short distance below the confluence of the Leeba and Zambesi we met a number of hunters belonging to the tribe called Mambowe, who live under Masiko. They stalk the animals disguised in headdresses made to represent the head either of a leche or a crane. With these they crawl through the grass, and can easily raise their heads so far as to see their prey without being recognised until they are within bowshot. They presented me with three fine water-turtles, one of which had upwards of forty eggs in its body. The egg has a flexible shell, and is of the same size at both ends, like the alligator's. The flesh, and especially the liver, is excellent. The Mambowe hunters joined our party, and on the following day discovered a dead hippopotamus, which they had previously wounded. This was the first feast of flesh my men had enjoyed, for, though the game was wonderfully abundant, I had quite got out of the

way of shooting, and missed perpetually. Once I went with the determination of getting so close that I should not miss a zebra. We followed one of the ramifications of the river in a small canoe, and two men, stooping down as low as they could, paddled it slowly along to an open space near to a herd of zebras and pokus. Although I had been most careful to approach near enough, I unfortunately only broke the hind leg of a zebra. My two men pursued it, but the loss of a hind leg does not prevent this animal from a gallop. As I walked slowly after the men on an extensive plain covered with a great crop of grass, which was laid flat by its own weight, I observed a solitary buffalo coming at me at a full gallop. I glanced around, but the only tree on the plain was a hundred yards off, and there was no escape elsewhere. I therefore cocked my rifle, with the intention of giving him a steady shot in the forehead when he should come within three or four yards of me. The thought flashed across my mind, "What if my gun were to miss fire?" I placed it to my shoulder as he came thundering and lumbering along at a tremendous pace. A small bush fifteen yards off made him swerve a little, and exposed his shoulder. I just heard the ball crack there, as I fell flat on my face. The pain made him renounce his purpose, for he bounded close past me on to the water, where he was found dead. In expressing my thankfulness to God among my men, they expressed themselves as much vexed at not having been present to shield me from this danger. The tree near me was a camel-thorn, which reminded me that we had returned from the land of evergreens to that of thorns.

July 27th.—We reached the town of Libonta, and were received with the most extravagant demonstrations

of joy. The women came forth to meet us with curious gestures and loud lulliloos. Some carried a mat and stick, in imitation of a spear and shield. Others rushed forward to kiss the hands and cheeks of their friends, raising such a dust that it was quite a relief to get the men assembled with proper African decorum in the kotla. We were looked upon as men risen from the dead, for the most skilful of their diviners had pronounced us to have perished long ago. After many expressions of joy at meeting, I rose and explained the causes of our long delay, leaving the detailed report to be made by their own countrymen. Pitsane then delivered a speech of upwards of an hour in length, giving a highly flattering picture of the whole journey, of the kindness of the white men in general, and of Mr. Gabriel in particular. He concluded by saying that I had done more for them than they expected; that I had not only opened up a path for them to the other white men, but had conciliated all the chiefs along the route. The following day was observed as one of thanksgiving to God for His goodness in restoring us in safety to our friends. My men decked themselves out in their best, and I found that, although their goods were finished, they had managed to save some suits of white European clothing, which, with their red caps, gave them rather a dashing appearance. They tried to walk like the soldiers they had seen in Loanda, and called themselves my "braves" (batlabani). During the service they all sat with their guns over their shoulders, to the unbounded admiration of the women and children. I addressed them all on the goodness of God in preserving us from all the various dangers of strange tribes and disease. The men gave us two fine oxen for slaughter, and the women supplied us abundantly with milk, meal, and butter. On our apolo-

gizing for having nothing to present in return, the Libontese answered gracefully, "It does not matter; you have opened a path for us, and we shall have sleep." Strangers flocked in from a distance, generally bringing presents, which I distributed amongst my men.

Our progress down the Barotse valley was quite an ovation; the people were wonderfully kind, and every village gave us an ox, and sometimes two. I felt most deeply grateful, and tried to benefit them in the only way I could, by imparting the knowledge of that Saviour who alone can comfort them in the time of need, and of that good Spirit who alone can instruct them and lead them into his kingdom. In passing them on our way to the north, their liberality might have been attributed to the hope of repayment on our return, for the white man's land is imagined to be the source of every ornament they prize most. But their present conduct proved that they had not been influenced by such an unworthy motive; for we received equal liberality now, though our own goods were exhausted. They saw that I had been exerting myself for their benefit alone, and even my men remarked, "Though we return as poor as we went, we have not gone in vain." They began immediately to collect tusks of hippopotami and other ivory for a second journey.

CHAPTER XXI

ON the 31st of July we parted with our kind Libonta friends. We planted some of our palm-tree seeds in different villages of this valley, but unfortunately they were always destroyed by the mice. At Chitlane's village we collected the young of a colony of the linkololo, a black long-legged bird of gregarious habits, somewhat larger than a crow, which lives on shellfish, and breeds among the reeds. Its haunts, being unchanged from year to year, are well known, and belong to the chiefs, who at particular times of the year gather most of the young. The produce of this "harvest," as they call it, which was presented to me, was a hundred and seventy-five unfledged birds. Double this amount would have been obtained if they had been gathered at an earlier period. The old ones look lean and scraggy, but the young are very fat, and when roasted are esteemed one of the dainties of the Barotse valley. In presents of this kind, it is customary for the person to whom they are presented to entertain his friends with them. We generally slaughtered each ox at the village where it was presented, and then our friends enjoyed themselves with us.

The village of Chitlane is situated, like all others in the Barotse valley, on an eminence above the level of the floods; this last year the water approached nearer to an entire submergence of the valley than on any previous occasion within the memory of man. Great numbers of people were now suffering from sickness, which always prevails during the subsidence of the waters; and I

found much demand for the medicines I had brought from Loanda. The great variation of the temperature each day must have a trying effect upon the health. At this village there is a real Indian banian-tree, which has spread itself over a considerable space by means of roots from its branches; it has been termed in consequence "the tree with legs" (more oa maotu). It is curious that trees of this family are looked upon with veneration, as they are supposed to have the faculty of averting misfortune from their neighbourhood. On reaching Naliele on the 1st of August we found Mpololo in great affliction on account of the death of his daughter, who had been murdered by one of the Makololo out of spite to him. The murderer was detected, and both he and his wife were thrown into the river, the latter for not having revealed her husband's intentions. She declared she had dissuaded him from the crime, and, had any one interposed a word, she might have been spared.

Mpololo exerted himself in every way to supply us with canoes in lieu of Shinté's, which we left with him. My men were exceedingly delighted with the cordial reception we met with everywhere; but they suffered an unlooked-for annoyance in finding in many cases that their wives had become the property of other husbands during our absence. Mashauana thus lost a wife who had borne him two children; he affected not to feel it, saying, "Why, wives are as plentiful as grass, and I can get another: she may go": but he would add, "If I had that fellow, I would open his ears for him." As most of them had more wives than one, I tried to console them by saying that they had enough left; but they felt galled by the reflection that, while they were toiling, another had been devouring their corn. Some of their wives came back with very young infants

in their arms, a circumstance which excited no discontent; in other cases the wives were restored by order of the chief.

Sunday, August 5th.—A large audience listened most attentively to my morning address. Surely some who would never have thought of our merciful Father, but for this visit, will remember the ideas conveyed, and pray to Him. The invariably kind treatment I received from these and many other heathen tribes in this central country, has led me to the belief that, if a person were to exert himself for their good, he will never be ill treated; there may be opposition to his doctrine, but none to himself.

I left Naliele on the 13th of August, and while proceeding down the river a female hippopotamus struck the canoe with her forehead, lifting one half of it quite out of the water, so as nearly to overturn it. The force of the butt she gave tilted Mashauana into the river: the rest of us swam to the shore, which was only about ten yards off. Glancing back, I saw the animal come to the surface a short way off, and look at the canoe, as if to see if she had done much mischief. This occurrence is so unusual when the precaution is taken to coast along the shore, that my men exclaimed, "Is the beast mad?" It turned out that her young one had been speared the day before. There were eight of us in the canoe at the time, and the shake it received shows the immense power of this animal in the water: no damage, however, was done beyond a wetting. On reaching Gonye, Mokwala the head-man having presented me with a tusk, I gave it to Pitsane, as he was eagerly collecting ivory for the Loanda market.

August 22nd.—It was now the end of winter. The trees which lined the banks were beginning to bud and

blossom; and the old foliage had assumed an orange hue of such brilliance that I mistook it for masses of yellow blossom. The leaves exhibited every variety of shade—yellow, purple, copper, liver-colour, and even inky black. From Gonye we proceeded down the river towards Sesheke, and were as much struck as formerly with this noble stream. The scenery is lovely, though its appearance was somewhat impaired by the peculiar murkiness of the atmosphere which prevails here as well as more to the south during the winter, the cause of which I am unable to explain.

Long before reaching Sesheke we had been informed that a party of Matebele had brought some packages of goods for me from Mr. Moffat to the south bank of the river, near the Victoria Falls. The Makololo imagined that the parcels were directed to me as a mere trick, whereby to place witchcraft-medicine into their hands. When therefore the Matebele on the south bank called to the Makololo on the north to come over in canoes and receive the goods sent by Moffat to "Nake," the Makololo replied, "Go along with you; we know better than that; how could he tell Moffat to send his things here, he having gone away to the north?" The Matebele answered, "Here are the goods; we place them before you; and if they perish, the guilt will be yours." When they had departed, the Makololo, with fear and trembling, carried the packages carefully to an island in the middle of the stream, and built a hut over them to protect them from the weather; and there I found them in September, 1855, after a year's interval, in perfect safety. I found the news was very old, and had lost much of its interest by keeping, but there were some good catables from Mrs. Moffat.

Having waited a few days at Sesheke for the horses

which we had left at Linyanti, we proceeded to that town, and found the waggon and everything we had left in November, 1853, perfectly safe. A grand meeting of all the people was convened to receive our report and the articles which had been sent by the governor and merchants of Loanda. I explained that none of these were my property, but that they were sent to show the friendly feelings of the white men, and their eagerness to enter into commercial relations with the Makololo. I then requested my companions to give a true account of what they had seen. The wonderful things lost nothing in the telling, the climax always being that they had finished the whole world, and had turned only when there was no more land. One glib old gentleman asked—"Then you reached Ma Robert (Mrs. L.)?" They were obliged to confess that she lived a little beyond the world! The presents were received with expressions of great satisfaction and delight; and on Sunday, when Sekeletu made his appearance at church in his uniform, he attracted more attention than the sermon; but the expressions they used towards myself were so very flattering that I felt inclined to shut my eyes to this peccadillo. Sekeletu immediately made arrangements to send a fresh party with a load of ivory to Loanda, while my companions remained at home to rest themselves. This party arrived on the west coast, but the ivory had been disposed of to some Portuguese merchants in the interior, and the men had been obliged to carry it down to Loanda. Mr. Gabriel, having learnt that they were in the city, went to them, and pronounced the names Pitsane, Mashauana, when all started up and crowded round him. He behaved to them in the same liberal manner as he had done to my companions, and they departed for their distant

home after bidding him a formal and affectionate adieu.

The Makololo expressed great satisfaction with the route we had opened up to the west, and soon after our arrival a "picho" was called, in order to discuss the question of removal to the Barotse valley, so that they might be nearer the market. Some of the older men objected to abandoning the line of defence afforded by the rivers Chobe and Zambesi against their southern enemies the Matebele. The Makololo generally dislike the Barotse valley, on account of the fevers which are engendered in it by the subsidence of the waters. They prefer it only as a cattle station, for, though the herds are frequently thinned by an epidemic disease (*peripneumonia*), they breed so fast that the losses are soon made good. Wherever else the Makololo go, they always leave a portion of their stock in the charge of herdsmen in that prolific valley. Some of the younger men objected to removal, because the rankness of the grass at the Barotse did not allow of their running fast, and because there "it never becomes cool." Sekeletu at last stood up, and said, "I am perfectly satisfied as to the great advantages of the path which you have opened, and think that we ought to go to the Barotse, in order to shorten the way to Loanda; but with whom am I to live there? If you were coming with us, I would remove to-morrow, but now you are going to the white mans' country to bring Ma Robert, and when you return you will find me near to the spot on which you wish to dwell."

Having found it impracticable to open up a carriage-way to the west, it became a question as to which part of the east coast we should direct our steps. Some Arabs, who had come from Zanzibar through a peaceful

country, assured me that the powerful chiefs beyond the Cazembe on the N.E. would have no objection to my passing through their country. They described the population as located in small villages like the Balonda, and that no difficulty is experienced in travelling amongst them. This route then appeared to me to be the safest; but as my object was to obtain water rather than land carriage, it did not promise so much as that by the Zambesi. The Makololo knew all the country eastwards as far as the Kafue, from having lived in former times near the confluence of that river with the Zambesi, and they all advised this path in preference to that by the way of Zanzibar. The only difficulty that they described arose from the falls of Victoria. Some recommended me to cross over from Sesheke in a N.E. direction to the Kafue, six days distant, and then descend that river to the Zambesi: others to follow the south bank of the Zambesi until I had passed the falls, and then proceed down the river in canoes. All spoke strongly of the difficulties of travelling on the north bank, on account of the excessively broken and rocky nature of the country near the river on that side. After much deliberation I decided on going down the Zambesi, and keeping on the north bank, under the impression that Tete, the farthest inland station of the Portuguese, lay on that side. Being near the end of September, the rains were expected daily; the clouds were collecting, and the wind blew strongly from the east, but it was excessively hot. The Makololo urged me strongly to remain till the ground should be cooled by the rains; and as it was probable that I should be laid up with fever if I commenced my journey now, I resolved to wait. The district between the 17th and 18th parallels is a kind of debateable border-land between the dry and

the humid regions, and partakes occasionally of the characteristics of each. Some idea may be formed of the heat in October by the fact that the thermometer in the shade of my waggon, and protected from the wind, stood at 100° through the day. It rose to 110° when exposed to the wind; after sunset it showed 89° , at 10 o'clock P.M. 80° , and then gradually sank to 70° at sunrise, which is usually the period of greatest cold in the twenty-four hours in this region. During the period of greatest heat the natives keep in their huts, which are always pleasantly cool by day, but close and suffocating by night. Those who are able to afford it sit guzzling beer or boyaloa, and keep up a continuous fire of bantering, raillery, laughing, and swearing. In the evenings they set to work dancing, and keep it up in the moonlight till past midnight, the women clapping their hands continuously, and the old men applauding and pronouncing it to be "really very fine!" Crowds came to see me, and I employed much of my time in conversation, which is a good mode of conveying instruction. In the public meetings for worship the people listened very attentively, and behaved with more decorum than formerly. They really form a very inviting field for a missionary. Surely the oft-told tale of the goodness and love of our Heavenly Father, in giving His own Son to die for us sinners, will, by the power of His Holy Spirit, beget love in some of these heathen hearts.

I had an opportunity of witnessing a summary mode of deciding between the claims of rival suitors. A maid-servant of Sekeletu, pronounced by the Makololo to be goodlooking, was sought in marriage by no less than five young men. Sekeletu, happening to be at my wagon when one of these preferred his suit, very coolly ordered all five to stand in a row before the young

woman, that she might make her choice. This was an unusual proceeding, as the consent of the young women is seldom asked. Two refused to stand, apparently because they could not brook the idea of a repulse: the remaining three stood forth, and she unhesitatingly selected the one who was best looking. It was amusing to see the mortification exhibited on the black faces of the unsuccessful candidates, while the spectators greeted them with a hearty laugh.

During the whole of my stay with the Makololo, Sekeletu supplied my wants abundantly, and, when I proposed to depart on the 20th of October, protested against my going off in such a hot sun. "Only wait," said he, "for the first shower, and then I will let you go." The heat had increased considerably during the last three weeks: the thermometer rose in the sun to 138° and in the shade to 108° . There was much sickness in the town, caused by the stagnant water left by the inundation, which still formed a large pond in the centre. Even the plains between Linyanti and Sesheke had not yet been freed from the floods, which had risen so much higher than usual, that canoes were able to pass from one place to another, for a distance of upwards of 120 miles, in nearly a straight line. Many pools of stagnant water, when disturbed, emitted a strong effluvium of sulphuretted hydrogen. Others exhibited an efflorescence of the nitrate of soda, and also contained abundance of lime, probably from decaying vegetable matter: these may have engendered the malaria which caused the present sickness.

I still possessed some of the coffee which I had brought from Angola, and some of the sugar which I had left in my waggon. So long as the sugar lasted, Sekeletu favoured me with his company at meals; but

it soon came to an end. The Makololo were well acquainted with the sugar-cane, but never knew that sugar could be got from it. When I explained the process by which it was produced, Sekeletu gave me an order for a sugar-mill. He also ordered all the different varieties of clothing that he had ever seen, especially a mohair coat, a good rifle, beads, brass-wire, &c., &c., and wound up by saying, "and any other beautiful thing you may see in your own country." As to the quantity of ivory required to execute the commission, I said I feared that a large amount would be necessary. Both he and his councillors replied, "The ivory is all your own; if you leave any in the country it will be your own fault." He was also anxious for horses, as the two I had left with him when I went to Loanda had been of great use to him in hunting the giraffe and eland. The donkeys, which I had brought from Loanda, travelled very well until we reached the Zambesi; but the amount of water they were obliged subsequently to cross exhausted their strength considerably, and we were at last obliged to leave them at Naliele. They excited the unbounded admiration of my men by their discrimination of different kinds of plants, which, as they remarked, "the animals had never before seen in their own country"; and when they indulged in their music they startled the inhabitants more than if they had been lions. As they were not affected by the bite of the tsetse, there was every probability of the experiment of their introduction proving successful.

27th October, 1855.—The first continuous rain of the season commenced during the night with the wind from the N.E., as at Kolobeng on similar occasions. The rainy season was thus begun, and I made ready to go. The mother of Sekeletu prepared a bag of ground-nuts,

by frying them in cream with a little salt, as a sort of sandwich for my journey. This is considered food fit for a chief. Others ground the maize from my own garden into meal, and Sekeletu pointed out Sekwébu and Kanyata as the persons who should head the party intended to form my company. Sekwébu had been captured by the Matebele when a little boy, and the tribe in which he was a captive had migrated to the country near Tete: he had travelled along both banks of the Zambesi several times, and was intimately acquainted with the dialects spoken there. He at once recommended our keeping well away from the river, both on account of the tsetse and the rocky country, and also because the Zambesi beyond the falls turns round to the N.N.E. Mamire, who had married the mother of Sekeletu, on coming to bid me farewell before starting, said, "You are now going among people who cannot be trusted because we have used them badly, but you go with a different message from any they ever heard before, and Jesus will be with you, and help you, though among enemies; and if he carries you safely and brings you and Ma Robert back again, I shall say he has bestowed a great favour upon me. May we obtain a path whereby we may visit and be visited by other tribes, and by white men!"

CHAPTER XXII

ON the 3rd of November we bade adieu to our friends at Linyanti, and departed accompanied by Sekeletu and 200 followers, who were all fed at his expense. We encountered a fearful thunderstorm as we were passing by night through the district occupied by the tsetse between Linyanti and Sesheke. About ten o'clock it became so pitchy dark that both horses and men were completely blinded, and this darkness was soon intensified by flashes of the most vivid lightning, which momentarily lit up the whole country, spreading over the sky in eight or ten branches at a time, in shape exactly like those of a tree. The horses trembled, snorted, and started, and every new flash revealed the men taking different directions, laughing, and stumbling against each other. The thunder was of that tremendously loud kind peculiar to tropical countries, and which appears to be louder in Africa than in India. The pelting rain, which followed, completed our confusion. After the intense heat of the day we soon felt miserably cold, and turned aside to a fire which had been made by some travellers; for this path is seldom without numbers of strangers passing to and from the capital. My clothing having gone on with an advanced guard of our party, I lay down on the cold ground, expecting to spend a miserable night, but Sekeletu kindly covered me with his own blanket, and lay uncovered himself. I was much affected by this little act of genuine kindness. If such men must perish by the advance of civilization, as cer-

tain races of animals do before others, it is a pity. God grant that ere this time comes they may receive that gospel which is a solace for the soul in death!

At Sesheke, Seketelu supplied me with twelve oxen—three of which were accustomed to being ridden upon, as well as with hoes, and beads to purchase a canoe, when we should strike the Zambesi beyond the falls. He likewise presented abundance of good fresh butter and honey, and did everything in his power to make me comfortable for the journey.

On the 13th we left Sesheke, some sailing down the river to the confluence of the Chobe, while others drove the cattle along the banks. We spent one night at Mparia, the island at the confluence of the Chobe, which is composed of trap, containing crystals of quartz encrusted with green copper ore. Attempting to proceed down the river next day, we were detained some hours by a strong east wind, which raised waves so large as to threaten to swamp the canoes. The river is here very large and deep, and contains two considerable islands, which seem from either bank to be joined to the opposite shore. While waiting for the wind to moderate, my friends related the traditions of these islands: they were formerly occupied by the Batoka, who used to entice wandering tribes to them, and there starved them: Sebituane on one occasion defeated this project with praiseworthy craft, by compelling the chiefs to remain by his side till all his cattle and people were ferried over. The Barotse believe that at certain parts of the river a tremendous monster lies hid, which lays hold of a canoe and keeps it motionless, in spite of the utmost exertions of the paddlers. Near Nameta they even objected to pass a spot supposed to be haunted, and proceeded along a branch instead of the main stream.

Having descended about ten miles, we came to the island of Nampéne, at the beginning of the rapids, where we were obliged to leave the canoes and proceed along the banks on foot. The next evening we slept opposite the island of Chondo, and, then crossing the Lekóne or Lekwine, reached early the following morning the island of Sekóte, called Kalái, which is surrounded by a rocky shore and deep channels, and is large enough to contain a considerable town. On the northern side I found the kotla of the elder Sekóte, garnished with numbers of human skulls mounted on poles: a large heap of the crania of hippopotami, the tusks untouched except by time, stood on one side. Near it, under some trees, we saw the grave of Sekóte, surrounded with an ornamental fence of seventy large elephants' tusks, planted with the points turned inwards; thirty more were placed over the resting-places of his relatives. Most of these were decaying from the effects of the sun and weather; but a few, which had enjoyed the shade, were in a pretty good condition. I felt inclined to take a specimen of the tusks of the hippopotami, as they were the largest I had ever seen; but I feared lest the people should look upon such an act as sacrilegious, and should regard any unfavourable event which might afterwards occur as a punishment for it. The Batoka believe that Sekóte had a pot of medicine buried here, which, when opened, would cause an epidemic in the country. These tyrants acted much on the fears of their people.

As this was the point from which we intended to strike off to the north-east, I resolved on the following day to visit the celebrated falls of the Zambesi. We had often heard of these since we came into the country: indeed one of the questions asked by Sebituane was, "Have you smoke that sounds in your country?" The

Makololo had not ventured near enough to examine them, but, viewing them with awe at a distance, said, in reference to the vapour and noise, "Mosi oa tunya," (smoke sounds there), and had hence given them the name of Mosiotunya. Previously to this they had been called Shongwe, the meaning of which I conjecture to be "seething caldron"; but I am not certain of it. Being persuaded that Mr. Oswell and myself were the very first Europeans who ever visited the Zambesi in the heart of the country, I decided to use the same liberty as the Makololo had done, and named them the "Falls of Victoria"—the only English name I have affixed to any part of the country.

Skeletu intended to accompany me, but, as only one canoe had come instead of the two he had ordered, he resigned it to me. After twenty minutes' sail from Kalai we came in sight of the columns of vapour, rising at a distance of five or six miles. There were five of them, their white bases standing out distinctly against a dark background of wooded hill, while their summits seemed to mingle with the clouds, and, apparently becoming darker as they ascended, made the resemblance to smoke remarkably exact. The whole scene is extremely beautiful; the banks and islands dotted over the river are adorned with sylvan vegetation of every variety of colour and form, and at the period of our visit several trees were spangled over with blossoms. Here, towering over all, stands the great burly baobab, each of whose enormous arms would form the trunk of a large tree; there, beside it, are groups of graceful palms, with their feathery-shaped leaves depicted on the sky, reminding us by their foreign appearance that we are far away from home. In another spot the silvery mohonono, which resembles the cedar of Lebanon, contrasts with the dark

colour of the motsouri, whose cypress-form was then dotted over with its pleasant scarlet fruit. Some trees, again, resemble the great spreading oak, while others assume the character of our elms and chestnuts. The falls are bounded on three sides by ridges 300 or 400 feet in height, covered with forest, with the red soil appearing here and there among the trees. When about half a mile from the falls I left the canoe by which I had come thus far, and embarked in a lighter one, manned by natives well acquainted with the rapids, who, availing themselves of the eddies and still pools caused by the jutting rocks, brought me to an island in the middle of the river, and on the very edge of the lip over which the water rolls. In coming hither there was danger of being swept down by the currents which rushed along on each side of the island; but the river was now low, otherwise it would have been impossible to reach the spot. From the end of the island where we first landed, though it was within a few yards of the falls, yet no one could perceive where the vast body of water went; it seemed to lose itself in the earth, disappearing into a transverse fissure only 80 feet wide. Creeping with awe to the extremity of the island, I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw that a stream of a thousand yards broad leaped down a hundred feet, and then became suddenly compressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. The falls are simply caused by a crack made in a hard basaltic rock from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi, and then prolonged from the left bank away through thirty or forty miles of hills. It is as though the Thames at London were to plunge into a chasm running at right angles to its general course (in other words in the direction of the

Tunnel), and were to be carried along some thirty miles in the same direction, scething and roaring between steep banks of black basaltic rock, only 100 feet apart from each other. In looking down into the fissure on the right of the island, nothing is visible but a dense white cloud, which, at the time we visited the spot, had two bright rainbows on it. From this cloud a great jet of vapour exactly like steam mounted up to a height of 200 or 300 feet; and then condensing, changed its hue to that of dark smoke, and came back in a constant shower, which soon wetted us to the skin.

From the left of the island the water at the bottom may be seen moving away in a white rolling mass to the prolongation of the fissure. A piece of rock has fallen off a spot on the left of the island, and juts out from the water below, and from it I judged the distance which the water falls to be about 100 feet. The walls of this gigantic crack are perpendicular, and composed of one homogenous mass of rock of a dark-brown colour. The edge of the side over which the water falls is worn off two or three feet, and pieces have fallen away, so as to give it a somewhat serrated appearance. The other edge is in a perfect state except at the left corner, where a piece seems inclined to fall off. On the left side of the island we had a good view of the mass of water which throws up one of the columns of vapour as it leaps quite clear of the rock, and forms a thick unbroken snow-white fleece all the way to the bottom. In falling it breaks up into a number of separate masses of water, each of which throws off several rays of foam. I can only compare the effect of these descending masses to the appearance of myriads of small comets rushing on in one direction, each drawing after it a long tail of foam. Of the five columns which I mentioned above, two on

the right and one on the left of the island were the largest, and the streams forming them seemed each to exceed in size the Clyde at Stonebyres, when that river is in flood. This was the period of low water in the Zambesi, but, as far as I could guess, it had a width of five or six hundred yards of water, and a depth, at the edge of the fall, of at least three feet. I estimated the total width of the river above the falls at a thousand yards, which is its ascertained width at Tetc.

The fissure is said by the Makololo to be very much deeper farther to the eastward; at one part the walls are so sloping that people can go down by descending in a sitting position. The Makololo, on one occasion pursuing some fugitive Batoka, saw them, unable to stop the impetus of their flight at the edge, literally dashed to pieces at the bottom. They beheld the stream like a "white cord" at the bottom, and so far down (probably 300 feet) that they became giddy, and were glad to turn away. With regard to the width of the stream at the bottom I am unable to give any information; from the hardness of the rock it might almost be inferred that the fissure was no broader at bottom than at top, yet it is probable that, beyond the falls, the sides of the fissure may have given way, and that the parts out of sight may be broader than the "white cord" on the surface. There may even be some ramifications of the fissure, which take a portion of the stream quite beneath the rocks; but this I did not learn.

At three spots near these falls, one of them being the island on which we were standing, three Batoka chiefs offered up prayers and sacrifices to the Barimo. They chose their places of prayer within the sound of the roar of the cataract, and in sight of the bright bows in the cloud. They must have looked upon the scene with

awe, enhanced by the character of mysteriousness with which the whole river is invested. The words of the canoe-song are—

“The Lccambye! Nobody knows
Whence it comes and whither it goes.”

The prismatic colours displayed on the spray, which they had seen elsewhere only as the rainbow, may have led them to the idea that this was the abode of Deity. Some of the Makololo who went with me near to Gonye looked upon the same sign with awe. When seen in the heavens it is named “motsé oa barimo”—the pestle of the gods. Here they could approach the emblem, and see it stand steadily above the blustering uproar below—a type of Him who sits supreme—alone unchangeable, though ruling over all changing things. But not aware of His true character, they had no admiration of the beautiful and good in their bosoms.

Having feasted my eyes long on the beautiful sight, I returned to my friends at Kalai, and on the following day revisited the island in company with Sekeletu, with the double object of ascertaining its position and of planting on it the peach and apricot-stones and the coffee-seeds that I had brought with me from the west coast. I selected a spot—not too near the chasm, for there the constant deposition of moisture nourished numbers of polypi of a mushroom shape and fleshy consistence—but somewhat back, and there I planted the stones and seeds. I had attempted fruit-trees before, but, when left in charge of my Makololo friends, they were always allowed to wither for want of moisture; here they would not suffer from this cause, as the ground was kept perpetually moist from the spray of the falls. I bargained for a hedge with one of the Makololo, and, if he is faithful, I have great hopes of Mosioatunya's

abilities as a nurseryman. My only source of fear is the hippopotami, whose footprints I saw on the island. When the garden was prepared I cut my initials on a tree, and the date 1855. This was the only instance in which I indulged in this piece of vanity. We then went up to Kalai again, and, on passing up, we had a view of the hut where my goods had lain so long in safety. It was under a group of palm-trees, and Sekeletu informed me that, so fully persuaded were most of the Makololo of the presence of dangerous charms in the packages, that, had I not returned to tell them the contrary, they never would have been touched.

20th November.—Sekeletu and his large party having conveyed me thus far, and furnished me with a company of 114 men to carry the tusks to the coast, we bade adieu to the Makololo, and proceeded northwards to the river Lekóne. The country around is very beautiful, and was once well peopled with Batoka, who possessed enormous herds of cattle. They had been, however, displaced by the Makololo, who made a foray among them under Sebituane, and who obtained so many cattle that they could not take any note of the herds of sheep and goats. The tsetse has occasionally been brought by buffaloes into districts where formerly cattle abounded. This was the case here, and we were consequently obliged to travel the first few stages by night, and were unable to detect the nature of the country; the path, however, seemed to lead along the high bank of what may have been the ancient bed of the Zambesi before the fissure was made. The Lekóne now winds in it, flowing back towards the centre of the country, in an opposite direction to that of the main stream. It was plain, then, that we were ascending as we went eastward, and I estimated the level of the lower portion of

the Lekóne to be about 200 feet above that of the Zambesi at the falls, and considerably more than the altitude of Linyanti; consequently, when the river flowed along this ancient bed, instead of through the rent, the whole country between this and the ridge beyond Libebe in the west, and between 17° and 21° S. latitude, was one vast fresh-water lake. There is abundant evidence of the existence of this lake; the whole of this space is paved with a bed of tufa, more or less soft, and, wherever antcaters make deep holes in this ancient bottom, fresh-water shells are thrown out identical with those now existing in the lake Ngami and the Zambesi.

24th.—At the village of Moyara we left the valley in which the Lekóne flows, as it here trends away to the eastward, while our course is more to the N.E. The country is rough and rocky, the soil being red sand, which is covered with beautiful green trees yielding an abundance of wild fruits. The father of Moyara was a powerful chief, but the son now sits among the ruins of the town, with four or five wives and very few people. At his hamlet I counted fifty-four human skulls hung on stakes. These were Matebele whom Moyara's father had overpowered when they were suffering from sickness and famine. When looking at these skulls I remarked to Moyara that many of them were those of mere boys, and I asked why his father had killed boys. "To show his fierceness," was the answer. When I told him that this probably would ensure his own death if the Matebele came again, he replied, "When I hear of their coming I shall hide the bones." He was evidently proud of these trophies of his father's ferocity, and I was assured by other Batoka that few strangers ever returned from a visit to this quarter.

When about to leave Moyara on the 25th he brought a root which, when pounded and sprinkled over the oxen, is believed to keep off the tsetse. He promised to show me the plant if I would give him an ox; but as we were travelling, and could not afford the time required for the experiment, I deferred the investigation till I returned. It is probably but an evanescent remedy, and capable of rendering the cattle safe for only one night. Moyara, who is quite a dependant of the Makololo, was compelled by my party to carry a tusk for them. When I relieved him he poured forth a shower of thanks at being allowed to go back to sleep beneath his skulls. Next day we came to Namilanga, where there is a well beneath a very large fig-tree, the shade of which renders the water delightfully cool. This well received its name, meaning "the Well of Joy," from the fact that in former times marauding parties, in returning with cattle, sat down here and were regaled with boyaloa, music, and the lullilooing of the women from the adjacent towns.

All the surrounding country was formerly densely peopled, though now desolate and still. The old headman of this place told us that when he was a child his father went to Bambala (meaning probably Dambarari, close to Zumbo), where white traders lived, and returned when he had become a boy of about ten years. He went again, and returned when it was time to knock out his son's teeth. As this takes place at the age of puberty, he must have spent at least five years in each journey. He added that many who went there never returned, because they liked that country better than this. This was the first intimation we had of intercourse with the whites. The Barotse, and all the other tribes in the central valley, have no such tradition as

this; nor have either the one or the other any account of a trader's visit to them in ancient times.

All the Batoka tribes follow the curious custom of knocking out the upper front teeth at the age of puberty. This is done by both sexes, and, though the effect of it is that the under lip protrudes in a most unsightly way, no young woman thinks herself accomplished until she has got rid of the upper incisors. This custom gives all the Batoka an uncouth, old-man like appearance, and renders their laugh hideous; yet they are so attached to it, that even Sebituane was unable to eradicate the practice. In spite of his orders that none of the children living under him should be subjected to the custom by their parents, they still appeared in the streets without their incisors, and no one would confess to the deed. The only reason that the Batoka gave for this practice was that they wished to look like oxen, and not like zebras. Whether this was the true reason or not, it is difficult to say; but it is noticeable that the veneration for oxen which prevails in many tribes should here be associated with hatred to the zebra, as among the Bakwains, and that this operation should be performed at the same age that circumcision is in other tribes, and in countries where the latter ceremony is unknown. The custom is so universal that a person who has his teeth is considered ugly, and occasionally, when the Batoka borrowed my looking-glass, the disparaging remark would be made respecting boys or girls who still retained their teeth, "Look at the great teeth!"

The Batoka of the Zambesi are generally very dark in colour, while those who live on the high lands are frequently of a lighter hue. They are very degraded in their appearance, and are not likely to improve, either physically or mentally, while so much addicted

to smoking the mutokwane. This pernicious weed has a very strong narcotic effect, causing even a species of frenzy. It is extensively used by all the tribes of the interior, though the violent fit of coughing which follows a couple of puffs of smoke appears distressing to a spectator. They have a disgusting practice of taking a mouthful of water, and squirting it out together with the smoke, and then uttering a string of half-incoherent sentences, usually in self-praise. I was unable to prevail on Sekeletu and the young Makololo to forego its use, although they cannot point to an old man in the tribe who has been addicted to this indulgence. Never having tried it, I cannot describe the pleasurable effects it is said to produce, but the hachshish in use among the Turks is simply an extract of the same plant, and, like opium, produces different effects on different individuals. To some everything appears as it would if viewed through a telescope, while to others things are wonderfully magnified, and in passing over a straw they will lift up their feet as if about to cross the trunk of a tree.

We had a large number of the Batoka of Mokwiné in our party, sent by Sekeletu to carry his tusks, and we also had a small party of Bashubia and Barotse under Tuba Mokoro, who had been furnished by Sekeletu on account of their ability to swim. They carried their paddles with them, and, as the Makololo suggested, were able to swim over the rivers by night and steal canoes, if the inhabitants should be so unreasonable as to refuse to lend them. The different parties who composed my escort assorted together in messes, and received their orders as well as their supplies of food through their head-man. Each party knew its own spot in the encampment: and as this always faced the west, being the direction opposite to that from whence the prevailing

winds came, no time was lost in fixing the sheds of our encampment. They each took it in turn to pull grass to make my bed, so that I lay luxuriously.

November 26th.—As the oxen could only move at night, in consequence of a fear of the tsetse, I usually performed the march by day on foot, while some of the men brought on the oxen by night. On coming to the villages under Marimba, an old man, we crossed the Unguesi, a rivulet which, like the Lekóne, runs westward, and falls into the Zambesi a little above the commencement of the rapids. We passed the remains of a very large town, which must have been inhabited for a long period; for the millstones of gneiss, trap, and quartz were worn down two and a half inches perpendicularly. The region around is pretty well covered with forest: but there is abundance of open pasturage, and as we are ascending in altitude we find the grass short, and altogether unlike the tangled herbage of the Barotse valley.

CHAPTER XXIII

November 27th.—Still at Marimba's. The surface of the country is rough and broken into gullies, and in the distance there are ranges of low hills, of which we may notice one on the north called Kanjele, and one on the east named Kaonka. We have made a considerable détour to the north, from the double wish of avoiding the tsetse and visiting the people. As I was walking down to the forest to-day I observed many regiments of black soldier-ants returning from a marauding expedition. I have often noticed these in different parts of the country; and as we had even at Kolobeng an opportunity of observing their habits, I may give a short account of them here. They are black, with a slight tinge of grey, about half an inch in length, and march three or four abreast; when disturbed, they utter a distinct hissing or chirping sound. They follow a few leaders who never carry anything, and they seem to be guided by a scent left on the path by these leaders; for happening once to throw some water on the ground, it lighted on the path by which a regiment had recently passed, and when they returned they were totally at fault, and, after hunting about for nearly half an hour, only rediscovered the path by one of them making a long circuit round the wetted spot. If a handful of earth is thrown on the path as a regiment is in the act of passing either on its way home or abroad, those behind will not cross it, though it be not a quarter of an inch high. They wheel round and regain their path

again, but never think of retreating to the nest, or to the place where they have been stealing. After a quarter of an hour's confusion and hissing, one at length makes a circuit round the earth, and then all follow in that roundabout way. When they approach the abode of the white ants, the latter may be observed rushing about in a state of the greatest perturbation. The black leaders, distinguished from the rest by their greater size, especially in the region of the sting, seize the white ants one by one, and inflict a sting which renders them insensible but not dead. As the leaders toss them on one side, the rank and file seize them and carry them off.

One morning I saw a party going forth on what has been supposed to be a slave-hunting expedition. They came to a stick, which, being enclosed in a white-ant gallery, contained numbers of this insect; but I was surprised to see the black soldiers passing without touching it. I lifted up the stick and laid it across the path in the middle of the black regiment, to the consternation of the white ants, who scampered about with great celerity, hiding themselves under the leaves. The black marauders at first paid little attention to them, until one of the leaders caught them, and, applying his sting, laid them in an instant on one side in a state of coma; the others then promptly carried them off. On first observing these marauding insects at Kolobeng, I had the idea, imbibed from a work of no less authority than Brougham's Paley, that they seized the white ants in order to make them slaves; but the result of my own observation is that these black ruffians are a grade lower than slave-masters, being actual cannibals. For, in the first place, I have watched black ants hard at work removing their eggs to a place of safety, and, though every ant in the colony, to the number of 1,260, seemed

to be employed in this laborious occupation, yet there was not a white slave-ant among them. And, in the second place, I have observed the cannibal propensities of the black ant; for, on one occasion, I met with a band of them returning each with his captive, minus a leg which had been already devoured. In addition to this, if any one examine the orifice by which the black ant enters his barracks, he will always find a little heap of hard heads and legs of the white ants. Were it not for the black ant, the white ants would soon overrun the country, so prolific are they. The fluid in the stings of this species has an intensely acid taste.

November 28th.—We proceeded to Kaonka's village, situated on the hill of the same name already referred to. According to Sekeletu's order, Kaonka gave us the tribute of maize-corn and ground-nuts, which would otherwise have gone to Linyanti. This has been done at every village, and we thereby saved the people the trouble of a journey to the capital. After leaving Kaonka we travelled over a gently undulating and beautiful district, forming the border territory between those who accept, and those who reject, the sway of the Makololo. There are no rivers, though water stands in pools in the hollows. The soil is dry, and suited both for cattle and corn; there are few trees, but fine large shady ones stand dotted here and there about the former sites of towns. One of the fig family I found to be forty feet in circumference; the heart had been burned out, and some one had made a lodging in it. The sight of the open country, with the increased altitude we were attaining, was most refreshing to the spirits. The country is now uninhabited, and hence game abounded. We saw in the distance buffaloes, elands, hartebeest, gnus, and elephants, all very tame, because undisturbed.

Lions, which always accompany other large animals, roared about us in the moonlight, and one began to roar at me, even while it was still light. The temperature was pleasant, as the rains, though not universal, had fallen in many places. The thermometer stood at 70° in the morning, at 90° at noon, and at 84° in the evening. The different rocks to the westward of Kaonka's, talcose gneiss, and white mica schist, generally dip towards the west, but at Kaonka's large rounded masses of granite, containing black mica, began to appear. The outer rind of it inclines to peel off, and large crystals project from the exposed surface.

On the 30th we crossed the river Kalomo, here about 50 yards broad, and the only stream that never dries up on this ridge. The current is rapid, and its course is towards the south, as it joins the Zambesi at some distance below the falls. The change in the direction of the streams, the Unguesi and Lekóne flowing westward, proved to us that we were now standing on the apex of the ridge, the height of which above the sea we found to be above 5,000 feet. Here the granite crops out again in great rounded masses which change the dip of the gneiss and mica schist rocks from the westward to the eastward. Both eastern and western ridges are known to be comparatively salubrious, and in this respect, as well as in the general aspect of the country, they resemble that most healthy of climates, the interior of South Africa adjacent to the Desert. This ridge has neither fountain nor marsh upon it, and east of the Kalomo we look upon treeless undulating plains covered with short grass. It is continued in a S.E. direction across the Zambesi to a point about four days east of Matlokotloko, the present residence of Mosilikatse, where it assumes the name of the Mashona tribe.

The ridge on which we were now standing, and which forms the eastern limit of the great central basin of Africa, is distant from the western one about 600 geographical miles. I cannot hear of a hill *on* either ridge, and there are scarcely any in the space enclosed by them. The Monakadze is the highest, but that is not more than a thousand feet above the flat valley.

On the Kalomo we met an elephant which had no tusks, as rare a sight in Africa as one with tusks is in Ceylon. Buffaloes abound, and we see large herds of them feeding in all directions by day. When much disturbed they retire into the densest parts of the forest, and come out to feed only by night. We secured a fine large bull by crawling close to a herd; when shot, he fell down, and the rest, not seeing their enemy, gazed about, wondering where the danger lay. Most wild animals gore a wounded companion and expel him from the herd; even zebras bite and kick a diseased one. It is intended by this instinct that none but the perfect and healthy ones should propagate the species. In this case they manifested their usual propensity to gore the wounded, but our appearance at that moment caused them to take flight. The goring gave my men the impression that they were helping away their wounded companion with brotherly affection. He was shot through both lungs; but though the ball was two ounces in weight, and had penetrated right through his body, he ran off some distance, and was secured only by the people driving him into a pool of water and there despatching him with their spears. The herd ran away in the direction of our camp, and then came bounding past us again. We took refuge on a large anthill; and as they rushed by us at full gallop I observed that the leader of the herd was an old cow, carrying on her

withers about twenty buffalo-birds. This singular bird acts the part of guardian spirit to the buffalo: when the animal is quietly feeding, it may be seen hopping on the ground picking up food, or sitting on the buffalo's back ridding it of the insects with which its skin is sometimes infested. When danger approaches, the bird, having a much more acute sight than the buffalo, is soon alarmed, and flies off, upon which the buffalo instantly raises his head to discover the cause which has led to the sudden flight of his guardian. It sometimes accompanies the buffalo in its flight on the wing, and at other times sits as above described. Another African bird, called "kala" by the Bechuanas, attends the rhinoceros for a similar purpose. It cannot be said to depend entirely on the insects on that animal, for its hard hairless skin is a protection against all except a few spotted ticks; but it seems to be attached to it, somewhat as the domestic dog is to man; and while the buffalo is alarmed by the sudden flying up of its sentinel, the rhinoceros, having an acute ear, is warned by the cry of its associate. The rhinoceros feeds by night, and its sentinel is frequently heard in the morning uttering its well-known call as it searches for its bulky companion. One species of this bird possesses a bill of a peculiar forceps form, as if intended to tear off insects from the skin, and has claws as sharp as needles, enabling it to hang on to an animal's ear while performing a useful service within it. Both the birds, however, that we have just described, partake of other food than the parasitical insects of the animals they are attached to, for we observed flocks of them roosting on reeds in spots where neither tame nor wild animals were to be found.

December 2, 1855.—We remained near a small hill, called Maundo, where we were frequently invited by

the honey-guide. Wishing to ascertain the truth of the native assertion that this bird is a deceiver, and sometimes leads to a wild beast, I inquired of my men the result of their experience. Only one of the 114 could say that he had been led to an elephant instead of a hive, and I am quite convinced that the report was a libel on the bird, and that the majority of people who commit themselves to its guidance are led to honey alone.

On the 3rd we crossed the Mozuma, or river of Dila, having travelled through an undulating pastoral country. To the south, and a little east of this, stands the hall named Taba Cheu, or "White Mountain," from a mass of white rock, probably dolomite, on its top. When I heard the height of this mountain described at Linyanti, I thought the glistening substance might be snow; but I had quite forgotten that I was speaking with men who had been accustomed to plains, and knew nothing of high mountains. When I inquired what the white substance was, they at once replied it was a kind of rock. The distant views which we obtained from the high ground we were now traversing, and which ranged over some thirty miles, were especially refreshing to me after travelling for months together amid the confined views of the flat forest; nor was the change from the tangled rank herbage of the great valley to the short grass of this district less agreeable.

The Mozuma, or river of Dila, was the first water-course which indicated that we were now on the slopes inclined towards the eastern coast. It contained no flowing water, but revealed in its banks, to my great satisfaction, pieces of lignite, possibly indicating the existence of coal, the want of which in the central country I had always deplored. Again and again we came to the

ruins of large towns, containing the only indications of antiquity to be seen in this country, *viz.* worn millstones, with the round ball of quartz with which the grinding was effected. Great numbers of these balls were lying about, showing that the depopulation had been the result of war, for in time of peace they would have taken the balls with them. At the river of Dila we saw the spot where Scbituane lived, and Sekwébu pointed out the heaps of bones of cattle which the Makololo had been obliged to slaughter, after performing a march with great herds captured from the Batoka, through a patch of the fatal tsetse. The country was at that time exceedingly rich in cattle, and, being well watered from its position on the eastern side of the range, it is adapted for the cultivation of native produce. Sekwébu had been instructed to point out to me the advantages of this position for a settlement; I admired it myself, and the enjoyment of good health in fine open scenery had an exhilarating effect on my spirits. The great want was population, the Batoka having all taken refuge in the hills.

As we were now in the vicinity of those whom the Makololo deem rebels, we felt some anxiety as to the style of our reception. On the 4th we reached their first village. Remaining at a distance of a quarter of a mile, we sent two men to inform them who we were, and that our purposes were peaceful. The head-man came and spoke civilly, but in the evening the people of another village behaved very differently. They began by trying to spear a young man who had gone for water. They then approached us, and one came forward howling at the top of his voice in the most hideous manner; his eyes protruding, his lips covered with foam, and every muscle of his frame quivering. He came close up

to me, brandishing a small battle-axe in his hand, much to the alarm of my men; but they dared not disobey my orders by knocking him on the head. I also felt some alarm, but disguised it from the spectators, and kept a sharp look-out on the little battle-axe. It seemed to me a case of extacy or prophetic frenzy voluntarily produced. After my courage had been sufficiently tested I beckoned to the civil head-man to remove him, and he drew him aside. This man pretended not to know what he was doing. I should like to have felt his pulse, to ascertain whether the violent trembling were not feigned, but I had little inclination to approach the battle-axe again. There was, however, a flow of perspiration, and the excitement, after continuing fully half an hour, gradually subsided. This second batch of visitors took no pains to conceal their contempt for our small party, saying to each other in a tone of triumph, "They are quite a God-send!" "They are lost among the tribes!" "They have wandered in order to be destroyed, and what can they do without shields among so many?" As Sekeletu had ordered my men not to take their shields, as in the case of my first company, we were regarded as unarmed, and consequently as an easy prey. We prepared against a night attack by discharging and reloading our guns, which were exactly the same in number (five) as on the former occasion: we were not molested however. Some of the enemy tried to lead us towards the Bashukulompo, who are considered the fiercest race in this quarter; but as we knew our direction to the confluence of the Kafue and Zambesi, we declined their guidance. When we resumed our march the civil head-man accompanied us, and did good service by explaining to the crowds of natives that hovered round us our character and inten-

tions; we thus escaped molestation. That night we slept by a little village under a low range of hills which are called Chizamena. The country here was more woody than on the high lands we had left, but the trees were in general of only moderate size. Great numbers of them have been broken off by elephants a foot or two from the ground, in order that they may feed on the tender shoots at the tops: the trees thus seem pollarded from that point. In spite of this practice, the elephant never seriously lessens the number of trees; indeed I have often been struck by the very little damage he does in a forest. His food consists for the most part of bulbs, tubers, roots, and branches: the natives in the interior believe that he never touches grass, and the only instance I saw of his having grazed was near Tete, when the grass was in seed, and when he might have been attracted by the farinaceous matter, which exists in such quantities in the seed that the natives collect it for their own food. The country abounded in ant-hills, which in the open parts are studded over the surface like haystacks, while in the woods they attain the size of haystacks, 40 or 50 feet in diameter at the base, and at least 20 feet high. These spots are more fertile than the rest of the land, and are the chief garden-ground for maize, pumpkins, and tobacco.

When we had passed the outskirting villages, which alone consider themselves in a state of war with the Makololo, we found the Batoka, or Batonga, as they call themselves, quite friendly. Great numbers of them came from all the surrounding villages with presents of maize and masuka, expressing great joy at the first appearance of a white man. The women clothe themselves better than the Balonda, but the men walk about *in puris naturalibus* without the smallest sense of shame.

They have even lost the tradition of the "figleaf." The further we advanced, the more the country swarmed with inhabitants. Great numbers came to see the novel spectacle of a white man, and brought presents of maize and masuka. Their mode of salutation is singular; they throw themselves on their backs on the ground, and, rolling from side to side, slap their thighs, uttering the words, "Kina bomba." This was to me a very disagreeable sight, and I used to call out "Stop, stop! I don't want that"; but, imagining me to be dissatisfied, they only tumbled about more furiously and slapped their thighs with greater vigour.

December 6th.—We passed the night near a series of villages. The villagers supplied us abundantly with ground-nuts, maize, and corn, and expressed great satisfaction on hearing me speak of Him whose word is "Peace on earth and good will to men." They called out, "We are tired of flight; give us rest and sleep." They did not of course understand the full import of the message, but they eagerly seized the idea of peace. And no wonder; for their country has been visited by successive scourges during the last half-century, and they are now "a nation scattered and peeled." When Sebituane came the cattle were innumerable, and yet these were only the remnants which had been left by a chief called Pingola, who came from the north-east, and, actuated by a simple love of conquest, swept across the whole territory, devouring oxen, cows, and calves, without retaining a single head. After Pingola came Sebituane, and after him the Matebele of Mosilikats; and these successive inroads have reduced the Batoka to a state in which they naturally rejoice at the prospect of deliverance and peace.

We spent Sunday the 10th at Monze's village, who

is considered the chief of all the Batoka we have seen. He lives near the hill Kisekise, whence we had a view of at least thirty miles of open undulating country, covered with short grass, and having but few trees. These open lawns would in any other land be turned to good account as pasture, but the people have now only a few goats and fowls. They are located all over the country in small villages, and are said to have adopted this wide-spread mode of habitation in order to give alarm should any enemy appear. In former times they lived in large towns. In the distance (S.E.) we see ranges of dark mountains along the banks of the Zam-besi, and are told of the existence there of a rapid named Kansala, which is said to impede the navigation. The river is reported to be placid between that and the Victoria Falls up stream, and between that and Kebrabasa, twenty or thirty miles above Tete, down stream. On the north we have a distant range of mountains, said to be on the banks of the Kafue.

The chief Monze came to us on Sunday morning, wrapped in a large cloth, and rolled himself about in the dust, screaming "Kina bomba." One of his wives accompanied him, and was much excited at her first sight of a white man; she would have been comely if her teeth had been spared; she carried a little battle-axe in her hand, and helped her husband to scream. We rather liked Monze, for he soon became sociable, and kept up conversation during the greater part of the day. One head-man of a village after another arrived, each with a liberal supply of maize, ground-nuts, and corn. Monze gave us a goat and a fowl, and appeared highly satisfied with a present of some handkerchiefs of printed cotton; when I put a gaudy-coloured one as a shawl about his child, he said that he would send for all his

people to make a dance about it. When I told them that my object was to open up a path, whereby they might avoid the guilt of selling their children, and asked Monze and his men if they would like a white man to live amongst them, they all expressed high satisfaction, and promised to protect both the white man and his property. It would be of great importance to have stations in this healthy region, to serve as part of a chain of communication between the interior and the coast. Monze had never been visited by any white man, but had seen black native traders, who came for ivory, not for slaves. He had heard of white men passing far to the east of him to Cazembe, referring, no doubt, to Pereira, Lacerda, and others, who have visited that chief.

We were visited by a party of men who dressed their hair after the fashion of the Bashukulompo. A circle of hair at the top of the head, eight inches or more in diameter, is woven into a cone eight or ten inches high, bent in some cases a little forward, so as to bear the appearance of a helmet. In some cases the cone is only four or five inches in diameter at the base. The hair of animals is said to be added, and the sides of the cone are woven like basket-work. The head-man of the party, instead of having his brought to a point, had it prolonged into a wand, which extended a full yard from the crown of his head. The operation of weaving is painful, as the scalp is drawn tightly up; but they become used to it. Monze presented us on parting with a piece of a buffalo which had been killed the day before by lions. We crossed the rivulet Makoe, which runs westward into the Kafue, and went northwards in order to visit Semalembue, an influential chief there. We slept at the village of Monze's sister, who also passes by the same name. Both he and his sister have a femi-

nine appearance, but are disfigured by the foolish custom of knocking out the upper front teeth.

December 12th.—The morning presented the appearance of a continuous rain from the north, the first time we had seen it set in from that quarter in such a southern latitude. It cleared up, however, about mid-day, and Monze's sister conducted us a mile or two upon the road. On parting she said that she had forwarded orders to a distant village to send food to the point where we should sleep. In expressing her joy at the prospect of living in peace, she remarked, "How pleasant it would be to sleep without dreaming of any one pursuing them with a spear!"

In our front we had ranges of hills called Chamai, covered with trees. We crossed the rivulet Nakachinta, flowing eastwards into the Zambesi, and then traversed some ridges of rocks of the same mica schist which we found so abundant in Golungo Alto. The dip, however, of these is not towards the centre of the continent as in Angola, but in an easterly direction. The hills which flank the Zambesi now appeared on our right as a high dark range, while those near the Kafue had the aspect of a low broken range. We crossed two perennial rivulets flowing into the Kafue. The country is very fertile, but vegetation is nowhere rank. We had now descended to a comparatively low elevation, and had left behind us the masuka-trees, and many others with which we had become familiar. We occasionally noticed a feature common in the forests of Angola and Benguela, namely the presence of orchilla-weed and lichens on the trees, with mosses on the ground; but we never, on any part of the eastern slope, saw the abundant crops of ferns which are so universal in Angola.

As we passed along, the people continued to supply

us with food in great abundance. They had somehow learnt that I carried medicine, and, much to the disgust of my men, who wished to keep it all to themselves, they brought their sick children, some of whom had whooping-cough, to be cured. In passing through the woods I heard for the first time the cry of the bird called Mokwa reza, or "Son-in-law of God," which is supposed by the natives to say "Pula, pula" (rain, rain), predictive of heavy falls of rain. It may be a cuckoo, for it is said to throw out the eggs of the white-backed Senegal crow, and lay its own instead, and this, combined with the cry for rain, renders the bird a favourite. The crow, on the other hand, has a bad repute, and, when rain is withheld, its nests are destroyed, in order to dissolve the charm by which it is supposed to seal up the windows of heaven.

CHAPTER XXIV

13th.—The country is becoming very beautiful, and furrowed by deep valleys; the underlying rocks, being igneous, yield a fertile soil. There is abundance of large game; the buffaloes select open spots, and often eminences, as their haunts throughout the day. We crossed the Mbai, and found in its bed, as well as on the adjacent hills, rocks of fine marble. Violent showers occur frequently on the hills, and cause such sudden floods in the rivulets, that five of our men who had crossed some for firewood were obliged to swim back. The temperature of the air is considerably lowered by the daily rains, the thermometer having been as low as 68° at sunrise, and 74° at sunset. Generally, however, it stood at from 72° to 74° at sunrise, 90° to 96° at midday, and 80° to 84° at sunset.

14th.—We entered a most beautiful valley, abounding in large game. I went to secure a buffalo which I saw lying down. Three balls failed to kill him, and, as he turned round as if for a charge, we sought the shelter of some rocks, but, before gaining them, three elephants, probably attracted by the strange noise, threatened to cut off our retreat: they, however, turned short off, and allowed us to gain the rocks. We then saw that the buffalo was moving off quite briskly, and in despair I tried a long shot at the last of the elephants, and broke his foreleg. The young men soon brought him to a stand, and one shot in the brain despatched him. I was right glad to see the joy manifested at such an abundant supply of meat.

On the following day, while my men were cutting up the elephant, great numbers of the villagers came to enjoy the feast. We were on the side of a fine green valley, studded here and there with trees, and furrowed with numerous rivulets. Having retired from the noise to take an observation, I beheld an elephant and her calf at the end of the valley, about two miles distant. The calf was rolling in the mud, and the dam was standing fanning herself with her great ears. As I watched them through my glass I saw a long string of my men circumventing them, who, according to Sekwébu, had gone off, saying, "Our father will see to-day what sort of men he has got." I then went higher up the side of the valley, in order to have a distinct view of their mode of hunting. The goodly beast, totally unconscious of the approach of an enemy, stood for some time suckling her young one, which seemed about two years old; they then went into a pond of mud, and smeared themselves all over with it, the little one frisking about his dam in elephantine fashion, while she kept flapping her ears and wagging her tail, as if in the height of enjoyment. Then began the piping of her enemies, which was performed by blowing into a tube, or between the closed hands. They call out to attract the animal's attention—

"O chief! chief! we have come to kill you.

O chief! chief! many more will die beside you, &c.

The gods have said it," &c., &c.

Both animals expanded their ears and listened, then left their bath as the crowd rushed towards them. The little one ran forward towards the end of the valley, but, seeing the men there, returned to his dam, who then placed herself on the danger side of her calf, and passed her proboscis over it again and again, as if to

assure it of safety. The men, still shouting, singing, and piping, kept a hundred yards in her rear and on her flanks, until she was obliged to cross a rivulet. The time spent in descending and getting up the opposite bank allowed of their coming up to the edge, and discharging their spears at about twenty yards' distance. After the first discharge she appeared with her sides red with blood, and, beginning to flee for her own life, seemed to think no more of her calf, which soon took refuge in the water, and was killed. The pace of the dam gradually became slower, and at length, turning with a shriek of rage, she made a furious charge back among the men. They vanished sideways, while she ran straight on through the whole party, without coming near any one except a man who wore a piece of cloth on his shoulders. She charged three or four times, and, except in the first instance, never went farther than 100 yards. She often stood after she had crossed a rivulet, and faced the men, though she received fresh spears. It was by this process of spearing and loss of blood that she was killed, for at last, making a short charge, she reeled and sank down dead in a kneeling posture. I did not see the whole hunt, having been tempted away by both sun and moon appearing unclouded. I turned from the spectacle of the destruction of these noble animals, which might be made so useful in Africa, with a feeling of sickness, unrelieved by the recollection that the ivory was mine.

The first elephant killed by my men was a male, not full grown; his height at the withers was 8 feet 4 inches, and the circumference of his fore foot 44 inches. The female, which was full grown, measured in height 8 feet 8 inches, the circumference of the fore foot being 48 inches.

After leaving the elephant valley we passed through a very beautiful but thinly inhabited country. The underlying rock is trap, which is often seen tilted on its edge, or dipping a little either to the north or south. The strike is generally to the N.E., the direction we are going. About Losito we found the trap had given place to hornblende schist, mica schist, and various schorly rocks. We had now come into the region in which the appearance of the rocks conveys the impression of great force having acted along the bed of the Zambesi. Indeed, from the manner in which the rocks have been thrust away on both sides from its bed, I was led to the belief that the power which formed the crack of the falls had opened a bed for the river all the way from the falls to beyond the gorge of Lupata.

Passing the rivulet Losito, we reached, on the 18th, the residence of Semalembue, situated at the bottom of the ranges through which the Kafue finds a passage, and close to the bank of that river. The Kafue is here upwards of 200 yards wide, and full of hippopotami, the young of which may be seen perched on the necks of their dams. At this point we had reached about the same level as Linyanti.

Semalembue paid us a visit soon after our arrival, and said that he had often heard of me, and now that he had the pleasure of seeing me he feared that I should sleep the first night at his village hungry. This was considered the handsome way of introducing a present, for he then handed five or six baskets of meal and maize, and an enormous one of ground-nuts. Next morning he gave about twenty baskets more of meal. I could make but a poor return for his kindness, but he accepted my apologies politely, saying that he knew there were no goods in the country from which I had come. I heard

that Semalembue got a good deal of ivory from the surrounding tribes, which he transmitted to other chiefs on the Zambesi, receiving in return English cotton goods which came from Mozambique by Babisa traders. My men here began to sell their beads and other ornaments for cotton cloth. Semalembue was accompanied by about forty people, all large men, with a fine crop of wool on their heads, which is either drawn all together up to the crown, and tied there in a large tapering bunch, or else is twisted into little strings on one side, the hair on the other side being allowed to hang above the ear, thus giving the appearance of a cap cocked jauntily on the side of the head.

Their mode of salutation is by clapping the hands. Various parties of women came from the surrounding villages to see the white man, but all seemed much afraid, and, when addressed, clapped their hands with increasing vigour. Sekwébu was the only one of the Makololo who knew this part of the country; and he pronounced it to be admirably adapted for the residence of a tribe. The natives generally have a good idea of the nature of the soil and pasturage, and there is certainly abundance of room at present in the country for thousands and thousands more of population.

The Kafue enters a narrow gorge close by the village of Semalembue; as the hill on the north is called Bolengwe, I apply that name to the gorge. Semalembue accompanied us to a pass about a mile south of his village, and on parting I put on him a shirt, with which he went away apparently much delighted. When we entered among the hills, we found the ford of the Kafue, which was at least 250 yards broad, but rocky and shallow. After crossing it in a canoe we went along the left bank, and were completely shut in by high hills.

Every available spot between the river and the hills is under cultivation; the locality having been selected as a residence simply from its capabilities of defence, and not on general ground of eligibility. Hippopotami abound, and the inhabitants are obliged to make pitfalls to protect the grain against them. As these animals had not been disturbed by guns, they were remarkably tame, and took no notice of us. We saw numbers of young ones, not much larger than terrier dogs, sitting on the necks of their dams, the little saucy-looking heads cocking up between the old one's ears; as they become a little older they sit on the withers. As we were in want of meat, we shot a full-grown cow, and found the flesh very much like pork. While detained cutting up the hippopotamus I ascended one of the highest hills, called Mabue asula (stones smell badly), which I found to be about 900 feet above the river. These hills seemed of prodigious altitude to my men, who had been accustomed only to ant-hills. The mention of mountains that pierced the clouds made them draw in their breath and hold their hands to their mouths. The mountains certainly look high, from having abrupt sides. But I ascertained by experiment that they are of a considerably lower altitude than the top of the ridge we had left. They constitute in fact a sort of low fringe on the outside of the eastern ridge, exactly as the apparently high mountains of Golungo Alto form an outer fringe to the western ridge.

Semalembue intended that we should go a little to the north-east, and pass through the people called Bapimpe, some of whom had invited us to come that way on account of its being smoother; but feeling anxious to get back to the Zambesi again, we decided to cross the hills towards its confluence with the Kafue. The distance,

which in a straight line is but small, occupied three days, in consequence of the precipitous character of the hills. When we came to the top of the outer range of the hills we had a glorious view. At a short distance below us we saw the Kafue, wending its way over a forest-clad plain to the confluence, while in the background, on the other side of the Zambesi, lay a long range of dark hills, with a line of fleecy clouds overhanging the course of the river at their base. The plain below us, at the left of the Kafue, had more large game on it than anywhere else I had seen in Africa. Hundreds of buffaloes and zebras grazed on the open spaces, and beneath the trees stood lordly elephants feeding majestically. The number of animals was quite astonishing, and made me think that I could here realize an image of that time when *Megatheria* fed undisturbed in the primeval forests. I wished that I could have photographed a scene so seldom beheld, and which is destined, as guns increase, to pass away from earth. When we descended we found all the animals remarkably tame, being seldom disturbed by the natives, who live in the hills and have no guns. The elephants stood fanning themselves with their large ears, as if they did not see us, at 200 or 300 yards distance. Great numbers of red-coloured pigs gazed at us in wonder.

Continuous rains kept us for some time on the banks of the Chiponga, where we were unfortunate enough to fall among the tsetse. We tried to leave one morning, but the rain came on afresh, and after waiting an hour wet to the skin we were fain to retrace our steps to our sheds. These rains were from the east, and the clouds might be seen on the hills like the "Table-cloth" on Table Mountain. This was the first wetting we had got since we left Eesheke, for I had gained some experi-

ence in travelling. In Londa I braved the rain, and was pretty constantly drenched; but now, when a storm came, we invariably halted and lighted fires. The effect of this care was that we had much less sickness than on the journey to Loanda. I also learnt from experience to avoid an entire change of diet. In going to Loanda I took little or no European food, but trusted entirely to what might be got by the gun, or by the liberality of the Balonda; but on this journey I took flour and always baked my own bread in an oven extemporized out of an inverted pot. With these precautions, aided, no doubt, by the greater healthiness of the district over which we passed, I enjoyed perfect health.

As we approached nearer the Zambesi the country became covered with broad-leaved bushes, pretty thickly planted, and we had several times to shout to elephants to get out of our way. At an open space a herd of buffaloes came trotting up to look at our oxen, and it was only by shooting one that I made them retreat. The only danger we encountered was from a female elephant, with three young ones of different sizes, who charged through the centre of our extended line, and caused the men to throw down their burdens in a great hurry. I never saw an elephant with more than one calf before. We knew that we were approaching the Zambesi by the numbers of water-fowl we met. I killed four geese at two shots, and, had I followed the wishes of my men, could have secured a meal of water-fowl for the whole party. I never saw a river with so much animal life around and in it, and, as the Barotse say, "Its fish and fowl are always fat." When our eyes were gladdened by a view of its goodly waters, we found it very much larger than above the falls. Its flow was more rapid than near Sesheke, being often four

and a half miles an hour, and the water was of a deep brownish red. In the great valley, where the adjacent country is all level, and the soil, being generally covered with dense herbage, is not abraded, the river never becomes of this colour; but on the eastern ridge, where the grass is short, and the soil is washed down by the streams, the discoloration which we now view ensues. The same thing occurs on the western ridge: no discoloration was observed till we reached the Quángó; and this obtains its matter from the western slope of the western ridge, just as the Zambesi here receives its soil from the eastern slope of the eastern ridge. We struck upon the river about eight miles east of the confluence with the Kafue, and, pursuing our course down the left bank, came opposite to an island, Menye makaba, about a mile and a half long, and upwards of a quarter of a mile broad. This island sustains, in addition to its inhabitants, a herd of about sixty buffaloes, who are always prepared to show fight whenever an attempt is made to punish them for depredations committed on the gardens. The only time at which they can be attacked with success is when the island is partly flooded and the pursuers can assail them out of canoes. The comparatively small space to which they are confined shows the luxuriance of the vegetation; for were they in want of more pasture, they could easily swim across to the northern bank, which is not much more than 200 yards distant.

Ranges of hills now run parallel with the Zambesi, at a distance from each other of about fifteen miles, those on the north approaching nearest to the river. The inhabitants on that side are the Batonga, those on the south bank are the Banyai. The hills abound in buffaloes and elephants, and many of the latter are killed

by the people in the following manner. They erect stages on high trees overhanging the paths by which the elephants come, and then strike the animal, as it passes beneath, with a large spear, four or five feet long, with a handle nearly as thick as a man's wrist, and a blade at least twenty inches long by two broad, which, sinking deeply into the animal's back, and being worked backwards and forwards by knocking against the trees, makes frightful gashes within, and soon causes death. They kill them also by means of a spear inserted in a beam of wood, which is suspended by a cord passing over a branch of a tree and attached at its other extremity to a latch fastened in the path; the latch being struck by the animal's foot in passing leads to the fall of the beam, and the spear, being poisoned, causes death in a few hours.

We were detained at this island by continuous rains for several days. We were struck by the fact that the rains felt warm, the thermometer at sunrise standing at from 82° to 86° ; at midday, in the coolest shade, at 96° to 98° ; and at sunset at 86° . This is different from anything we experienced in the interior, for there rain always brings down the mercury to 72° or even 68° . Considerable cloudiness prevailed, but the sun often burst through with scorching intensity. All exclaimed against it, "O the sun! that is as bad as the rain." It was worth noticing that my companions never complained of the heat while on the highlands, but here, and also when we descended into the lowlands of Angola, they began to fret on account of it. I myself felt an oppressive steaminess in the atmosphere, which I had not experienced on the higher lands.

As soon as we could move, Tomba Nyama, the headman of the island, volunteered the loan of a canoe to

cross a small river called the Chongwe, which we found to be about fifty or sixty yards broad and flooded. Not many years since the inhabitants of this district possessed abundance of cattle, and there were no tsetse. The existence of the insect now shows that it may return in company with the larger game. The vegetation along the bank was exceedingly rank, and the bushes so tangled that it was difficult to get on. We usually followed the footpaths of the wild animals, for the river is here the highway of the people. Buffaloes, zebras, pallahs, and waterbucks abounded, and there was also a great abundance of wild pigs, koodoos, and the black antelope.

January 6th, 1856.—Each village that we passed furnished us with a couple of men to conduct us to the next, through the parts least covered with jungle. Near the villages we saw men, women, and children employed in weeding their gardens. Their colour is the same admixture, from very dark to light olive, that we saw in Londa. Though all have thick lips and flat noses, only the more degraded possess the ugly negro physiognomy. They mark themselves by a line of little raised cicatrices, extending from the tip of the nose to the root of the hair on the forehead. The women are in the habit of piercing the upper lip, and gradually enlarging the orifice until they can insert a shell. The lip then appears drawn out beyond the perpendicular of the nose, and gives them a most ungainly aspect. The same custom prevails throughout the country of the Maravi, and no one could see it without confessing that fashion had never led women to a madder freak.

As the game was abundant and my party very large, I had still to supply their wants with my gun. We slaughtered the oxen only when unsuccessful in hunting. We always entered into friendly relations with the head-

men of the different villages, who presented grain and other food freely. The last of these friendly head-men was named Mobala: having passed him in peace, we reached, after a few hours, the village of Selole, and found that he not only considered us as enemies, but had actually sent an express to raise the tribe of Mburúma against us. All the women had fled, and the few people we met exhibited symptoms of terror. An armed party had come from Mburúma in obedience to the call, but the head-man of the company, suspecting that it was a hoax, came to our encampment, and, when we explained our objects, told us that Mburúma would, without doubt, receive us well. The reason why Selole acted in this foolish manner we afterwards found to be this: an Italian, named Simoens, who had married the daughter of a chief called Sekokole, living north of Tete, had ascended the river in canoes, with an armed party of fifty slaves, and had attacked several inhabited islands beyond Meya makaba, securing a large number of prisoners and much ivory. On his return the different chiefs united in an attack upon the party and killed Simoens while trying to escape on foot. Selole imagined that I was another Italian, or, as he expressed it, "Siriátomba risen from the dead."

Before we reached Mburúma my men, being much in need of meat, went to attack a troop of elephants, one of which fell into a hole, and before he could extricate himself an opportunity was afforded for the men, seventy or eighty in number, to discharge their spears at him. When he rose he was like a huge porcupine; and as they had no more spears, they sent for me to finish him. I went within twenty yards of him, and, resting my gun upon an anthill, so as to take a steady aim, fired twelve 2-ounce bullets into different parts of his body without

killing him. As it was becoming dark, I advised my men to let him stand, being sure of finding him dead in the morning; but though we searched all the next day, we never saw him again. As I had now expended all my bullets, I received a hint from some of my men that I had better melt down my plate. I had two pewter plates and a piece of zinc, which I accordingly turned into bullets. I also spent the remainder of my handkerchiefs in buying spears for them. My men frequently surrounded herds of buffaloes and killed numbers of the calves. I, too, exerted myself greatly; but as I was now obliged to shoot with the left arm, I was very unsuccessful.

On reaching Mburúma's village his brother came to meet us, and said, in reference to our ill success in hunting the day before, "The man at whose village you remained was in fault in allowing you to want meat, for had he only run across to Mburúma he would have given him a little meal, and, having sprinkled that on the ground as an offering to the gods, you would have found your elephant." The chiefs in these parts take upon themselves an office somewhat like the priesthood, and the people imagine that they can propitiate the Deity through them. In illustration of their ideas it may be mentioned that, when we were among the tribes west of Semalembue, several of the people introduced themselves—one as a hunter of elephants, another as a hunter of hippopotami, a third as a digger of pitfalls—apparently wishing me to give them medicine for success in their avocations. I thought they attributed supernatural power to my drugs; but I took pains to let them know that they must trust to a higher power than mine for aid. We never saw Mburúma himself, though he gave us presents of meal, maize, and native corn. The conduct

of his people indicated very strong suspicions, for they never came near us except in large bodies and fully armed. We had to order them to place their bows, arrows, and spears at a distance before entering our encampment. We did not, however, care much for a little trouble, in the hope that, if we passed this time, we might be able to return without meeting sour, suspicious looks.

The proceedings of Mburúma and his people were decidedly suspicious. They first of all tried to separate our party by volunteering the loan of a canoe to convey Sekwébu and me, together with our luggage, by way of the river. They next attempted to detain us in the pass, the guides first alleging the chief's orders to make a halt there, and, this *ruse* having failed, next stating that we were to wait for food; we civilly declined, however, to place ourselves in their power in an unfavourable position. We afterwards heard that a party of Babisa traders, who came from the north-east, bringing English goods from Mozambique, had been plundered by this same people. Elephants were still abundant, but very shy. The country between Mburúma's and his mother's village, being hilly and difficult, prevented us from travelling more than ten miles a day. At the village of Ma Mburúma (mother of Mburúma) the guides who had conducted us gave a favourable report, and the women and children did not flee. Here we found that traders, called Bazunga, whom I supposed to be half-caste Portuguese, had been in the habit of coming in canoes, and that I was supposed to belong to them. That we were looked upon with suspicion was evident from our guides remarking to men in the gardens through which we passed, "They have words of peace—all very fine; but lies only, as the Bazunga are great

liars." They thought we did not understand them, but Sekwébu knew every word perfectly, and, without paying any ostensible attention to these complimentary remarks, we ever afterwards took care to explain that we were not Bazunga, but Makoa (English). Ma Mburúma promised us canoes to cross the Loangwa in our front. It was pleasant to see great numbers of men, women, and boys come to look at the books, watch, looking-glass, revolver, &c. They are a strong, muscular race, and both men and women cultivate the ground. The deformed lips of the women make them look very ugly; I never saw one smile. They generally eat their corn only after it has begun to sprout from steeping it in water. The village of Mburúma's mother was picturesquely situated among high, steep hills; and the valleys were occupied by gardens of native corn and maize, growing luxuriantly. We were obliged to hurry along on account of the tsetse, which had returned to this district after the destruction of the cattle by marauders.

CHAPTER XXV

14th.—We reached the confluence of the Loangwa and the Zambesi, most thankful to God for His great mercies in helping us thus far. Mburúma's people had behaved so suspiciously that we were by no means sure that we should not be attacked in crossing the Loangwa. We saw them collecting in large numbers, and, though professing friendship, they kept at a distance from our camp. They have no intercourse with Europeans, except through the Babisa. They told us that this was formerly the residence of the Bazunga, who had fled from it on the approach of a marauding tribe. As I walked about I discovered the remains of a stone church, and a broken bell with the letters I. H. S. and a cross, but no date.

15th.—In the morning we proceeded to cross the river in the presence of a large concourse of armed natives. Only one canoe was lent to us, though we saw two others tied to the bank. The part we crossed was about a mile from the confluence, and, as it was now flooded, it seemed upwards of half a mile in breadth. We first passed all our goods on to an island in the middle, then the cattle and men. While this was proceeding I amused the natives by showing them my watch, lens, and other things, and so kept them engaged until those only remained who were to enter the canoe with me; I then thanked them for their kindness, and wished them peace. After all, they may have been influenced only by the intention to be ready, in case I should play them some false trick. The guides came

over to bid us adieu, and we sat under a mango-tree fifteen feet in circumference, and had a friendly conversation. I gave them some little presents for themselves, a handkerchief and a few beads, and a cloth of red baize for Mburúma, with which they were highly pleased. We were thankful to part good friends.

Next morning we passed along the bottom of the range called Mazanzwe, and found the ruins of eight or ten houses rudely built of soft sandstone cemented together with mud. They all faced the river, and were high enough up the flanks of the hill Mazanzwe to command a pleasant view of the broad Zambesi. These establishments had all been built on one plan—the house being placed on one side of a large court, surrounded by a wall. Some of the rafters and beams had fallen in, but were entire, and there were some trees in the middle of the houses as large as a man's body. On a height on the opposite or south bank of the Zambesi we saw the remains of a wall belonging probably to a fort, and the church stood at a central point, formed by the right bank of the Loangwa and the left of the Zambesi. The situation of Zumbo, as the place was called by the Bazunga, was admirably chosen as the site of a commercial settlement. The merchants, as they sat beneath the verandahs in front of their houses, had a magnificent view of the two rivers at their confluence, the church at the angle, and the gardens which they had on both sides of the rivers. Towards the north and west the view is bounded by lofty and picturesque mountains, while towards the south-east the eye ranges over an open country. Water communication exists in three directions beyond—namely, by the Loangwa to the N.W., by the Kafue to the W., and by the Zambesi to the S.W. The attention of the merchants, however,

was chiefly attracted to the N. or Londa; and the principal articles of trade were ivory and slaves. Private enterprise was always restrained, for the colonies of the Portuguese being strictly military, and the pay of the commandants very small, the officers have always been obliged to engage in trade; and had they not kept the private traders under their control, they would have had no trade themselves, as they were obliged always to remain at their posts.

When we left the Loangwa we thought we had got rid of the hills; but there are some behind Mazanzwe, though five or six miles off from the river. Tsetse and the hills had destroyed two riding oxen, and when the little one that I now rode knocked up I was forced to march on foot. The bush being very dense and high, we were going along among the trees, when three buffaloes suddenly dashed through our line. My ox set off at a gallop, and when I glanced back I saw one of the men up in the air about five feet above a buffalo which was tearing along with a stream of blood running down his flank. When I got back to the poor fellow I found that he had lighted on his face, and, though he had been carried on the horns of the buffalo about twenty yards before getting the final toss, the skin was not pierced nor was a bone broken. When the beasts appeared he had thrown down his load and stabbed one in the side. It turned suddenly upon him, and, before he could use a tree for defence, carried him off. We shampooed him well, and in about a week he was able to engage in the hunt again.

At Zumbo we had entered upon old grey sandstone, with shingle in it, dipping generally towards the south, and forming the bed of the river. The Zambesi is very broad here, and contains many inhabited islands. We

slept opposite one on the 16th, called Shibanga. The nights are warm, the temperature never falling below 80°; it was 91° even at sunset. On the morning of the 17th we were pleased to see a person coming from the island of Shibanga, with jacket and hat on, but quite black. He had come from the Portuguese settlement at Tete, and he informed us that that town was situated on the other bank of the river, and that the Portuguese had been fighting with the natives for the last two years. He advised us to cross the river at once, as Mpende lived on this side. Wishing to follow his advice, we proposed to borrow his canoes; but being afraid to offend the lords of the river, he declined, and we were consequently obliged to remain on the enemy's side. The next island belonged to a man named Zungo, a fine frank fellow, who brought us at once a present of corn, bound in a peculiar way in grass. He freely accepted our apology for having no present to give in return, and sent forward a recommendation to his brother-in-law Pangola. The country adjacent to the river is covered with dense bush, thorny and tangled, and there is much rank grass, though not so high or rank as that of Angola. The maize, however, which is grown here is equal in size to that which the Americans sell for seed at the Cape. There is usually a low beach adjacent to the river, studded with villages and gardens, and elsewhere covered with rank and reedy grass. A second terrace follows, on which trees and bushes abound; I also thought I could detect a third and higher steppe; but I never could discover terraces on the adjacent country, such as in other countries show ancient sea-beaches. The path runs sometimes on the one and sometimes on the other of these river terraces. Canoes are essential; but I find that they here cost too much for my means, and higher

up, where my hoes might have secured one, I was unwilling to be parted from my men while there was danger of their being attacked.

18th.—Yesterday we rested under a broad-spreading fig-tree. Large numbers of buffaloes and water-antelopes were feeding quietly in the meadows, a sure indication that the people have either no guns or no ammunition. Pangola visited us, and presented us with food. My men got pretty well supplied individually, for they went into the villages and commenced dancing. The young women were especially pleased with the steps they exhibited, though I suspect many of them were invented for the occasion, and would say, "Dance for me, and I will grind corn for you." At every fresh instance of liberality Sekwébu said, "Did not I tell you that these people had hearts?" All agreed that the character he had given was true, and some remarked, "Look! although we have been so long away from home, not one of us has become lean." It was a fact that we had been all well supplied either with meat by my gun and their own spears, or with other food from the generosity of the inhabitants. Pangola promised to ferry us across the Zambesi, but failed to fulfil his promise, probably from a fear of offending his neighbour Mpende by aiding our escape. Although we were in doubt as to our reception by Mpende, I could not help admiring the beautiful country as we passed along. There is, indeed, only a small part under cultivation in this fertile valley, but my mind naturally turned to the comparison of it with Kolobeng, where we waited anxiously during months for rain, and then only got a mere thunder-shower. I shall never forget the dry, hot east winds of that region; the yellowish, sultry, cloudless sky; the grass and all the plants drooping from drought,

the cattle lean, the people dispirited, and our own hearts sick from hope deferred. There we often heard in the dead of the night the shrill whistle of the rain-doctor calling for rain that would not come, while here we listened to the rolling thunder by night and beheld the swelling valleys adorned with plenty by day. Rain falls almost daily, and everything is beautifully fresh and green. I felt somewhat as people do on coming ashore after a long voyage—inclined to look upon the landscape in the most favourable light. The hills are covered with forests, and often a long line of fleecy cloud floats about midway up their sides. Finding no one willing to aid us in crossing the river, we proceeded to the village of the chief Mpende. A fine conical, or rather double conical hill now appeared to the N.E.; and on the same side, but more to the E., another, which, from its similarity in shape to an axe, is called Motemwa. Beyond it, eastward, lies the country of Kaimbwa, a chief who has been engaged in actual, and, according to the version of things here, successful conflict with the Bazunga. When we came to Mpende's village he immediately sent to inquire who we were, and then, without sending us any message, ordered the guides who had come with us from the last village to go back for their masters. We had travelled very slowly up to this point, the tsetse-stricken oxen being now unable to go two miles an hour. We were also delayed by being obliged to stop at every village; for if we had passed without taking any notice of them, they would have considered it rude, and we should have appeared more as enemies than friends. I consoled myself for the loss of time by the thought that these conversations tended to the opening of our future path.

23rd.—This morning at sunrise a party of Mpende's

people came close to our encampment, uttering strange cries and waving some bright red substance towards us. They then lighted a fire with charms in it, and departed, uttering the same hideous screams as before. This was intended to render us powerless, and probably also to frighten us. Ever since dawn parties of armed men had been seen collecting from all quarters, and numbers passed us while it was yet dark. They evidently intended to attack us, for no friendly message was sent; I therefore ordered an ox to be slaughtered, as a means of inspiring courage. I have no doubt that we should have been victorious; indeed, my men were rejoicing in the prospect of securing captives to carry the tusks for them, and broadly hinted to me that I ought to allow them to keep Mpende's wives. The roasting of meat went on fast and furious, and some of the young men said to me, "You have seen us with elephants, but you don't know yet what we can do with men." Mpende's whole tribe was assembled at about the distance of half a mile. As the country is covered with trees, we did not see them; but every now and then a few came about us as spies. Handing a leg of the ox to two of these, I desired them to take it to Mpende, who in due course of time sent two old men to inquire who I was. I replied, "I am a Lekoa" (an Englishman). They said, "We don't know that tribe. We suppose you are a Mozunga, the tribe with which we have been fighting." As I was not yet aware that the term Mozunga was applied to a Portuguese, and thought they meant half-castes, I showed them my hair and the skin of my bosom, and asked if the Bazunga had hair and skin like mine. As the Portuguese have the custom of cutting the hair close, and are also somewhat darker than we are, they answered, "No; we never saw skin so white

as that"; and added, "Ah! you must be one of the tribe that loves the black men." I, of course, gladly responded in the affirmative. They returned to the village, and we afterwards heard that there had been a long discussion between Mpende and his councillors, in which one of the men, named Sindese Oaléa, with whom we had conversed the day before, acted as our advocate, and persuaded Mpende to allow us a passage. When we knew the favourable decision of the council I sent Sekwébu to purchase a canoe for the use of one of my men who had become very ill, upon which Mpende remarked, "That white man is truly one of our friends. See, how he lets me know his afflictions!" Sekwébu adroitly took advantage of this turn in the conversation, and said, "Ah! if you only knew him as well as we do, you would understand that he highly values your friendship and that of Mburúma, and that he trusts in you to direct him." He replied, "Well, he ought to cross to the other side of the river, for this bank is hilly and rough, and the way to Tete is longer on this than on the opposite bank." He did everything he could afterwards to aid us on our course, and our departure was widely different from our approach to his village. It gratified me to find the English name respected so far from the coast, and most thankful was I that no collision occurred to damage its influence.

24th.—Mpende sent two of his principal men to order the people of a large island below to ferry us across. The river is 1,200 yards from bank to bank, and contains between 700 and 800 of deep water, flowing at the rate of $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles per hour. Though my men were well acquainted with the management of canoes, we could not get over before dark; we therefore first landed on an island, and next morning reached the opposite bank

in safety. We observed as we came along the Zambesi that it had fallen two feet, and that the water, though still muddy, was not nearly so red as it had been higher up. It was therefore not yet the period of the central Zambesi inundation, and the present height of the water was due to rains outside the eastern ridge. The people here seem abundantly supplied with English cotton goods. The Babisa are the medium of trade, for we were informed that the Bazunga, who formerly visited these parts, had been kept away by the war for the last two years. The region to the north of the ranges of hills on our left is called Senga, from being the country of the Basenga, who are said to be great workers in iron, and to possess abundance of fine iron-ore. Beyond Senga lies a range of mountains called Mashinga, to which the Portuguese in former times went to wash for gold, and beyond that are great numbers of tribes which pass under the general name of Maravi. To the N.E. there are extensive plains destitute of trees, but covered with grass, and in some places with marshes. The whole of the country to the north of the Zambesi is asserted to surpass in fertility that to the south. The Maravi, for instance, raise sweet potatoes of immense size, but on the southern bank these plants soon degenerate. Unfortunately, all the tribes on the north side of the country are at enmity with the Portuguese, and their practice of making night attacks renders travelling dangerous among them.

29th.—I was most sincerely thankful to find myself on the south bank of the Zambesi, and, having nothing else, I sent back one of my two spoons and a shirt as a thank-offering to Mpende. The different head-men along this river act very much in concert, and if one refuses passage they all do, uttering the sage remark, "If so-and-so did not lend his canoes, he must have had

some good reason." At the next island, which belonged to a man named Mozinkwa, we were detained so long that my tent again became quite rotten. One of the Batoka died here after a long sickness, the nature of which I did not understand; when he became unable to walk I had some difficulty in making his companions carry him; and when his case became hopeless they wished to leave him to die. We met with persons who had visited Tete, which was reported to be ten days distant hence. One of these, a Mashona man, who had some knowledge of the English, and of their hatred to the slave-trade, told Sekwébu that the "English were *men*," and I found that from these and similar encomiums I rose higher every day in the estimation of my people. Even the slaves gave a high character to the English; and when I was first reported at Tete, the servants of my friend the Commandant said to him in joke, "Ah! this is our brother who is coming; we shall all leave you and go with him."

The women here have only a small puncture in the upper lip, in which they insert a little button of tin. The perforation is made by degrees, a ring with an opening in it being attached to the lip, and the ends squeezed gradually together. Children may be seen with the ring on the lip, but not yet punctured. The tin is purchased from the Portuguese; and although silver is reported to have been formerly found in this district, no one could distinguish it from tin. Gold however was known, and I heard for the first time the word "*dalama*" (gold) in the native language. In conversing with different people I found the idea prevalent that those who had purchased slaves from them had done them an injury. "All the slaves of Tete," said one, "are our children; the Bazunga have made a town at our ex-

pense." When I asked if they had not taken the prices offered them they at once admitted it, but still thought that they had been injured by being so far tempted.

February 1st.—We met some native traders, of whom I bought some American calico marked "Lawrence Mills, Lowell," and distributed it amongst the most needy of my men, many of whom were now utterly destitute of clothes. After leaving Mozinkwa's we came to the Zingesi, a sand-rivulet in flood, which was now sixty or seventy yards wide, and waist-deep. Like all these sand-rivers it is for the most part dry; but by digging down a few feet, water is found flowing along a bed formed by a stratum of clay, a phenomenon which is dignified by the name of "a river flowing underground." In attempting to ford this, the water, which percolates through the sand at a very rapid pace, dug out the sand beneath our feet in a second or two, and we soon sank so deep that we were glad to relinquish the attempt before we got halfway over; the man who preceded me was only thigh-deep, but the disturbance caused by his feet made it breast-deep for me. These sand-rivers remove vast masses of disintegrated rock before it is fine enough to form soil. The particles which struck against my legs as I was fording impressed me with an idea of the amount of matter removed by every freshet. In rivers where much attrition is going on, as for instance in the Vaal river when that is slightly in flood, a person diving to the bottom may hear thousands of stones knocking against each other. This process, being carried on for hundreds of miles in different rivers, must have an effect greater than if all the pestles and mortars and mills of the world were grinding and wearing away the rocks.

While opposite the village of a head-man called

Mosusa two male elephants, and a third not full-grown, took refuge on an island in the river. This was the first instance I had ever seen of a comparatively young one with the males, for they usually remain with the female herd till they are as large as their dams. The inhabitants were anxious that my men should attack them, as they do much damage in the gardens on the islands. The men went, but the elephants ran to the opposite end of the island, and escaped to the mainland by swimming with their probosces erect in the air. I was not very desirous to have one of the animals killed, for we understood that, when we passed Mpende, we came into a country where the game-laws are strictly enforced. The lands of each chief are well defined, generally by rivulets, and, if an elephant is wounded on one man's land and dies on that of another, the under half of the carcase is claimed by the lord of the soil; and so stringent is the law, that the hunter may not cut up his own elephant without sending notice to the lord of the soil, and waiting until that personage sends his representative to see a fair partition made. The hind leg of a buffalo must also be given to the man on whose land the animal was grazing, and a still larger quantity of the eland, which here and everywhere else in the country is esteemed right royal food. The only game-laws in the interior are, that the man who first wounds an animal, though he has inflicted but a mere scratch, is considered the killer of it, while the second is entitled to a hind-quarter, the third to a fore-leg, and the chief to a royalty, consisting in some parts of the breast, in other parts of the ribs and one fore-leg. The knowledge that he who succeeds in reaching the wounded beast first is entitled to a share stimulates the whole party to greater exertions in despatching it.

When near Mosusa's village we passed a rivulet called Chowé, now running with rain-water. The inhabitants extract a little salt from the sand when it is dry, and all the people of the adjacent country come to purchase it from them. This was the first salt we had seen since leaving Angola, none being found in the countries of the Balonda or Barotse. We heard of salt-pans about a fortnight west of Naliele, and I got a small supply at that town, but this had long since been finished, and I had now lived two months without suffering any inconvenience from the want of it except an occasional longing for animal food or milk.

February 4th.—We were much detained by rains, which prevented us from advancing above a few miles each day. The wind up to this point had been always from the east, but now both rain and wind came so generally from the west, that we were obliged to make our encampment face the east in order to have them in our backs. The country adjacent to the river abounds in large trees; but the population is so numerous that it is difficult to get dry firewood. There are numbers of tamarind-trees, and of another very similar tree, called Motondo, yielding a fruit as large as a small walnut, of which the elephants are very fond; its timber is excellent for building boats, as it does not soon rot. On the 6th we came to the village of Boroma, which is situated among a number of others, each surrounded by an extensive patch of cultivated ground. On the opposite side of the river rises a cluster of conical hills called Chorichori. Boroma did not make his appearance, but sent a substitute who acted civilly. In the morning we announced our intention of moving on; Boroma again did not present himself, and his mother stated by way of apology that he had been seized that morning by

the Barimo, which probably meant that his lordship was drunk; at the same time she sent a present of some corn and a fowl.

We marched along the river to a point opposite the hill Pinkwe. The late abundant rains had again flooded the Zambesi, and great quantities of wreck appeared upon the stream. It is probable that the frequent freshets caused by the rains on the eastern side of the ridge have prevented the Portuguese from recognising the one peculiar flood of inundation observed in the interior. The Nile, not receiving these subsidiary waters, has its inundation clearly defined throughout its whole course. If the Zambesi were diverted in its mid course southwards into the Cape Colony, its flood would be identical with that of the Nile; for it would be uninfluenced by any streams in the Kalahari.

This flood having filled the river, we found the numerous rivulets which flow into it filled also, and we lost so much time in the search for fords that I resolved to leave the river altogether and strike away to the S.E. We did so when opposite the hill Pinkwe, and came into a hard Mopane country. In a hole of one of the mopane-trees I noticed that a squirrel had covered its store of seed under a heap of fresh leaves. It is not against the cold of winter that they thus lay up food, but as a provision against the hot season, when the trees have generally no seed. A great many fossil trees occur in this part of the country, some of them broken off horizontally and standing upright, others lying prone and shattered into a number of pieces. These trees lie upon soft grey sandstone containing banks of shingle, which forms the underlying rock of the country all the way from Zumbo to near Lupata.

In leaving the river I was partly influenced by a wish

to avoid several chiefs, who levy a heavy tribute on all passengers. Our path lay along the bed of the *Nake* for some distance, the banks of which were covered with impenetrable thickets, and the surrounding country was hilly. The villages were not numerous, but we were treated kindly by the people, who here call themselves *Bambiri*, though the general name of the nation is *Banyái*. They have reclaimed their gardens from the forest, and the soil is extremely fertile. The *Nake* is 50 or 60 yards wide, but during most of the year is dry, affording water only by digging in the sand. It was now ankle-deep, and its water more than lukewarm from the heat of the sun. We found in its bed masses of volcanic rock, identical with those which I subsequently saw at *Aden*.

13th.—I sent my last fragment of cloth as a present to *Nyampungo*, the head-man of these parts, with a request that we should be furnished with a guide to the next chief. After a long conference with his council the cloth was returned with a promise of compliance, and a request for some beads only. This man is supposed to possess the charm for rain, and other tribes send to him to beg it, whence we may infer that less rain falls in this country than in *Londa*. *Nyampungo* behaved in quite a gentlemanly manner, presenting me with some rice, and telling my people to go amongst the villages and beg for themselves. An old man, father-in-law of the chief, told me that he had seen books before, but never knew what they meant. They pray to departed chiefs and relatives, but the idea of praying to God seemed new, and they heard it with reverence. *Nyampungo* is afflicted with a kind of disease called *Sesenda*, which I imagine to be a species of leprosy common in this quarter, though they are a cleanly people. He never

had any cattle; and when I asked him why he did not possess these useful animals, he said, "Who would give us the medicine to enable us to keep them?" I afterwards found out the reason to be the prevalence of tsetse, but of this he was ignorant, having supposed that he could not keep cattle because he had no medicine.

CHAPTER XXVI

14th.—We left Nyampungo this morning by a path which wound up the Molinge, another sand-river which flows into the Nake. When we got clear of the tangled jungle which covered the banks of this rivulet we entered the Mopane country, where we could walk with comfort. When we had gone on a few hours my men espied an elephant, and, as they were in want of meat, having tasted nothing but grain for several days, they soon killed him. The people of Nyampungo had never seen such desperadoes before. One rushed up, and with an axe hamstrung the beast while still standing. Some Banyái elephant-hunters happened to be present when my men were fighting with him. One of them took out his snuff-box, and poured out all its contents at the root of a tree, as an offering to the Barimo for success. As soon as the animal fell the whole of my party engaged in a savage dance round the body, which quite frightened the Banyái, and he who made the offering said to me, "I see you are travelling with people who don't know how to pray: I therefore offered the only thing I had in their behalf, and the elephant soon fell."

Another man ran a little forward, when an opening in the trees gave us a view of the chase, and uttered loud prayers for success in the combat. I admired the devout belief they all possessed in the existence of unseen beings, and prayed that they might yet know that benignant One who views us all as His own. My own people, who are rather a degraded lot, remarked to me as I came up, "God gave it to us. He said to the old beast, 'Go up

there; men are come who will kill and eat you.' " These remarks are quoted to give the reader an idea of the native mode of expression.

In accordance with the custom of the country we sent back to Nyampungo to give information of the slaughter of the beast to the agent of the lord of the soil, who was himself living near the Zambesi. The side upon which the elephant fell had a short broken tusk; the upper one, which was ours, was large and thick. The messengers returned with a basket of corn, a fowl, and a few strings of handsome beads, as a sort of thank-offering, and said that they had thanked the Barimo for our success, concluding with the permission, " There it is; eat it and be glad." Had we begun to cut it up before we got this permission, we should have lost the whole. They had brought a large party to eat their half, which they divided with us in a friendly way. My men were delighted with the feast, though the carcase was pretty far gone in consequence of the delay. An astonishing number of hyænas collected round, and kept up a loud laughter for two whole nights. I asked my men what they were laughing at; they replied that it was because we could not take the whole, and there would be plenty left for them.

In passing along we crossed the hill Vungue or Mvungwe, which forms the watershed between those sand-rivulets which run to the N.E. and others which flow southward, as the Kapopo, Uc, and Due, which run into the Luia. We found that many elephants had been feeding on a black-coloured plum called Moko-ronga, having purple juice and a delicious flavour. It grows most abundantly throughout this part of the country, and the natives eagerly devour it, as it is said to be perfectly wholesome, or, as they express it, " pure

fat." Though hardly larger than a cherry, we found that the elephants had stood picking them off patiently by the hour. We observed the foot-prints of a black rhinoceros and her calf, an animal which is remarkably scarce in all the country north of the Zambesi. The white rhinoceros, or *Mohóhu* of the Bechuanas, is quite extinct here, and will soon become unknown in the country to the south. It feeds almost entirely on grasses, and, being of a timid unsuspecting disposition, falls an easy prey on the introduction of fire-arms. The black possesses a more savage nature, and from its greater wariness keeps its ground better than its more timid neighbour. Four varieties of the rhinoceros are enumerated by naturalists, but my observation led me to conclude that there are but two; and that the other supposed species consist simply of differences in size, age, and the direction of the horns, just as if we were to reckon the short-horned cattle a different species from the Alderneys or the Highland breed.

We crossed the rivulets Kapopo and Ue, now running, but usually dry. The latter flows between banks 12 feet high, consisting of a crumbling alluvial sandstone. Great numbers of wild vines grow in this quarter, and indeed everywhere along the banks of the Zambesi. At this part of the journey so many of the vines had crossed the footpath that we had to be constantly on the watch to avoid being tripped up. Although the rains were not quite over, great numbers of pools were drying up, and the ground was in many parts covered with small, green, cryptogamous plants, which gave it a mouldy appearance and a strong smell. As we sometimes pushed aside the masses of rank vegetation which hung over our path, we felt a sort of hot blast on our faces. In this region, too, we met with pot-holes, six

feet deep and three or four in diameter. In some cases they form convenient wells; in others they are full of earth; and in others still, the people have made them into graves for their chiefs.

On the 20th we came to Monína's village. This man is very popular among the tribes on account of his liberality. The local chiefs in this part of the country have formed a confederacy, similar to what we observed in Londa and elsewhere, under the supremacy of one called Nyatéwe, whose office it is to decide all disputes concerning land. The government of the Banyái is a sort of feudal republicanism. The chief is not hereditary but elective, and they choose the nephew of the deceased chief in preference to his own son; and sometimes even go to a distant tribe for a successor. As soon as the person elected has accepted the office, all the wives, goods, and children of his predecessor belong to him, and he takes care to keep them in a dependent position. If any one of them, becoming tired of this state of vassalage, sets up his own village, it is not unusual for the elected chief to send a number of his young men to visit the seceder, and, if he does not receive them with the usual amount of clapping of hands and humility, they at once burn his village. The children of the chief have fewer privileges than common free men; for though they may not be sold, yet they are less eligible to the chieftanship than even the most distant relations of the chief. These free men form a distinct class who can never be sold; and under them there is a class of slaves whose appearance as well as position is very degraded. The sons of free men leave their parents about the age of puberty, and live for a few years with such men as Monína for the sake of instruction. While in that state they are kept under stringent regulations;

they must salute a superior carefully, and, when any cooked food is brought, the young men may not approach the dish, but an elder divides a portion to each. They remain unmarried until a fresh set of youths is ready to occupy their place under the same instruction. The parents send servants with their sons to cultivate gardens for them, and also tusks to Monína to purchase their clothing. When the lads return to their native village, a case is submitted to them for adjudication, and, if they speak well on the point, the parents are highly gratified.

When we told Monína that we had nothing to present but some hoes, he replied that he was not in need of those articles, and that, as he had absolute power over the country in front, he could, if he chose, prevent us from proceeding. Monína himself seemed to credit our assertion, but his councillors evidently thought that we had goods concealed about us, and at their suggestion a war-dance was got up in the evening, about a hundred yards from our encampment, as if to frighten us out of presents. Some of Monína's young men had guns, but most were armed with large bows, arrows, and spears. They beat their drums furiously, and occasionally fired off a gun. As this sort of dance is always the prelude to an attack, my men quietly prepared themselves to give them a warm reception. But an hour or two after dark the dance ceased, and, as we then saw no one approaching us, we went to sleep. During the night one of my head-men, Monahin, left the encampment, probably in a fit of temporary insanity, brought on by illness. Next morning not a trace of him could be found, and he may have fallen a prey to a lion. I sent in the morning to inform Monína of this sad event, and he at once ordered the gardens to be searched, and the wan-

derer, if found, to be restored. He evidently sympathised with us in our sorrow, and assured us that it was not the custom of his tribe to kidnap. I gave him credit for truthfulness, and he allowed us to move on without further molestation.

As we were leaving his village a witch-doctor arrived, who had been sent for, to subject the chief's wives to the "muavi," or ordeal, which is performed in the following manner. All the wives go forth into the field, and remain fasting till that person has made an infusion of the plant named "goho," which all drink, each one holding up her hand to heaven in attestation of her innocence. Those who vomit it are considered innocent, while those whom it purges are pronounced guilty, and put to death by burning. The innocent return to their homes, and slaughter a cock as a thank-offering to their guardian spirits. This summary procedure excited my surprise, for my intercourse with the natives here had led me to believe, that the women were held in too high estimation for it. But I was assured that the women themselves, on the slightest imputation of their having used witchcraft, eagerly desire the test; conscious of their innocence, and having the fullest faith in the truthfulness of the "muavi," they go willingly, and even eagerly, to drink it.

After leaving his village we marched in the bed of a sand-river a quarter of a mile broad, called Tangwe, through a flat country covered with low trees, and with high hills in the distance. This region is very much infested by lions, and men never go any distance into the woods alone. Having on one occasion turned aside at midday into grass a little taller than myself, an animal sprang away from me which was certainly not an antelope, but I could not distinguish whether it was a lion

or a hyæna. We saw footprints of many black rhinoceroses, buffaloes, and zebras. After a few hours we reached the village of Nyakóba. Two men, who accompanied us from Monína to Nyakóba's, would not believe us when we said that we had no beads. It is very trying to have one's veracity doubted, but, on opening the boxes, and showing them that all I had was perfectly useless to them, they consented to receive some beads off Sekwébu's waist, and I promised to send four yards of calico from Tete.

The person whom Nyakóba appointed to be our guide introduced himself to us and bargained that his services should be rewarded with a hoe. Having no objection to this proposal, I handed him the article, which he carried off in high delight to show to his wife. He soon afterwards returned, and said that, though he was perfectly willing to go, his wife would not let him. I said, "Then bring back the hoe"; but he replied, "I want it." "Well, go with us, and you shall have it." "But my wife won't let me." I remarked to my men, "Did you ever hear such a fool?" They answered, "Oh, that is the custom of these parts; the wives are the masters." Sekwébu informed me that he had gone to this man's house, and heard him saying to his wife, "Do you think that I would ever leave you?" then, turning to Sekwébu, he asked, "Do you think I would leave this pretty woman? Is she not pretty?" We questioned the guide whom we finally got from Nyakóba, an intelligent young man, who had much of the Arab features, and we found the statement confirmed. When a young man takes a liking to a girl of another village, and the parents have no objection to the match, he is obliged to live at their village, and to perform certain services for the mother-in-law, such as

keeping her well supplied with firewood. If he wishes to return to his own family he is obliged to leave all his children behind—they belong to the wife. This is only a more stringent enforcement of the law from which emanates the practice so prevalent in Africa, known to Europeans as “buying wives,” though it does not appear in that light to the actors. So many head of cattle or goats are given to the parents of the girl, “to give her up,” as it is termed, *i.e.* to forego all claim on her offspring, and allow an entire transference of her and her seed into another family. If nothing is given, the family from which she has come can claim the children, and I have no doubt that some prefer to have their daughters married in that way, as it leads to the increase of their own village. My men excited the admiration of the Bambiri, who took them for a superior breed on account of their bravery in elephant-hunting, and tried, though unsuccessfully, to get them as sons-in-law on the conditions named. I saw several things to confirm the impression of the higher position which women hold here; and, being anxious for a corroboration of my opinion, I afterwards inquired of the Portuguese, and was told that they had noticed the same thing; and that, if they wished a man to perform any service for them, he would reply, “Well, I shall go and ask my wife.” If she consented, he would go; but no amount of coaxing or bribery would induce him to do it if she refused. The Portuguese praised the appearance of the Banyái, and they certainly are a fine race. A great many of them are of a light coffee-and-milk colour, which is considered handsome throughout the whole country—a fair complexion being as much a test of beauty with them as with us. They draw out their hair into small cords a foot in length, around each of which they twine the

inner bark of a certain tree, dyed a reddish colour. Generally they allow the mass of dressed hair to fall down to the shoulders, but, when they travel, they draw it up to a bunch, and tie it on the top of the head. They are cleanly in their habits.

We continued a very winding course, in order to avoid the chief Katolósa, who is said to levy large sums upon those who fall into his hands, and we passed several villages by going roundabout ways through the forest. The drums beating all night in one village near which we slept showed that some person in it had finished his course. On the occasion of the death of a chief, a trader is liable to be robbed, for the people consider themselves not amenable to law until a new one is elected. Our guides were carrying dried buffalo's meat to the market at Tete as a private speculation.

As we avoided human habitations, I had an opportunity of observing the expedients my party resorted to in order to supply their wants. They consumed various vegetable productions, such as large mushrooms which grew on the anthills, a tuber named "mokúri," and another about the size of a turnip named "bonga," which has a sensible amount of salt in it. They also gathered a fruit called "ndongo" by the Makololo, and "dongolo" by the Bambiri, resembling a small plum, which becomes black when ripe, and is good food, as the seeds are small. The gravel and the sand, of which this district is composed, drain away the water so effectually that the trees, being exposed to violent heat without moisture, often become scrubby. The rivers are all of the sandy kind, and we pass over large beds between this and Tete, which in the dry season contain no water. Close on our south the hills of Lokóle rise to a considerable height, beyond

which flows the Mazóe with its golden sands. The great numbers of pot-holes on the sides of sandstone ridges, when viewed in connection with the large banks of rolled shingle and washed sand which are met with on this side of the eastern ridge, may indicate that the sea in former times rolled its waves along its flanks. Many of the hills between the Kafue and Loangwa have their sides of the form seen in mud-banks left by the tide. The pot-holes appear most abundant on low grey sandstone ridges here; and as the shingle is composed of the same rocks as the hills west of Zumbo, it looks as if a current had dashed along from the south-east in the line in which the pot-holes now appear, and was thence deflected towards the Maravi country, north of Tete, where it may have hollowed out the rounded water-worn caverns in which these people store their corn and hide themselves from their enemies. In this case the form of this part of the continent must once have resembled the curves or indentations seen on the southern extremity of the American continent.

We were tolerably successful in avoiding the villages, and slept one night on the flanks of the hill Zimika, where a great number of deep pot-holes afforded an abundant supply of good rain-water. Here, for the first time, we saw hills with bare, smooth, rocky tops, and we crossed over broad dykes of gneiss and syenitic porphyry running N. and S. As we were now approaching Tete, we were beginning to congratulate ourselves on our successful progress, when we found ourselves pursued by a party who threatened to send information to Katolósa, the chief of that district, that we were passing through his country without leave. We were obliged to give them two small tusks, for, had they told Katolósa, we should in all probability have lost the

whole. We then went through a very rough stony country without any path. On the evening of the 2nd of March I halted about eight miles from Tete, feeling too fatigued to proceed, and sent forward to the Commandant the letters of recommendation with which I had been favoured in Angola by the bishop and others. About two o'clock in the morning of the 3rd we were aroused by two officers and a company of soldiers, who had been sent with the materials for a civilised breakfast and a "masheela" to bring me to Tete. My companions called me in alarm, thinking that we were captured by the armed men. When I understood the errand on which they had come, and had partaken of a good breakfast, all my fatigue vanished, though I had just before been too tired to sleep. It was the most refreshing breakfast I ever partook of, and I walked the last eight miles without the least feeling of weariness, although the path was so rough that one of the officers remarked to me, "This is enough to tear a man's life out of him."

CHAPTER XXVII

I WAS most kindly received by the Commandant, who did everything in his power to restore me from my emaciated condition, and invited me to remain with him until the following month, as this was the unhealthy period at Kilimane. He also generously presented my men with abundant provisions of millet; and gave them lodgings in a house of his own, until they could erect their own huts, whereby they escaped the bite of the tampan, or, as they were here named, Carapatos. We had heard frightful accounts of this insect while among the Banyai, and Major Sicard assured me that its bite is more especially dangerous to strangers, as it sometimes causes fatal fever. The village of Tete is built on a long slope down to the river, with the fort on the water's edge. The rock beneath is grey sandstone, and has the appearance of having been crushed away from the river, the strata thus assuming a crumpled form. The hollow between each crease is a street, the houses being built upon the projecting fold. The rocks at the top of the slope are much higher than the fort, and of course completely command it. The whole of the adjacent country is rocky and broken, but every available spot is under cultivation. The houses of the Europeans in Tete are built of stone, cemented with mud instead of lime, and thatched with reeds and grass; they have a rough untidy appearance in consequence of the cement having been washed out by the rains. There are about thirty of them; the native houses are built of wattle and daub. A wall about ten feet high encloses the village, but

most of the native inhabitants prefer to live outside it. There are about 1,200 huts in all, which with European households would give a population of about 4,500 souls. Generally there are not more than 2,000 people resident, for the majority are engaged in agricultural operations in the adjacent country. The number of Portuguese, exclusive of the military, was under twenty. There were 80 soldiers, who had been removed hither from Senna, a station lower down the river, in consequence of the mortality that prevailed among them there. Here they enjoy much better health, though they indulge largely in spirits extracted from various plants, wild fruits, and grain, by the natives, who understand a method of distillation by means of gun-barrels, and a succession of earthen pots filled with water to keep them cool. The general report of the fever here is that, while at Kilimane the fever is continuous, at Tete a man recovers in about three days. The mildest remedies only are used at first, and, if that period be passed, then the more severe.

On mentioning to the Commandant that I had discovered a small seam of coal, he stated that the Portuguese were already aware of nine such seams, and that five of them were on the opposite bank of the river. As soon as I had recovered from my fatigue I went to examine them. We proceeded in a boat to the mouth of the Lofúbu, about two miles below Tete, and on the opposite bank. Ascending this about four miles against a strong current of beautiful clear water, we landed near a small cataract, and walked about two miles through very fertile gardens to the seam, which we found to be in the perpendicular bank of one of the feeders of the Lofúbu, called Muatize. On the right bank of the Lofúbu there is another feeder entering that river,

called the Morongózi, in which there is a still larger bed of coal exposed. Further up the Lofúbu there are other seams in the rivulets Inyavu and Makare, while in the Maravi country the coal crops out in several places, having evidently been brought to the surface by volcanic action at a later period than the coal formation.

The gold-field, whence Tete draws its supply of the precious metal, lies outside the coal-field, extending in a segment of a circle from the N.E. to the S.E. In the former direction there are six well-known washing-places: proceeding to the N.W. we meet with the Mushinga range: then crossing to the S. of the Zambesi near Zumbo, we hear of a station, formerly worked by the Portuguese, on the river Panyáme, called Dambarári. Then follows the now unknown kingdom of Abútua, once famous for its gold. To the S.E. of this lie the gold-washings of the Mashóna, and still further E. those of Maníca, where gold is found much more abundantly than in any other part, and which has been supposed by some to be the Ophir of King Solomon. I saw the gold from this quarter as large as grains of wheat; while that found in the rivers which run into the coal-field was in very minute scales. The inhabitants are not unfavourable to washings, but at present they only wash when they are in want of a little calico. They know the value of gold perfectly well, for they bring it for sale in goose-quills, and demand twenty-four yards of calico for one penful. When the rivers in the district of Maníca and other gold-washing places have been flooded, they leave a coating of mud on the banks. The natives observe the spots which dry soonest, and commence digging there, in firm belief that gold lies beneath. They are said not to dig deeper than their

chins, fearing lest if they did so the ground should fall in and bury them. When they find a *piece* or flake of gold they bury it again, from the superstitious idea that this is the seed of the gold, and, though they know the value of it well, they prefer losing it rather than the whole future crop.

Besides gold, there is iron in this district in abundance and of excellent quality. In some places it is obtained from what is called the specular iron-ore, in others from black oxide. The latter has been well roasted in the operations of nature, and contains a large proportion of metal. It occurs generally in rounded lumps, and is but slightly magnetic. The natives become aware of its existence in the beds of rivers by the quantity of oxide on the surface, and they find no difficulty in digging it with pointed sticks. They consider English iron as "rotten;" and I have seen a javelin of their own iron curled up by a severe blow like the proboscis of a butterfly, and afterwards straightened while *cold* with two stones. So far as I could learn there is neither copper nor silver. Malachite is worked by the people of Cazembe, but, as I did not see it, nor any other metal, I can say nothing about it. A few precious stones are met with, and some parts are quite covered with agates. The mineralogy of the district, however, has not been explored by any one competent to the task.

The scenery of the country surrounding Tete is picturesque, being hilly and well wooded. The soil of the valleys is very fruitful and well cultivated. The plantations of coffee, however, are now deserted, and it is difficult to find a single tree.

On the 1st of April I visited the site of a former establishment of the Jesuits, called Micombo, about ten

miles S.E. of Tete, which, like all their settlements, exhibited both judgment and taste in the selection of the site. A little stream of mineral water had been collected in a tank and conducted to the house, before which was a garden for raising vegetables at times of the year when no rain falls. I was accompanied by Captain Nunes, whose great-grandfather, also a captain in the time of the Marquis of Pombal, received orders to seize on a certain day all the Jesuits of the establishment, and march them as prisoners to the coast. The riches of the fraternity, which were immense, were taken possession of by the state. They were keen traders in ivory and gold-dust, and large quantities of gold had often been sent to their superiors at Goa, enclosed in images. The Jesuits here do not seem to have possessed the sympathies of the people as their brethren in Angola did. All praise their industry, and probably their successful labours in securing the chief part of the trade to themselves had excited the envy of the laity. None of the natives here can read; and though the Jesuits are said to have translated some of the prayers into the language of the country, I was unable to obtain a copy.

On the 2nd the Zambesi suddenly rose several feet in height. Three such floods are expected annually, but this year there were four. This last was accompanied by discoloration, and must have been caused by another great fall of rain east of the ridge. We had observed a flood of discoloured water when we reached the river at the Kafue; it then fell two feet, and from subsequent rains again rose so high, that we were obliged to leave it when opposite the hill Pinkwe. About the 10th of March the river rose several feet with comparatively clear water, and it continued to rise until the 21st, with but a very slight discoloration. This gradual rise

was the greatest, and was probably caused by the water of inundation in the interior.

Having waited a month for the commencement of the healthy season at Kilimane, I should have started at the beginning of April, but that I wished the moon first to make her appearance, in order that I might take observations on my way down the river. A sudden change of temperature happening of the 4th, simultaneously with the appearance of the new moon, the Commandant and myself, with nearly every person in the house, were laid up with a severe attack of fever. I soon recovered by the use of my wonted remedies, but Major Sicard and his little boy were confined much longer. There was a general fall of 4° of temperature since the middle of March, the thermometer standing at 84° at 9 A.M. and 87° at 9 P.M.; the greatest heat being 90° at midday, and the lowest 81° at sunrise. It afforded me pleasure to attend the invalids in their sickness, though I was unable to show a tithe of the gratitude I felt for the Commandant's increasing kindness. My quinine and other remedies were nearly all expended, and no fresh supply was to be found here, there being no doctors at Tete, and only one apothecary with the troops, whose stock of medicine was also small. The Portuguese, however, informed me that they had the cinchona bark in their country, in small quantities at Tete, in forests at Senna and near the delta of Kilimane. It seems quite a providential arrangement that the remedy for fever should be found in the greatest abundance where it is most needed.

When my friend the Commandant was fairly recovered, and I myself felt strong again, I prepared to descend the Zambesi. As it was necessary to leave most of my men behind me, he gave them a portion of land

on which to cultivate their own food, generously supplying them with corn in the mean time. He also said that my young men might hunt elephants in company with his servants, and purchase goods with the ivory and dried meat, in order that they might have something to take with them on their return to Sकेलेतु. The men were delighted with his liberality, and soon sixty or seventy of them set off to engage in this enterprise; the rest had established a brisk trade in firewood, as their countrymen did at Loanda. I chose sixteen of those who could manage canoes to convey me down the river. Many more would have come, but we were informed that there had been a failure of the crops at Kilimane from the rains not coming at the proper time, and that thousands had died of hunger. I did not hear of a single effort having been made to relieve the famishing by sending them food down the river. The mortality raged most violently among the natives inhabiting the delta, who, though in a state of slavery, are kept on farms and mildly treated.

Major Sicard lent me a boat which had been built on the river, and sent Lieutenant Miranda to conduct me to the coast. He also provided most abundantly for the journey, and sent messages to his friends to treat me as they would himself, from every one of whom I am happy to acknowledge that I received most disinterested kindness. We were accompanied by three large canoes which had lately come up with goods from Senna. They are made so strong that they might strike with great force against a rock without being broken. The men sit at the stern when paddling, and there is usually a little shed made over a part of the canoe to shade the passengers from the sun.

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CHAPTER XXVIII

WE left Tete at noon on the 22nd, and in the afternoon arrived at the garden of Senhor A. Manoel de Gomes, son-in-law and nephew of Bonga, whom the Commandant had deputed to be my host. I found him extremely friendly, and able to converse in a very intelligent manner. He entertained us with great liberality, and next morning presented us with six fowls and three goats as provisions for the journey. When we parted from him we passed the stockade of Bonga, at the confluence of the Luenya, but did not approach it, as he is said to be very suspicious. The stockade itself is composed of living trees, and is thus in no danger of being burnt: there are some good houses within the enclosure. It was strange to see a stockade menacing the whole commerce of the river in a situation where the guns of a vessel would have full play on it; it is a formidable affair however for those who have only muskets. On one occasion, when Nyaude was attacked by Kisaka, they fought for weeks; and though Nyaude was reduced to cutting up his copper anklets for balls, his enemies were not able to enter the stockade.

On the 24th we sailed only about three hours and reached a small island at the western entrance of the gorge of Lupata. Respecting the range, to which the gorge has given a name, Portuguese writers have erroneously stated it to be so high that snow lies on it during the whole year. The western side, which is the most abrupt and gives the idea of the greatest height, rises up perpendicularly from the water six or seven

hundred feet. The eastern side is much more sloping and is covered with trees. It extends a considerable way into the Maganja country in the north, and then bends round towards the river again, terminating in the lofty mountain Morumbala, opposite Senna. On the other or southern side it is straighter, and is said to end in Gorongozo, a mountain west of the same point. We passed through the gorge in two hours, and found it rather tortuous, between 200 and 300 yards wide, and excessively deep; a steamer could apparently pass through it at full speed. At the eastern entrance of Lupata stand two conical hills, composed of porphyry, having large square crystals therein; they are called *Moenda en Goma*, which means a footprint of a wild beast. Another conical hill on the opposite bank is named *Kasisi* (priest), from having a bald top. We descended swiftly with the current, and found the river spreading out to more than two miles in breadth and full of islands, the breadth of water between the islands being quite sufficient for a sailing-vessel to tack and work her sails in. The Portuguese state that there is high water during five months of the year, and that during the season of low water there is always a channel of deep water, which is, however, very tortuous and shifting. The right bank below Lupata is low and flat: on the north the ranges of hills and dark lines below them are seen, but the shore itself is invisible from the boat, and I could only guess the breadth of the river to be two miles. Next day we landed at Shiramba, once the residence of a Portuguese brigadier, who spent large sums of money in embellishing his house and gardens: these we found in entire ruin, having been destroyed by his half-caste son, who had rebelled against the Portuguese. The southern shore has been ravaged by the

Kaffirs, here named Landeens, and the inhabitants generally acknowledge the authority of Bonga, and not of the Portuguese. While we were breakfasting the people of Shiramba commenced beating the drum of war, upon which Lieutenant Miranda immediately got all the soldiers of our party under arms, and demanded of the natives why the drum was beaten. They gave an evasive reply; and as they employ this means of collecting their neighbours when they intend to rob canoes, our watchfulness may have prevented further proceedings.

We spent the night of the 26th on the island called Nkuesi, opposite a remarkable saddle-shaped mountain, and just on the 17th parallel of latitude. The sail down the river was very pleasant from the low state of the temperature; but the shores being flat and distant, the scenery was uninteresting. We breakfasted on the 27th at Pita, and found some half-caste Portuguese there, who had fled from the opposite bank to escape the ravage of Kisaka's people. On the afternoon of the 27th we arrived at Senna, which we found to be twenty-three and a half hours' sail from Tete with the current in our favour. We met various parties towing their canoes laboriously up stream: they usually take about twenty days to ascend the distance we had descended in about four. The wages paid to boatmen are considered high, and some of the men who had accompanied me gladly accepted employment from Lieutenant Miranda to take a load of goods in a canoe from Senna to Tete.

I thought the state of Tete quite lamentable, but that of Senna was ten times worse. At Tete there is some life; but here everything is in a state of stagnation and ruin. The village stands on the right bank of the Zambesi, with many reedy islands in front of it, and

much bush in the adjacent country. The soil is fertile; but the village, having several pools of stagnant water, is very unhealthy. The fort, built of sun-dried bricks, has the grass growing over the walls, which have been patched in some places by paling. The Landeens visit the village periodically, and levy fines upon the inhabitants, as they consider the Portuguese a conquered tribe. The half-castes appear to be in league with them, for, when any attempt is made by the Portuguese to coerce the enemy or defend themselves, information is conveyed at once to the Landeen camp, and, though the Commandant prohibits the payment of tribute to the Landeens, on their approach the half-castes eagerly pay it. Senhor Isidore, the Commandant, a man of considerable energy, had proposed to surround the whole village with palisades as a protection against them, and the villagers were to begin this work the day after I left. The most pleasant sight I witnessed at Senna was the boat-building carried on by the negroes of Senhor Isidore, without any one to superintend their operations. They had been instructed by a European master, and now they can lay down the keel, fit in the ribs, and turn out very neat boats and launches, valued at from 20*l.* to 100*l.* Senhor Isidore had some of them instructed also in carpentry at Rio Janeiro, and they constructed for him the handsomest house in Kilimane, the wood-work being all of country trees, some of which take a fine polish and are very durable.

On the 11th of May the whole of the inhabitants of Senna, with the Commandant, accompanied us to the boats. A venerable old man, son of a judge, said they were in much sorrow on account of the miserable state of decay into which they had sunk, and of the insolent conduct of the people of Kisaka, now in the village.

We were abundantly supplied with provisions by the Commandant, and sailed pleasantly down the broad river. About thirty miles below Senna we passed the mouth of the river Zangwe on our right; and about five miles farther on our left the mouth of the Shire, which seemed to be about 200 yards broad.

A few miles beyond the Shire we left the hills entirely, and sailed between extensive flats covered with trees. We slept on a large inhabited island, and then came to the entrance of the river Mutu. The people who live on the north are called Baróro, and their country Baróro. The whole of the right bank is in subjection to the Landeens, who generally levy a tribute upon passengers. I regret that we did not meet them, as I should like to have ascertained whether they are of the Zulu family of Kaffirs or of the Mashona, and also to learn what they really think of white men. I understood from Sekwebu that they consider the whites as a conquered tribe.

The Zambesi at Mazaro is a magnificent river, more than half a mile wide and without islands. The opposite bank is covered with forests of fine timber; but the delta, which begins here, is only an immense flat covered with high coarse grass and reeds, with a few mango and cocoa-nut trees. I had a strong desire to follow the Zambesi further, and ascertain where this enormous body of water found its way into the sea; but on hearing that Captain Parker had ascended to this point, I deemed it unnecessary for me to go over the same ground, and resolved to continue my route direct to Kilimane by the course of the Mutu. At the point of its departure from the Zambesi this river was only 10 or 12 yards broad, and so filled with aquatic plants, and overhung with trees and reeds, that we were obliged to leave our canoes behind us at Mazaro. During most of the year this

part of the Mutu is dry, its bed lying 16 feet above the level of the Zambesi when it is low, and even now we were obliged to carry all our luggage by land for about fifteen miles. As Kilimane is called, in all the Portuguese documents, the capital of the rivers of Senna, it seemed strange to me that the capital should be built at a point where there was no direct water conveyance to the magnificent river whose name it bore; but I was informed that in days of yore the whole of the Mutu was large, and admitted of the free passage of great launches from Kilimane all the year round.

After we had followed the right bank of the Mutu to the N.N.E. and E. for about fifteen miles we found that it became navigable in consequence of receiving a river from the north called the Pangázi. It is still further increased by the tributary waters of the Luáre and the Likuáre from the same quarter, and the river, thus enlarged and converted into a tidal stream, is thenceforth known as the Kilimane. The Mutu at Mazaro is simply a connecting link between the Kilimane and the Zambesi, and neither its flow nor stoppage affects the river of Kilimane. At Interra we met Senhor Asevedo, who, perceiving that I was suffering from a very severe attack of fever, immediately placed at my disposal his large sailing launch, which had a house in the stern. This was greatly in my favour, for it anchored in the middle of the stream, and gave me some rest from the mosquitoes, which in the whole of the delta are something frightful. Sailing comfortably in this commodious launch along the river of Kilimane, we reached that village on the 20th of May, 1856, being very nearly four years since I started from Cape Town. Here I was received into the house of Colonel Nunes, one of the best men in the country. I had been three

years without hearing from my family, the letters sent having, with one exception, all failed to reach me. I received, however, a letter from Admiral Trotter, conveying information of their welfare, and some newspapers, which were a treat indeed. Her Majesty's brig "Frolic" had called to inquire for me in the November previous, and Captain Nolloth of that ship had most considerately left a case of wine, and his surgeon, Dr. Jas. Walsh, an ounce of quinine—both of them most acceptable presents. But my joy on reaching the east coast was sadly embittered by the news that Commander MacLune, of H.M. brigantine "Dart," on coming in to Kilimane to pick me up, had, with Lieutenant Woodruffe and five men, been lost on the bar. I never felt more poignant sorrow. It seemed as if it would have been easier for me to have died for them, than that they should all be cut off from the joys of life in generously attempting to render me a service.

Eight of my men begged to be allowed to come as far as Kilimane, and, thinking that they would there see the ocean, I consented to their coming, though food was so scarce that they were compelled to suffer some hunger. They would fain have come further; for when Sekeletu parted with them, his orders were that none of them should turn until they had brought Ma Robert back with them. On my explaining the difficulty of crossing the sea, he said, "Wherever you lead, they must follow." As I did not well know how I should get home myself, I advised them to go back to Tete, where food was abundant, and there await my return. I bought a quantity of calico and brass wire with ten of the smaller tusks which we had in our charge, and sent the former back as clothing to those who remained at Tete. As there were still twenty tusks left, I deposited them with

Colonel Nunes, that, in the event of anything happening to prevent my return, the impression might not be produced in the country that I had made away with Sekeletu's ivory, and I instructed him, in the event of my death, to sell the tusks and deliver the proceeds to my men. I explained this to the men, and they replied, "Nay, father, you will not die; you will return to take us back to Sekeletu." They promised to wait till I came back, and, on my part, I assured them that nothing but death would prevent my return.

The village of Kilimane stands on a mud bank, and is surrounded by extensive swamps and rice-grounds. The banks of the river are lined with mangrove-bushes, the roots of which, and the slimy banks on which they grow, are exposed alternately to the tide and sun. The houses are well built of brick and lime; the latter from Mozambique. Water is found anywhere at a depth of two or three feet, and hence the walls gradually subside; pieces are sometimes sawn off the doors below, because the walls in which they are fixed have descended into the ground, so as to leave the floors higher than the bottom of the doors. It is almost needless to say that Kilimane is very unhealthy. A man of plethoric temperament is sure to get fever; and a stout person is regarded as certain to go off before long. I had an opportunity of observing the effects of the fever in the case of some German sailors whose vessel was lost near the bar shortly before we came down. At first they felt only "out of sorts," but gradually became pale, bloodless, and emaciated, then weaker and weaker, till at last they sank like oxen bitten by tsetse. The captain, a strong young man, remained in perfect health for about three months, but was at last knocked down suddenly, and made as helpless as a child, by this terrible

disease. He had imbibed a foolish prejudice against quinine, but he was saved by it without his knowledge, and I was thankful that the mode of treatment so efficacious among natives promised so fair among Europeans.

After waiting about six weeks at this unhealthy spot, in which, however, I partially recovered from my fever, H.M. brig "Frolic" arrived off Kilimane. As the village is twelve miles from the bar, and the weather was rough, she was at anchor ten days before we knew of her presence, about seven miles from the entrance to the port. The Admiral at the Cape kindly sent an offer of a passage to the Mauritius, which I thankfully accepted. Sekwebu and one attendant alone remained with me now. The latter begged so hard to come on board ship, that I greatly regretted my inability to bring him to England. I said to him, "You will die if you go to such a cold country as mine." "That is nothing," he rejoined; "let me die at your feet."

When we parted from our friends at Kilimane the sea on the bar was frightful even to the seamen. The waves were so high that, when the cutter was in one trough, and the pinnace in another (for Captain Peyton had sent two boats in case of accident), even the mast of the one could not be seen from the others. Three breakers swept over us, giving the impression that the boat was going down. Poor Sekwébu, who had never before seen the sea, looked at me when these terrible seas broke over, and said, "Is this the way you go? Is this the way you go?" I smiled, and said, "Yes; don't you see it is?" and tried to encourage him. He was well acquainted with canoes, but never had seen aught like this. When we reached the ship—a fine large brig of sixteen guns and a crew of one hundred

and thirty—she was rolling so that we could see a part of her bottom. It was quite impossible for landsmen to catch the ropes and climb up, so a chair was sent down, and we were hoisted in as ladies usually are. As soon as I reached the deck I received so hearty an English welcome from Captain Peyton and all on board, that I at once felt myself at home.

We left Kilimane on the 12th of July, and reached the Mauritius on the 12th of August, 1856. Sekwébu was picking up English, and becoming a favourite with both men and officers. He seemed a little bewildered by the novelty of everything on board a man-of-war; and he remarked to me several times, "What a strange country this is!—all water together." When we reached the Mauritius a steamer came out to tow us into the harbour. The constant strain on his untutored mind seemed now to reach a climax, for during the night he became insane. I thought at first that he was intoxicated. He had descended into a boat, and, when I attempted to go down and bring him into the ship, he ran to the stern, and said, "No! no! it is enough that I die alone. You must not perish; if you come I shall throw myself into the water." Perceiving that his mind was affected, I said, "Now, Sekwébu, we are going to Ma Robert." This struck a chord in his bosom, and he said, "O yes; where is she, and where is Robert?" and he became more composed. In the evening, however, a fresh accession of insanity occurred—he tried to spear one of the crew, then leaped overboard, and, though he could swim well, pulled himself down hand under hand, by the chain cable. We never found the body of poor Sekwébu.

At the Mauritius I was most hospitably received by Major-General C. M. Hay, who generously constrained

me to remain with him till, by the influence of the good climate and quiet English comfort, I got rid of an enlarged spleen from African fever. In November I came up the Red Sea; escaped the danger of shipwreck through the admirable management of Captain Powell, of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company's ship "Candia;" and on the 12th of December was once more in dear old England. The Company most liberally refunded my passage-money. I have not mentioned half the favours bestowed, but I may just add that no one has cause for more abundant gratitude to his fellow-men and to his Maker than I have; and may God grant that the effect on my mind be such that I may be more humbly devoted to the service of the Author of all our mercies!

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